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This X-Ray shows tooth socket destruction by pyorrhea

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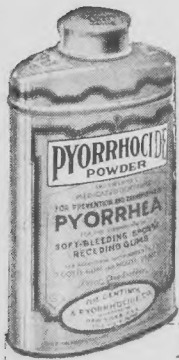
LOVELY, white teeth are safe from loss *only* if the gums are kept firm and healthy. If pyorrhea attacks your gums, an X-Ray would reveal how quickly the infection spreads to the root sockets which support the teeth. Your teeth fall out or must be pulled—unless pyorrhea is checked.

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is \$1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States \$1.25 a year.

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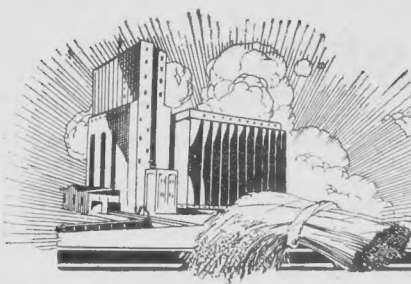
GAS IN THE STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

Recommends Daily Use of Magnesia to Overcome Trouble Caused by Fermenting Food and Acid Indigestion

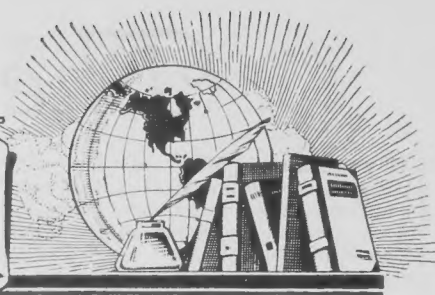
Gas and wind in the stomach accompanied by that full, bloated feeling after eating are almost certain evidence of the presence of excessive hydrochloric acid in the stomach, creating so-called "acid indigestion."

Acid stomachs are dangerous because too much acid irritates the delicate lining of the stomach, often leading to gastritis accompanied by serious stomach ulcers. Food ferments and sours, creating the distressing gas which distends the stomach and hampers the normal functions of the vital internal organs, often affecting the heart.

It is the worst of folly to neglect such a serious condition or to treat with ordinary digestive aids which have no neutralizing effect on the stomach acids. Instead get from any druggist a few ounces of Bisurated Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in a quarter glass of water right after eating. This will drive the gas, wind and bloat right out of the body, sweeten the stomach, neutralize the excess acid and prevent its formation and there is no sourness or pain. Bisurated Magnesia (in powder or tablet form—never liquid or milk) is harmless to the stomach, inexpensive to take and the best form of magnesia for stomach purposes. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no more fear of indigestion.



EDITORIAL



Co-operation

IT is a merciful provision that no one can realize his highest possibility by living to himself or for himself. Coöperation and mutual interchange of experience and feeling are necessary to development. And this is true of individuals and of groups, of men in trade and commerce as well as of men in their homes and their churches. Three illustrations will serve to make the point clear:

In the Smaller Circle

IN a town are found old people, young people and children. Should the old people live to themselves they would become childish; should the children be deprived of the association of older people they would remain children; should the adolescents meet none but their kind they would not develop into the highest manhood and womanhood. But where the three meet in friendly companionship in homes and in public there is happy development. Thus childhood is the comfort of old age and adolescence is the ideal of childhood, while old age in its turn is the counsellor for youth and the loved companion of infancy. Thus is their need for coöperation and kindly association. On this account the family, the church, the society for mutual improvement, are all so important. On this account the orphanage, the barracks, the cloister, the homes for special classes, notwithstanding their many advantages, are imperfect as centres of culture.

As a people then, we make no mistake in attempting to build up strong family and community life. We make no mistake in supporting schools and properly supervised recreation centres. The law of life is not that a man becomes good and holy and useful by seclusion, but by mingling with his fellows. He grows through understanding.

In the State

IT is even so in matters within the state and in affairs international. Consider, for example, the question of living. Everybody recognizes that there is difference of opinion, and at times much ill-feeling. And most of it is based in misunderstanding. All people do not see things from the same angle, and self-interest clouds vision.

The manufacturer, thinking of his output and of greater profits says: "Give us more settlers and we shall have more buyers. Also reduce wages that we may increase our dividends. Above all raise the tariff so that there may be no competition. Then prepare for the millenium. We shall ride into glory in first-class coaches, and the great crowd of unwashed shall come along behind in freight cars and cattle cars and whatever other conveyances they can command."

The owners of the railways say: "Give us more settlers. Increase production. Above all, advance the rates, that there may be good dividends for our shareholders."

The people on the Western farms say: "Give us lower tariff that we may buy at reasonable prices. Reduce the railway rates that we may not lose all our labor. At least let us have enough to clothe our selves and to send the children to school. And do not send more settlers unless conditions of living are made more tolerable."

The laborers say: "Let us have shorter hours and more pay. Give us the profits that the manufacturer now claims. Wreck business if you like, but let us get all we demand."

And so the mad scramble for position continues, and the people ask if there is no remedy.

There is a remedy—in mutual understanding. Perhaps it is true that today the manufacturer is making little or no profit. Undoubtedly it is true that the Western farmer until this fall has been losing steadily ever since the close of the war. As for labor, it is probably better off than capital. The farm hand makes more than the farmer; the printer with his stick earns more than the owner of the plant. All these judgments are being made by the man in the street. They may be true, or they may be false. They are being made by men who do not know all the facts, because all the cards are not on the table. And there are certain classes of men who never put their cards on the table.

Here, then, is the solution: The country needs manufacturers and farmers, and laborers, and railways and even a few middlemen, but they must

learn to live, not upon one another, but with one another, and for one another. Each will be a help to all others, but no one must be allowed to live for and unto himself. People are born to coöperate. They are not born as certain animals—to live on their own kind. The human way is the way of reason and understanding, and mutual consideration.

In the World

GERMANY went to war because it failed to grasp the spirit of the world. Perhaps France and England do not yet understand the spirit of Germany. Maybe no one, not even in Germany, can understand the German spirit. But one thing seems clear, that until the nations of the world learn to know each other they cannot learn to love each other. Ignorance is a breeder of war. It was therefore a great treat to the editor of this journal to read a book on "Human Geography," a book now being used in Canadian schools, as well as in schools of the Motherland and in the United States. The idea is to make adolescents acquainted with men everywhere—their conditions, their passions, their difficulties, their political and social aspirations. All of this is an excellent foundation for good citizenship, and better than the sailor geography formerly taught in schools.

Because the League of Nations brings representatives of all states together it promotes understanding. Even if directly it does not prevent war, it aids indirectly towards that end. It has much to its credit in the form of enactments and decisions and actual administration. It has even more to its credit in that it has steadily promoted international good feeling.

School Taxation

MANITOBA has had a commission to enquire into educational conditions in the province, and the report which has just been published is full of interest to all people of the West. As in all the other provinces, the people have been permitted to settle by races in large hives or colonies. The settlers in some are well-to-do, and are comfortably housed. In other sections there is dire poverty. The result is that in some places the school is but a light burden, in other places it is impossible to get money enough to keep the school open. The Commission takes the view that education is essentially a matter for the state to deal with; that every child must be provided for out of a general fund, and that therefore the government of a province must share the heaviest part of the burden, leaving localities or school districts to pay only a small fractional part. In other words, there must be equalization of taxation for school purposes, so that the stronger may help the weaker. To quote the report:

"The maintenance of the minimum school facilities that a democracy considers essential to its economic, social, and governmental welfare is not to be regarded as entirely a local responsibility. It is rather a joint enterprise which the local unit and the province are concerned with the obligation resting on the provincial government to so organize its resources that there shall be no marked disparity in school conditions or tax rates for the different communities of the province. The obligation rests on all the wealth of the province to bear its fair share of the burden of providing all the children of the province with the minimum facilities that are accepted as being essential.

"There is no doubt that the Province of Manitoba can improve the financial status of its educational system by a better distribution of the funds included in its present grants. It is quite as safe a prediction to say that it can greatly improve the conditions by making provision for increased provincial assistance and distributing it in accordance with the general program that has been laid down. It is to be hoped that the people may soon see their way clear to undertake it. It is true that the human and financial resources of your province were depleted to a greater extent as the result of the World War than was the case in the States but, may not money wisely expended on education be one of the most effective methods of bringing about the rehabilitation of these resources?"

Capital

AMAN or a nation is foolish that mortgages the future too heavily. As a special instance, a country is foolish which heaps up too great a national debt. It is time for Canada to call a halt. And there you are.

The best way to reduce expenditure is to avoid needless waste, to reduce overhead expense to a minimum, and to make the most of natural resources. Above all, people must learn to save. The habit of extravagance leads to ruin. One of the best lessons the last four years have taught us is that during good times we must lay by a little to tide us over difficulties during lean periods.

Now this all has to do with money-raising and money-spending. There is, however, another kind of capital than money and real estate and business. It is the internal capital of brain-power, and heart-power, and will-power. When a man has this capital it cannot be taken away from him. Material wealth he may lose.

When boys and girls grow to be men and women they usually review the actions of their parents. Sometimes they think kindly of them, and sometimes harshly. They are apt to accept bank balances and real estate without thankfulness, but they will never lack in gratitude to parents who have been careful to develop in them right habits, tastes and attitudes. It is not amiss for fathers and mothers to consider this, in dealing with their children. Nor is it wrong for a nation to emphasize wealth of character rather than wealth in material things. The question is not as to our natural resources, and our manufactories and industries, but as to the character of our citizenship. Let this get into our consciousness in selecting our settlers, and in caring for our children, and we need fear no future.

The Essential of Understanding

IT is often said that the fundamental thing in human nature is selfishness. But this is not true. Men and women are not heartless. They are kind and generous. The trouble with them is that often they are narrow and blind, and they cannot imagine themselves inside other people's skins, so as to be able truly to feel with other people and look out of other people's eyes. They would think and act kindly and unselfishly for others and would do so instantly, if only they could really understand others and their conditions. What man, if he saw a child fall into a river, would not do everything in his power, even at the risk of his life, to save the child from drowning? But the same man might be told that a number of children were in danger of dying for want of some sanitary measure, and might fail to do anything—not from heartlessness, but because of his lack of imagination to make him realize with sympathetic understanding those children's need of help. In like manner a man often fails to see the worth in others because he lacks the power to see things from any point of view but his own. Far from common is that saving grace of imagination, which enables a man to appreciate the honesty of purpose in those whom he knows only as opponents of his own ideas and plans, and whom he does not meet, except infrequently, and under circumstances unfavorable to sympathetic understanding—or with whom he does not come into personal contact at all. Differences of race or creed, of occupation or of intellectual outlook, can create barriers which stand in the way of sympathy and understanding, because they obstruct vision.

A Pane of Glass

AMERE trifle often leads to a hasty generalization. Recently I saw a man trying to fit a pane into a window. The window measured eight by twelve, and the pane was supposed to be the same size, but somehow the pane wouldn't fit the window. The man said that he had tried to put in thirteen panes and every one was a little larger than the window. "Why in the world does the hardware man have a longer measuring stick than the carpenter. I never in all my life got a pane a little too small. They are all a fraction too large. Then I have to begin to trim the pane so that I break it and have to buy a new one, or I try to pare the window and destroy its appearance. The only explanation I can make is that there is collusion between the carpenters and the hardware men, in order that there will be a greater sale of glass."

This was of course a rash statement but it raises a number of questions. Is leaving pockets out of ladies' dresses a put-up job between the leather-manufacturers and the makers of fashion? Is the change in fashions dictated by taste or by manufacturers of wearing material? Is all life but one big skin-game?

It is time for the various provinces to do the same.

The Farmyard Filibuster

By Valance Patriarche

IT was spring in Manitoba where spring sunshine comes like the smile of a dear old friend, long anticipated and many times delayed; and Tennyson Jones was seated on the little footbridge behind his farm enjoying his annual ecstasy of wonder at the process of resurrection. Tennyson was a "queer bird," and nothing, to his neighbors' minds, proved his oddity so surely as his habit of squatting uncomfortably on his little bridge in all seasons, all weathers and at all hours.

After twenty years Mrs. Jones continued to be surprised and irritated at the fact that her husband remained a "gazer." From the time they could speak she had sent one or the other of the sons to "see what paw's doin' now." They brought back the invariable report, "Jus' lookin'."

"At what, for heaven's sake?" their mother would ask. And if it were Bob, the elder, he would merely shake his head, and if it were Bill he would say apologetically, "Dad kinda likes to look at things that keep still."

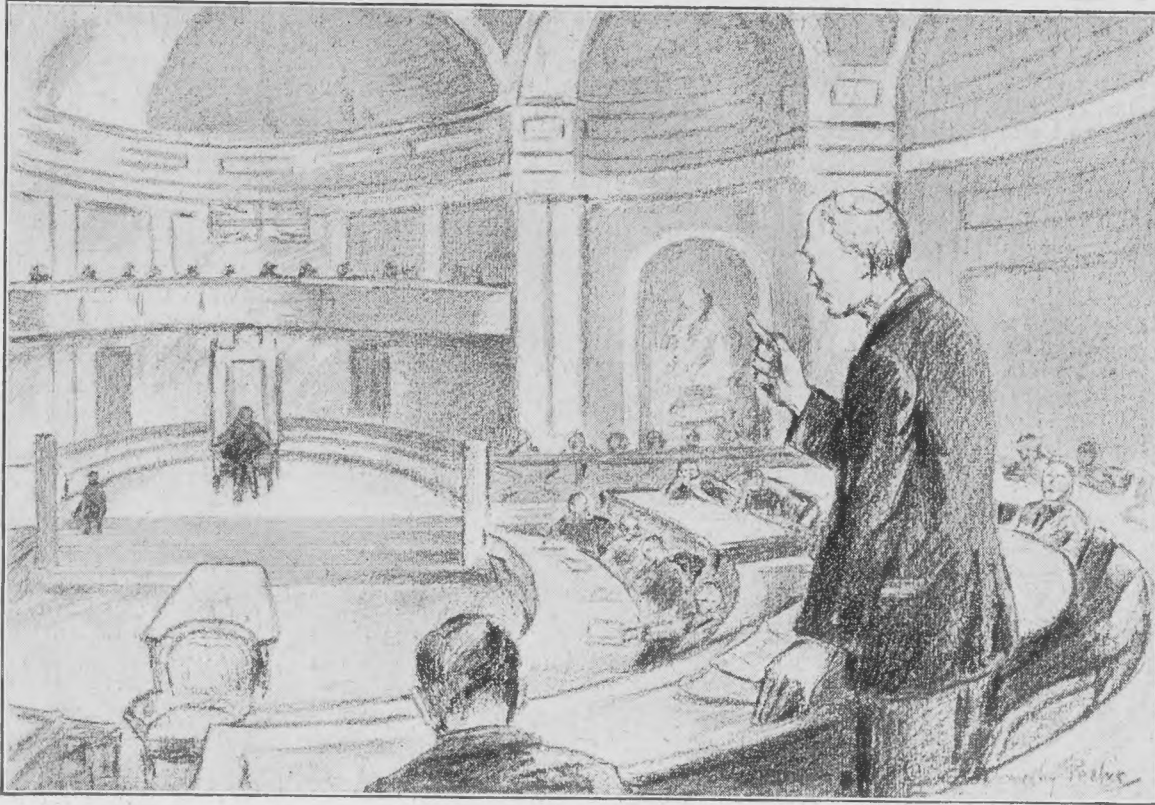
"Some day," his mother would threaten, "I'll let him look at me keepin' still an' then we'll see what'll happen to the farm."

This was said periodically but because she never did keep still and never permitted her sons or her hired hands to suspend animation except for necessary sleep which would enable them to conserve energy, the Jones farm prospered to a marvel and what was lost in years of drought or hail was more than recovered when the district was favored with good crop weather. It was, in fact, one of those farms pictured in the immigration literature, a square verandah house with a bluff of poplar trees on one side, immense barns, much more imposing than the home, and acres and acres of wheat fields on every hand, dotted here and there with portable metal granaries like huge cisterns. The cattle were sleek. The farm machinery was never permitted to stand exposed to the weather when not in use and there was electric power supplying light and doing miracles in the way of saving human labor.

Agatha Jones—as she was known to all the countryside—managed it with admirable capability and did anyone marvel that such an energetic woman should tolerate so shiftless a spouse he was told the tale of the "Compact." Tennyson had arrived in the district more than twenty years before, a college man, ill from overstudy and flying from a vortex of radical movements in which he had become involved. Disillusioned and tired he had turned over his moderate capital to old Alf Barnes, a friend of his father's, to manage for him and Barnes, in return, had married him to his daughter Agatha and passed on the trusteeship to her. So came about the odd, loveless life of the couple, dissimilar in taste and education, but alike in a scrupulous fairness. Tennyson never questioned her handling of his money, she never interfered with his, to her, incomprehensible fancy for long aimless walks and his preoccupation with perfectly ordinary, useless things like butterflies and birds.

ON this spring day when Tennyson was forty-five and the father of two youths fast approaching maturity, he had found quite a number of things to write in the little note book he kept in his hat. He wrote, for instance, "The fields of spring are the farmer's brown wallet; the ripe wheat is the gold mother Nature pours in." And this, "It is odd how much alike Nature's colors are here by the creek in summer and autumn—amber and reddish brown; the water is amber where the sun shines through the bare trees and the willow wands are 'Indian red.'" Also this, "What a glorious shaft of living sunshine it would be if thousands and thousands of wild canaries were to come flying down in a streak from the sky."

Should any efficiency expert question the accuracy of the parliamentary details in the story the writer begs to say they are probably improbable; possibly impossible; and they never happened anyway



At half past ten he began to have some slight difficulty in enunciating

Drawing by Dorothy Peake

Tennyson's exterior was not prepossessing, being chiefly remarkable for a lanky body, a twitching left eyelid, and a tuft of red hair known as "chicken feather." But Tennyson's mind, save for an Oriental calmness in ignoring the necessity of work, was really very nice and his ability to amuse himself without possessing any definite occupation was such as wives of most idle husbands would consider little short of super-human.

Now, while the birds and the "Gazer" were guilelessly rejoicing in the sun-warmed air and all sorts of interesting things were being born in the woods and the farmyard, a scheme was hatched in the City of Winnipeg which was to provide a severe jolt for dreamy, indolent Tennyson Jones. It happened that a certain financier and grain speculator of national notoriety—Whittemore by name—was desirous of corraling the elevator business for Manitoba. He had several large grain elevators in operation, and his greedy eye was turned toward the fertile district surrounding Poplar Bough. Tentative enquiries, however, revealed to his agents that the rural population had awakened to the fact that they were threatened by a monopoly, and the farmers were slowly arranging the formation of a co-operative company as a competitive force. The press was hinting at the advisability of investigating the Whittemore enterprises as a "menacing trust." Altogether the time was not opportune for another personal dash onto the farmer's field. With grim humor Whittemore called a meeting of six persons, reliable and useful. Two were in the Legislature as Independent-Farmer members, and the other four were independent farmers who were at large.

"It's up to you, boys," said Mr. Whittemore. "The farmers want a farmer's elevator for Poplar Bough and adjacent district—Are we going to disappoint 'em?"

"Never," was the laughing answer. "Give 'em three if they want 'em."

"An' don't bother 'em about details," added the leader, whereat there was more laughter from the independent farmers who always found Whittemore excruciatingly funny. Had he not invented their label? And what was more humorous than an independent farmer who was dependent upon the favor of Whittemore and knew nothing of farming? They, the nominal owners of vast acres in the vicinity of Poplar Bough were, in reality, merely dummies to cover the financier's operations in real estate and grain—the straw men of an unscrupulous corporation.

"It's this way," said the Manipulator concisely to the Faithful. "Some of these rustics are getting nasty about Big Business. They want a Farmers' Elevator, not a Whittemore one. They're too slow

to build one themselves but they'll buck mine. Very well, we'll put up a Farmers Elevator and have it housing a crop before they find out who the farmer was that put it there and we'll do it wide open too."

One Benson, a farmer M.L.A., looked dubious. "They'll smell your money," he predicted.

Whittemore's too-red lips parted to show his blunt white teeth, his gray-green eyes narrowed as he grinned. "My money? Who said anything about my money? This is a Farmer's timid venture. You easy-chair agriculturists are going to shove a Bill through the House giving you a loan of \$100,000 for the purpose. You put up the farm lands I lent you to juggle with, as security, and you make sure there's a proviso in the contract giving you the privilege of paying off the debt in full at any time. After the building is up and the grain comes in, I attend to that payment."

"There's just one puncture in that nice rounded plan," said Benson, "When the Lord kindly took old Andy McLean away he failed

to provide an easy mark to take his place in the Legislature. Those farmers round Poplar Bough are a hard-headed lot."

Whittemore grinned again, bit the end of a cigar and lighted it before answering them. On the exhaust of a satisfactory puff he said slowly, "All except Tennyson Jones."

"Who in h—?" began one of the bogus farmers.

"Tennyson's in heaven, not hell," said Whittemore. "He's the man who never has to work and has no use for money."

"What would we do with a man who has no use for money?" was Benson's pertinent query.

Whittemore was undisturbed as he continued, "He hath a childlike soul. He's busy watching the little birds and butterflies. We'll catch him some morning when he's singing to the tadpoles and make him a member of parliament and I'll guarantee to lead him round by a blue ribbon."

Having voiced this decision, Mr. Whittemore proceeded to dismiss his workers with the pleasant expertness acquired by men of affairs.

NO later than the following day, while Tennyson sat on the pasture fence and laid a wager with his collie, Barkiss, that a certain white cloud would pass over the barn at a certain moment, his future was being moulded by the hands of John Whittemore. That is a nice simile, "being moulded by the hands;" in reality, it was being licked into shape by the financier's glib tongue.

Whittemore was eating an excellent dinner at the farmhouse two miles west of the Jones' property. He was explaining his presence by the pressing need of a personal trip of inspection to see the areas under cultivation and note how seeding operations were coming on, also he had felt the urge to shake the honest hand of a "real man" like Bates, and eat an honest-to-goodness home dinner cooked by a real old-fashioned cook like Mrs. Bates. When he reached this point, beaming Mrs. Bates pressed him to have "another slice of mutton and more currant jelly, or would he try the choke cherry jelly instead? "It's kind of rough and tangy on the tongue—better perhaps for game than sheep, but Pa there liked it with everything." He took both jellies, more mutton and another slice of hot bread thereby winning a friend and violent indigestion at the same time. And he wanted to know what his "canny old friend" thought of the coming By-election when

Continued on page 51

Revenge Without the Joker

By Francis Dickie

WITH a large smile, Mr. I. C. Makewell, traffic manager of the Pacific & Northwestern Railway, entered his private office at Port Hanna, the Pacific Coast terminal of the railway. Seating himself in his big swivel chair he stuck his feet upon the desk in an undignified but extremely comfortable position, and lit a fat cigar.

Makewell was in high good humor as befitted a man just dined excellently, and in possession of a perfect Perfecto, and, lastly, about to consummate a long-desired revenge.

Five years before as assistant traffic manager of the Atlantic & Pacific Trunk Line, with headquarters at Westover City, the great established port of the Pacific Coast in Canada, twelve miles distant from Port Hanna, he had held hopes of higher things.... a general traffic manager's chair; even something better. Then had come a break with his chief, J. Montague Allan, and Makewell had resigned and gone over to the Pacific & Northwestern, then a pitiful, uncoordinated tangle of branch lines farther eastward.

The Pacific & Northwestern then being in its infancy, his abilities as a railroad man had presently counted, bringing him at the end of five years to his present position of general traffic manager of western lines of the Pacific & Northwestern, a matter of looking after eight hundred miles of mainline and as many miles of branches. During the five years the road had been made a transcontinental one. It was a marvellous railroading achievement, in which I. C. Makewell had played no small part. The only slight drawback was that the Pacific & Northwestern had not as yet been able to buy right-of-way and build their line into the great port of Westover. They had their own tidewater outlet at Port Hanna, but as yet no docks were built, no great ocean going ships came here. All freight originated in the greater and long established port of Westover, twelve miles from Port Hanna, and from Westover was switched to Port Hanna by the Atlantic & Pacific Railway.

Still the completing of the Pacific & Northwestern Railway's transcontinental line was a triumph. The road ran through half a dozen cities in the western provinces and countless smaller places formerly only served by the Atlantic & Pacific. And now the Pacific and Northwestern, by reason of a slightly shorter line and a much lower gradient through the mountains was in a position to offer a cut in freight rates that the older road could not hope to compete with, by reason of the longer haul and the greater existing gradient on their line. So with the laying of the last mile of the Pacific & Northwestern's transcontinental line some weeks before, Makewell had gone industriously over his rate books. As a result of his labor, cattle, wheat, coal, baled hay, straw, potatoes and a score of other products from the prairies which were shipped to the Pacific Coast, were made by him subject to a new and much lower rate, which he had immediately put into effect. Freight rates on rice, tea, and a hundred other commodities from the Orient, as well as fish and lumber from the coast, destined for the prairie cities and towns, which the Pacific & Northwestern loaded on their cars at Westover and had switched to their own line at Port Hanna by the Atlantic & Pacific, Makewell had also cut down greatly.

THE good effect of this was now

becoming apparent in the enormous increase in shipments both east and west over the Pacific Northwestern. Just previous to luncheon, Makewell's chief clerk had brought in the traffic statement for the last two weeks, showing an increase of eight thousand tons on the western end of the line at Westover. This, supplemented by twelve thousand tons increase at points farther east, as reported by wire, had been the cause of Makewell's presenting himself with a more than usually expensive lunch.

Comfortably seated, Makewell fell to a blissful picturing of a scene bound to happen later, or perhaps

already having taken place in the office of his former boss and now rival official, J. Montague Allan, when that worthy, in his office at Westover, began to realize how terrible was the falling off in the traffic receipts of the Atlantic & Pacific from territory now equally served by the Pacific & Northwestern Railway. Makewell's reflections were of so amusing and pleasing a nature that he fell to softly chuckling. He was still so engaged when Artman, his chief clerk, entered a moment later with some papers. When he had laid them down and was about to go out, the traffic manager said with gruff geniality: "Sit down a minute, Artman; have a cigar."

Artman accepted the proffered weed; dropped into a seat beside the desk, lighted it. For several moments they smoked in silence. Ever since the traffic increase report had come in, Makewell had been bursting with desire to confide in some one his long cherished hope of revenge on J. Montague Allan, which he now saw was about to be fulfilled through his cutting freight rates. It was a very human trait, this wish to air a triumph; and traffic managers are human, despite many evidences of railway commissions to the contrary. So after a moment he said: "Twenty thousand tons increase, and just beginning!"

"Yes, sir, it's much better than I expected for so short a time. The rates haven't had time to get well known among shippers," Artman replied.

"That's true. When the shippers get to know, the Atlantic & Pacific won't get an ounce of business from Westover to the prairie towns and cities. And we'll just simply walk away with all the freight in the prairie places destined for Westover, which the Atlantic & Pacific used to get."

Artman nodded.

"And," Makewell went on, "I'll bet already old J. Montague Allan is hearing a holler from his headquarters for an accounting of falling off in his traffic receipts. And when we get going good....why....his office'll have his scalp in six months."

"But they can't really hold him responsible for our cutting rates," Artman suggested, fairly enough.

"No; but I'll bet a hundred to one it'll start them looking over his system pretty closely, and starting a cut down in expenses. And right there is where they'll wake up to the fact that J. Montague Allan is a blithering idiot. He's old and he's incompetent, or he'd have known better than to fire me five years ago when I pointed out some improvements he could have made. I swore then that if I ever got a chance I'd even up with the old boy, and now I'm going to bring him to the attention of his superiors by my freight rate cutting....And he can't stand the lime-light!" Makewell chuckled largely, looking toward Artman for approval.

Artman, knowing the value of the saying "You have to laugh at the landlady's jokes," also forced a dry laugh and nodded vigorously to show he appreciated fully the great wisdom of his chief. "He's as bad as that, is he?" Artman said. "Well, you sure are going to get him."

THE ringing of the telephone interrupted Makewell's reply. Taking off the receiver he listened for several moments, occasionally ejaculating angrily after putting a question to the man at the other end of the line, and with every passing moment becoming more choleric. At last, jamming down the receiver, he whirled on the respectfully interested chief clerk.

"Old Montague Allan's waked up all right," Makewell roared. "But he's started out wrong as usual. What do you think he's doing?...He's retaliating for our freight cut by running up switching charges from three dollars to twenty dollars a car for every car of ours they handle from Westover to our line at Port Hanna. Mercer has just phoned me from the yard office. Wants to know what I'm going to do about it."

"Phew! That's pretty bad," Artman said, suddenly grave. "Why, almost every car we own has to be handled by the Atlantic & Pacific and will for a year or more till we get our line completed into Westover. And with switching charges put up to twenty a car, we might as well quit."

Makewell laughed, but it was not the laugh of a check-mated man. "Of course, it's bad, if the old boy could get away with it; but he can't. Five dollars a car for switching is the maximum he can charge us for the work according to the ruling of the railway commission. But Allan's such an old fool he never thought of that. I'm going to phone him for an appointment: Gee, I wish you could be with me when I open up on him."

TWO hours later, by appointment, Makewell stepped through a doorway, the leaded glass panel of which bore the words: J. Montague Allan, General Traffic Manager.

A little wisp of a man, grey haired, and with carefully trimmed beard of a thickness sufficient to make almost unnoticeable the highness of his jawbone and the cadaverousness of the face in general, sat before an immense flat-topped desk, the vastness of which dwarfed the more his already insignificant frame. His little blue eyes, sharp and darting as a hungry weasel's, lit with a faint gleam as Makewell entered. But he made no motion to rise, only inclined his head a little toward a nearby chair.

"No, I won't sit down," Makewell snapped. "It'll take me only about a minute to get through with what I have to tell you." He paused to take a deep breath; then more quietly, his voice rich with sarcasm, he proceeded: "I came over to get a fifteen dollar rebate on a car you people handled for us a couple of hours ago from the Blue Line docks at Westover to our main line at our Port Hanna terminal."

"Rebate? Why, how's that?" There was innocent surprised questioning in the little man's voice.

"Oh, quit stalling; you know damn well you can't get away with any such charges as that. A twenty dollar per car charge is robbery pure and simple."

J. Montague Allan passed an exquisitely manicured hand over his little, thin-lipped mouth, stifled a yawn, then turned his little blue eyes upon the angry big man before him. "I'm afraid I don't quite understand you, Mr. Makewell. Our switching charges in this territory are twenty dollars a car to you from now on. Of course, you couldn't be expected to know about this till now, as the new schedule just took effect today."

"Well, it won't be in effect tomorrow," Makewell said beligerently.

Allan's cool contempt as of one explaining something to a child, was the strongest pabulum to an already well-fueled anger.



Drawing by Dorothy Penke

With a sickening conviction that somehow the little man was right, Makewell began to read

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The Communal Desk

By Lilian R. Hay

PAULA walked over to the hall desk and opened it. It was a high, old-fashioned affair of rose-wood, with a cabinet top, and Paula's eyes wandered admiringly over its satiny surface before she sat down beside it and pulled out the blotter. The desk was obviously the most important piece of furniture in the hall—a pleasant place, used, on account of its width and its light, as a sitting-room. Across from it, against the railing of the staircase, stood a wicker sewing-table and a couch with a green and gold cover. In the corner at the right, stood a wicker chair and a book-case; and three bedroom doors opened off the wall at the left. The tall arched windows on each side of the desk let in the morning sun, which flooded the room with amber light, gilding the mellow surface of the desk, and the hair and throat of Paula, sitting, calm-eyed and tranquil, with both elbows on the desk-blotter. As she drew out notepaper and began to write, the tranquility in her face rapidly gave place to bewilderment, then annoyance, then intense and unmistakable wrath.

She turned sharply around in her chair.

"Gale!"

Silence.

"Gale!"—menacingly.

A muffled, interrogative grunt from behind the door across the hall.

"Gale, you've been using my notepaper again!"

Thickly, "Never touched your darned notepaper."

"You did! There are—"

Ominously, "I say I didn't! Get that? That's final. If you say again that I touched it, I'll come out there and—"

"You used my notepaper."

A resounding thud. Another resounding thud. A quickly shuffle of slippers and a swishing sound, as of a dressing-gown hastily thrown over pyjamas. Then the door swung open and Gale appeared—a tall, loose-jointed boy of fifteen, with rumpled brown hair and blazing blue eyes.

Paula charged at him with the notepaper in her hand holding it up about two inches from his eyes.

"Look at that," she said accusingly, "and that—and that! 'Magna est veritas, et praevalerebit!'"

"Oh,"—crestfallen—"honest, Paul, I—"

"Honest what?" Paula posed before him as formidable as Britannia in the awful majesty of her righteous wrath.

"Well," conciliating and propitiatory, "I didn't know it belonged to you. I couldn't find anything else at the time, and—to tell the truth, Paul, I thought that pink stuff was yours."

"That—mine! I'll say it isn't!" Paula forgot her dignity and swung abruptly into the vernacular in the intensity of her distaste. "The pink—confection—is Evelyn's. You couldn't get me to touch it with tongs. I don't know what possessed her to buy it. Horrible taste. All girls of seventeen seem to go through that vulgar stage."

"Girls of seventeen, seventeen!" Another door swung open and Evelyn appeared, a small, pink, incensed young person in a jade-green silk kimono. "What about nineteen. Does two years make such a difference? Is nineteen anything to be so dashed superior about? I don't like pink notepaper either, but it was all Carter's had when I went down. And, if you must know, it's all I can afford on my allowance. If they'd listen to reason—"

"Evelyn, that discussion is definitely closed." Paula's tone and manner were those of a woman of thirty-six. "If you would spend less money on the moving pictures you could get something decent instead of that poisonous pink—"

"Poisonous! P— Well, if my memory doesn't fail me, you weren't above using that poisonous pink, last summer at camp when you wanted to invite Gregory Hall down for the week-end."

"You're darned right," (Gale) "and all this fuss about her notepaper when she never licks a stamp unless he goes out of town."

"Gale, would you mind leaving personalities out of this? And Evelyn, just because I have to speak to Gale on a matter that concerns us alone, I don't see why you should interfere."

"I wouldn't have interfered—if you had kept personalities out of this," triumphantly; "and—I have for some time been going to ask you to, if you would be so good, tell me—"

"Split infinitive," murmured Gale.

"Why, you must fill all the compartments in the desk with your notepaper. If it is necessary—why, it's perfectly all right, of course. But you might as well know that I have to shove mine in beside the mucilage and the blotters."

Paula assumed the martyr-like expression of one who has patiently explained for the hundredth time and is ready to begin on the hundred and first.

"I don't use all the compartments. But I have to use quite a few of them because I am the only person in the house with presence of mind enough to keep on hand all the kinds of writing paper I need. There are two kinds of business pads—one of ordinary, and one of better quality. Ordinary notepaper and some for special occasions—"

"Gregory Hall isn't a special occasion" (Gale).

"?"

"He's an emergency."

Evelyn crumpled on the hall floor in a paroxysm of amusement, not so much as a tribute to her brother's wit as delight at her sister's discomfiture. Gale surveyed the scene with intense satisfaction; then, smoothing his pompadour with a magnificent gesture and squaring his shoulders pompously, he strode into his room, announcing loftily: "Well, I'll leave you women to fight it out."

"Gale, don't be wretched—"

"Gale, you know we never fight—"

"For the female of the species,"—he was safely behind his door now—"is more deadly than—"

"Gale!" An unexpected roar from below.

"Yes, father?"

"Have you been using my fountain pen?"

"No, certainly not!"

"Have you seen it?"

Gale swung open his bedroom door and stood with his arms folded, gazing at Paula in stern accusation. He had taken one arm out of the sleeve of his dressing-gown, and it was draped about him like the toga

Near a Bridge

By Mrs. Clara Hopper

*Softly sinister,
Slimy, slow,
South Saskatchewan's
Waters flow.*

*In those murky,
Turbid deeps,
What dread purpose
Writhes and creeps*

*Silent, oily
Slipping by?
Leering—Waters,
Tell us why!*

*Are those gruesome
Bleaching bones,
Mired in mud
And seeping stones*

*White? Or red man?
Blackfeet? Cree,
Halless, hurrying
Haughtily?*

*Dauntless ones
Of long ago,
Or rampaging
Buffalo?*

*Trust a panther,
Lurking, grim,
Trust a serpent,
Coiling, slim,*

*Trust a woman,
Spurned and thrawn,
Never trust
Saskatchewan!*

of a Roman senator. Under the fierce battery of his thunderous brows Paula crumpled, gasped, and then ran to the head of the stairs.

"I have your pen. Here it is. Mine was broken, so I thought you wouldn't mind—"

"Much good it would do me if I did,"—belligerently—"I put it in the brass jar on the window-sill here because I particularly wished none of you to touch it, and—"

"I'll bring it down to you," with an air of magnanimous condescension for the benefit of the giggling idiots in the hall.

"No. I'm coming up."

Sounds of an irate parent, ascending. At three steps from the top, a wrathful pause.

"At the desk again? Well, I'll be— Can't you young women find some other time to attend to your vast correspondence than Sunday morning? Just because it was clearly understood from the first that on Sunday morning the desk was to be reserved exclusively for my use, you fool around, fool around all week—nothing could drive you near an ink-well—and when Sunday morning comes you all have

a wild yearning to write to your friends. Sunday morning is the only time of the week I can spare to write letters, and yet whenever I get here I have to take my place at the end of a waiting queue."

HERE Mr. Travis paused, not for lack of breath, but for lack of an audience. It was an exasperating way his children had—melting away as soon as he began to talk to them. Sunday morning was the only time he had to supervise them, to instruct, exhort, and regale them with wise parental injunctions, but they never remained within hearing long enough for him to make even the briefest wise parental injunction. Evelyn and Gale had melted into their respective bedrooms. Paula had melted down the stairway.

Mr. Travis snorted indignantly and adjusted his eye-glasses. He was a comparatively harmless parent as parents go, but there was one thing that enraged him unspeakably: to be foiled of his Sunday morning parental privilege of working off on his family the accumulated irritations and unpleasantnesses of the week of business. Mr. Travis was head salesman in a motor car company, and his success and prosperity were in direct proportion to his tactfulness and suavity in handling customers. Being a discursive man with a touch of rhetoric and a passion for speaking his mind, this restraint was exceedingly hard on Mr. Travis. The only way he could counteract the effect of it was to boom at his family all day Sunday. Then he could start to work on Monday morning, relieved in mind and refreshed in spirit, well fortified against the six days of compulsory sweetness and light ahead of him. He was like an engine that has to blow up periodically in order to keep going. But blowing up before an attentive and suitably impressed audience and blowing up before no one at all are two very different things. Mr. Travis had no intention of being deprived of his parental rights. He seated himself at the desk, uncapped his fountain pen, jerked the desk-blotter in front of him, and addressed the door on his left. It was more like an explosion than a voice.

"Gale!"

"Yes?"

"What you doing?"

"Dressing."

"Written your Uncle Anthony yet?"

"No, not yet, I—"

"I thought so. Evelyn!"

"Yes, father?"

"Written your Uncle Anthony yet?"

"Well, no—"

"I thought not. Paula! . . . Paula! Confound that girl! She's gone out."

One of the amazing things about Mr. Travis is that other people's sins of omission and commission put him in the best of humor. He was actually smiling as he leaned over the staircase railing, calling for his eldest daughter.

"Paula! . . . Yes, tell her I want her. . . That you, Paula? Written your Uncle Anthony to thank him for the desk yet? . . . I supposed you hadn't. That desk has been in the house over two weeks now, and yet none of you have taken the trouble to show your gratitude by writing to him. He went to no end of trouble to get it. Was in every antique shop in Winnipeg, he said, until he found what he wanted. Or rather, what we wanted. He heard you kids all dinning for a desk of your own, so he thought he would get one that would do the whole family. When you write, Paula, you might refer to it as a Communal desk. He called it that. Communal. His idea was that sharing a desk would develop the spirit of co-operation. Harmony. Don't forget to make some reference to that idea. Enlarge on it. Elaborate it. . . Uh, say, Paula, what's wrong with your coming up here and writing to him now?"

"Why—I thought you wanted to use the desk now!"

"Well, yes, I do, but—Great Scott! I'm perfectly willing to—"

"Besides—I'm going skating on the river with Gregory in ten minutes."

"Oh, Gregory. The river."

Mr. Travis immediately assumed the lofty and awful calm of a parent who, after doing all he can, has to stand by and watch the younger generation going to the dogs. If Paula had spent the morning moping in the house, Mr. Travis would have boomed: "What's the matter with you? What's the matter with you? Why don't you go down to the river and skate?" But since she was going of her own accord all he could do was to view the performance from a lofty height of seething disapproval. He did this for nearly five minutes; then, remembering that there was no one looking at him, he relaxed and walked back to the desk. "I should think you kids, with all the time you've got . . . looks as if I'll have to write to him myself. Meant to write him a note anyway, but pressed for time, pressed for time," he was muttering.

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February the Fourteenth

By Ruth E. Wilkin

"JUDY!—O—h, Judy! Come da-own here. It's almost four." The shrill voice finally pierced Judith Armstrong's consciousness. Surely she had just fallen asleep. It couldn't be time for breakfast. But the repetition of the call soon left no doubt in the girl's mind. A raw, damp south wind was whistling through the room and an icy mist struck her face as she closed her window. Cross's English history lying open on the study table had been soaked through—ruined. She had been so sleepy she had forgotten to move the table away from the window. The book sadly dripped in her hands; if it could have helped she would have wept with it. It had cost three dollars—a whole two days' labor in the berry patch.

Dressing rapidly, Judith hurried down to the kitchen. Her mother, a dark, thin, angular, untiring, ever-moving woman with black, stringy hair was filling a frying pan with thick slabs of mush.

"You'll have to hurry some this mornin' if you make thet seven interurban. The sausages for y'r dinner is ther in the pantry. We'll save some mush fer to eat with 'em."

Jude Armstrong was noisily washing his face at the sink in the corner. This was the only time he was heard to any great extent, for Judith's father was a man whose will was felt instead of heard. Without warning he went his own imperious way. From over the towel he now gazed intently at this strange daughter with the copper hair as she stood pouring the coffee. Massive in stature, stooped, and with dull, stubborn eyes, he watched her.

"Judy—Higgins over to Fairview says his wife's needin' a girl."

Judith's grasp loosened; the coffee pot almost slipped from her hand and some of the coffee was spilled on the table cover. She pressed her lips together tightly. She felt her cheeks burn. In studied tones she asked:

"And—what is Higgins going to do?"

"I told him you would probably be wantin' a job."

Maria Armstrong set the smoking platter on the table.

"There, it's ready." Then she raised her eyes to her daughter's face—eyes from which the sparkle had long ago fled. "Your father's doin' well by you lookin' for thet job. Y' might as well be makin' somethin' to add to y'r five hundred instead of spendin' all the time. Y'll spend in one winter at Normal what y've saved fer three years and then where'll y' be?"

Judith gray eyes flashing, cheeks flushed, squared her thin shoulders. "I'll teach, Mother, and then go to school—and then teach some more and then go back to school—and keep at it until I'm fifty, if necessary."

"Yes, it all sounds fine but y'r not a-layin' up anything and then y'r board here, remember. Course I'm not sayin' y'r father and me's not willin' to give you thet, but if you was at Mis' Higgins you'd have thet and y'r seven dollars a week, too. Mis' Higgins pays well."

A great fear seized the girl. Her father took up the discussion.

"I seen Mart Jones yistiddy. He'll need a girl at the ribbon counter in May. Sally West's goin' to leave. She gets fourteen dollars."

Food seemed like tasteless lumps in her mouth. She stopped trying to eat. While she did up the dishes she was doing sums in her head. Her little five hundred would just last by careful managing through the next spring and summer terms and allow for a new hat and coat and slippers in the spring. She was hoping to work over last year's dresses and make them do. She could begin earning in the fall, but she must put in three terms of Normal first. The State said so. This question of board she had not considered before.

As she strapped her books she gazed into the old cracked-mirror above her dressing table and shuddered as she always did when she saw the old rose-colored turban with the unruly copper curls clashing with it here and there all around her face. Then came the green coat ready for a battle with the turban. Oh, the wonderful joy one must feel to be able to wear things that were not hand-me-downs from some

aunt or cousin. Foster's had a little, soft, dark blue silk and straw combination that would be serviceable and oh—so lovely. She had passed that window every day trying to summon courage to ask the price. Suddenly something said to her: "There's your extra for your board—the price of your hat and coat and slippers."

Almost stunned by the thought she moved as in a dream. Old Kate had to be harnessed. She didn't dare stop to think. Her fingers ached as she fastened the buckles and snaps. The icy mist was turning into snow. As she led old Kate around to the hitching post she met her father as he was coming in carrying a big pail of milk in each hand. He stopped as if he would say something, set down a bucket of milk and searched the deep pocket of his overcoat.

"Some more book foolishness. Tim Blackwell gave me yistiddy fer you."

"Tim Blackwell!" Judith's voice was in her excitement almost as sharp as her mother's. She hastily tore a corner from the wrapping, but it was too dark to recognize the book. She tucked it in the old rig. With a warm stone at her feet and wrapped in her old, heavy top-coat, she gave the whip to old Kate. Seven miles of mud—but what did she care! A pale light was just beginning to show in the east. Hope had begun to rise in her heart. As it grew lighter she slipped the book from its paper. The familiar blue back of Cross's history appeared. A note fluttered out.

My dear Miss Armstrong:

That Cross history which you carry back and forth must become very heavy by evening. I found the same text among my books last night. If you'll use it you may have it. I'm reading Well's Outlines now. If you have time for them I'll send them down to you.

Sincerely,

Tim Blackwell.

The tears started from Judith's eyes. "Providence is surely kind," she whispered to herself. "And so is Tim." She smiled as she thought of the date she had seen on her desk calendar that morning—February the fourteenth.

Then came the thought of the little blue hat. Could she give it up? There were affairs to go to in Fairview and she was ashamed of her ugly, hideous hand-me-downs. Della Blackwell had pretty things—every girl did. Tim would soon be ashamed to be seen speaking to such a girl in such shrieking colors. To and fro her thoughts seethed. Fourteen a week at Jones's in March. It might be her parents were right. It was going to be a long struggle if she taught her way through Normal. Tim Blackwell said she could do it, however.

Tim had just finished the State University that spring. His father, a Fairview druggist, had taken ill and Tim was managing the store. If his father's health permitted he would enter medical school the next fall.

VISIONS of blue hats, spring coats, and satin slippers kept floating before the girl's eyes. She did not feel the cold; she did not see the flurries of great snow flakes that almost blinded old Kate. Tightly wrapped in her own thoughts she went on. She must

have some new things—that was all. No one must feel ashamed of her.

Then, again, like a voice from the outside something said: "What would Tim Blackwell think of your stopping school? You haven't even had a high school equivalent yet."

A great burst of wind swept them as they followed the bend in the road. The girl shivered and drew the laprobe closer. She had barely time to put her horse in the stable and rush for the Lynchburg Interurban. The car was standing at the station. Almost out of breath she dropped into the nearest seat; she did not notice that she was wearing her old, rough driving gloves over her mended cotton ones till the conductor came for her ticket. Then, hastily removing the offensive things she glanced at the girl with whom she was sitting—Della Blackwell was smiling.

"Hello, why didn't you speak?"

Judith's face flushed—Della had seen. Just then she spied a great mud splash on her skirt. There were little white bristles all over the green cloak from off the old laprobe. She was a peasant—she belonged in the fields—she had no place beside this trim, well-dressed girl. Della was only a little older but she would finish Normal this spring. Judith felt so stiff and awkward she could not think of a word to say. She knew what Della must be thinking of her—a red-headed girl with a rose hat.

Undaunted, Della Blackwell continued to talk.

"Do you have any idea where I can find a vase at school?"

"A vase?" Judith dully repeated.

"Yes, it *does* sound funny, but I'll show you what I got at the post office this morning. I always hate to see them wither so quickly and that's what they do when I wear them."

Slipping from beside her a brown box about eight inches square she lifted the cover. Exactly fitting the space inside was a big red heart-shaped box. In gilt letters the words: "Valentine Greetings" frisked on the top of the box.

Judith caught her breath, "Oh—"

Slowly the lid was lifted.

"O—h, are they real?"

There nestled red rosebuds among their own green leaves. The sweet fragrance of them as they lifted their velvety petals in their greeting was almost too much just then for mud-bespattered Judy Armstrong. More than anything else in the whole wide world Judy Armstrong wanted a valentine of rosebuds. Suddenly she felt so lonely she wanted to cry. If only she could talk to someone—if she told mother or father about her wanting flowers they would think she was crazy. She wondered if her mother ever were young. Once she had seen her looking hungrily at the florist's window in Fairview. She had not gone inside.

Judith winked her eyes furiously but one wayward tear stole down her cheek, and of course it was the next one to Della. Deep, hot anger at herself spread over her; she wouldn't sit there and continue to make a fool of herself. She arose to go, but Della put out a detaining hand.

"I know I can't find a vase and they were sent to be worn, you know. There are too many for me. Won't you let me share them?"

The conductor was calling their street. There sat dainty Della Blackwell offering Judith Armstrong part of her roses because she, like a silly, had cried.

"No," came from Judith in emphatic tones. "Get them in that box, quick."

Judith did not wait for the other girl, but almost ran down Sixth street toward school. Her heart was like lead. Besides looking ridiculous, she had acted so. She remained in the depths of gloom through geometry class. In History IV she suddenly noticed all eyes turned toward her. Professor Bruce was speaking.

"Miss Armstrong is dreaming, I fear. Mr. Carlyle, you may answer that question."

She could endure things no longer. She arose and stumbled from the room. She had disgraced herself before her history class. Professor Bruce had said he could always depend on her if everyone else failed. She would go at once to Mrs. Higgins and engage herself as her maid. That was her place in life. What was the use of a girl like her trying to be anything different

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Ott's New Year

By Thomas Forsyth-Hunter

DEATH POINT was writhing in a spell of stimulating cold weather. It was the thirtieth of December and Christmas had passed as all other days. No variation, just the old, monotonous grind; and but for the worn and sullied calendar in Ott's cabin, with the twenty-fifth in glaring red, Ott would not have known Christmas. Not that it made much difference either way.

The "first" of January was boldly underlined. It denoted the beginning of the New Year. Besides having attached a special significance. It was the thirtieth now. One more day, then the "first." And for many weary days and nights Ott had fastened steel gray eyes on that "first."

Ott had decided to abandon the wilds on the "first." He had been twenty-two years in the same old North and only recently had he had anything to show for these years. Now he had the means to get out and he was going to get out. The city called. The city which he hadn't seen for twenty-two years. Perhaps when he got there the wilds would call him back. But just now it was the city—with the bright lights and spirited throngs, and all the money-absorbing devices and, incidentally, vices. But the latter was only an unreal image.

"Twenty-two years to get what I got, be gad!" Ott chuckled sweetly. "It's about time these old bones of mine got loosenin' up."

He chuckled again as he lifted up some shiny pieces of metal. These he dropped into a small buckskin pouch, and with two others containing gold dust and nuggets replaced them carefully in a secret cache underneath the floor.

There was plenty more where that came from. But Ott was growing old. He had the sense to admit it, nauseating as the knowledge was. But there seemed no question about it. To be sure his eyes were as bright and as unfailing as they had been at twenty, his mentality as strong and discerning, though he was given to wandering away in idle contemplation and speculation, with a quality to jump at conclusions, which usually turned into stubborn conviction. It was his physical body which was slowly losing its vitality. He even admitted to himself, grudgingly, that he got touches of rheumatism. No, he was not so young. Continual buffeting against all modes of weather had left a sure mark.

What he wanted was to leave all this and get to the "bright lights," before that time of ascending the long, mysterious trail. And, be gad, he would get there. Yes, on the "first."

Some other fellow might strike his claim in that narrow ravine. Whoever did was welcome to it. Yes, he might let that young fellow—that tenderfoot—in on it. Wasn't a bad sort. Young and pleasant. Perhaps a little on the frail side—and dam' impatient!

Impatient? And he, Ott, had fought and sweated for close on twenty-two years before the "break" came. Impatient?

He smiled grimly, the stiff, determined jaw protruding at an angle which showed the inflexible courage that had carried him on for over the fifth of a century. The steel gray eyes glittered with lights of indomitable fire.

His jaw returned to normal and he chuckled again. "He's not a bad young fellow. It's a dam' pity him wastin' the better part of his life up here. Aye, I'll see him the morrow."

He recollected he hadn't seen Jim for close on one month now. Jim had been working a "no-good claim," as Ott had told him, about seven miles down the river. A no-good claim it was. But Jim had thought otherwise. He had stayed on.

"Fool he is," sniffed Ott contemptuously. "Well, I told him—and it ain't none of my business. Be gad, twenty-two years. I ought to know somethin' about it. But a fine lad for all that."

On the edge of his bunk he sat down and lit his pipe. He leaned as close as he dared to the gleaming fire, spreading out tough, gnarled hands to the red and yellow flames.

Dicky, Ott's only pal, eyed his master from his bed by the fire. Dicky loved Ott. Ott returned the affection with all the warmth of a mother to her first born. It was natural, as the two had lived

together for years, understanding each other with the sympathy of close friends.

Suddenly Dicky got up and moved to the door. Ott didn't notice. He was smiling into the flames.

"I'll get goin' to see him the morrow. Out only six months. I'll bet he's dam' good and sick right now. It's no good him wastin' his life up here when old Ott has all the wealth he wants—. Here, quit that noise, Dicky. Come here and lie down."

But the dog kept scratching the door with his paws. He looked at Ott once, then whined with his nose close to the door.

"Want out, eh, Dicky? What is it old feller—wolves?" Ott crossed the room and opened the door. "There you go, Dicky, take a scout around."

Dicky disappeared from sight in the gloom. Ott shut the door and returned to the fire. He sat down and had visions of New Year. When he would leave all this—all this wilderness of ice and snow.

He rolled a chuckle around his pipe. He lay back tired, contented. His eyes closed. Shortly his fingers became numb and his pipe slipped from hanging lips.

Ott hadn't once looked up at the window. So naturally he hadn't seen the white, strained face pressed against the frost-coated glass. The face had been there quite a long time. It was a face of twisted bitterness, of lost hopes, ideals, of crushed morals and shattered visions.

As Ott started to breathe with the regularity of a heavy sleeper the white phantom-like face dropped from the window. A moment later and the door was slowly swinging inwards.

THE next morning at nine Ott fastened on a pack containing food, rolled up his sleeping-bag, picked up his gun and calling on Dicky set out from the cabin.

Comparatively new snowshoe tracks led in a half-

It was strange there was no fire, reflected Ott. Jim's claim was but a quarter of a mile from his cabin. He surely would keep his fire going. But perhaps Jim was away on a trip. Ott looked at his watch. It was almost noon.

As he came opposite the cabin door he paused abruptly. Then he walked forward slowly.

Hanging from the door was a torn scrap of paper. As his eyes fastened on the slanting scrawl, written in red ink, he stood as one petrified.

NOTICE

The owner of this cabin is dead. I, Con Leech, was with him till the end. He bequeathed his entire belongings to me. I buried the body in the forest.

(Signed) Con Leech.

OTT was dazed. He covered his eyes with two mittened hands.

So Jim Welsh was dead, his dream of gold but echoes. Jim Welsh dead. It kept drumming on his ears. Jim Welsh dead. Jim Welsh dead.

"A fine, fine boy," muttered Ott softly. He hesitated, then pushed against the shut door. It opened to his touch. Entering he glanced around.

On the fire place reposed the blackened remains of a fire. A pile of cut wood lay at one side. A small crude table, two crude chairs and the bunk were the only pieces of furniture. The blankets were missing from the bunk. All of Jim's clothing and gear were gone; and there were no signs of food.

The stranger would take the stuff, of course, decided Ott. And he found himself resenting the appropriation. Though it seemed quite natural that the stranger should have the stuff. It had been bequeathed to him by the dying man—so the notice read.

Suddenly Ott dropped to his knees by the side of the bunk. His gray eyes scrutinized the floor work closely. He wet his finger and rubbed over some dark stains on the wood. Then he lifted his face, his eyes shining strangely.

"Blood," he muttered hoarsely. "Good God, Jim's been murdered!"

It was the first thought which had entered his head. The signs of blood on the floor gave him the cue. His impulsive conviction was strengthened by the finding of a steel bullet embedded in the wood a few feet above the bunk.

He worked the bullet out with his penknife looked at it for an instant, then placed it in his pocket.

That Jim had been foully murdered Ott did not doubt. To his mind the bullet and blood stains were ample evidence. No doubt there had been two bullets fired, one missing Jim and entering the woodwork, the second piercing Jim's brain or heart. If he could only locate the grave. But that seemed out of the question. "In the forest" the notice read; the forest was large. There was no particular place specified. Another thing, if Jim had been murdered, and the hand which had penned that notice his murderer, it was reasonable to suppose that the body had not been disposed of in the wood.

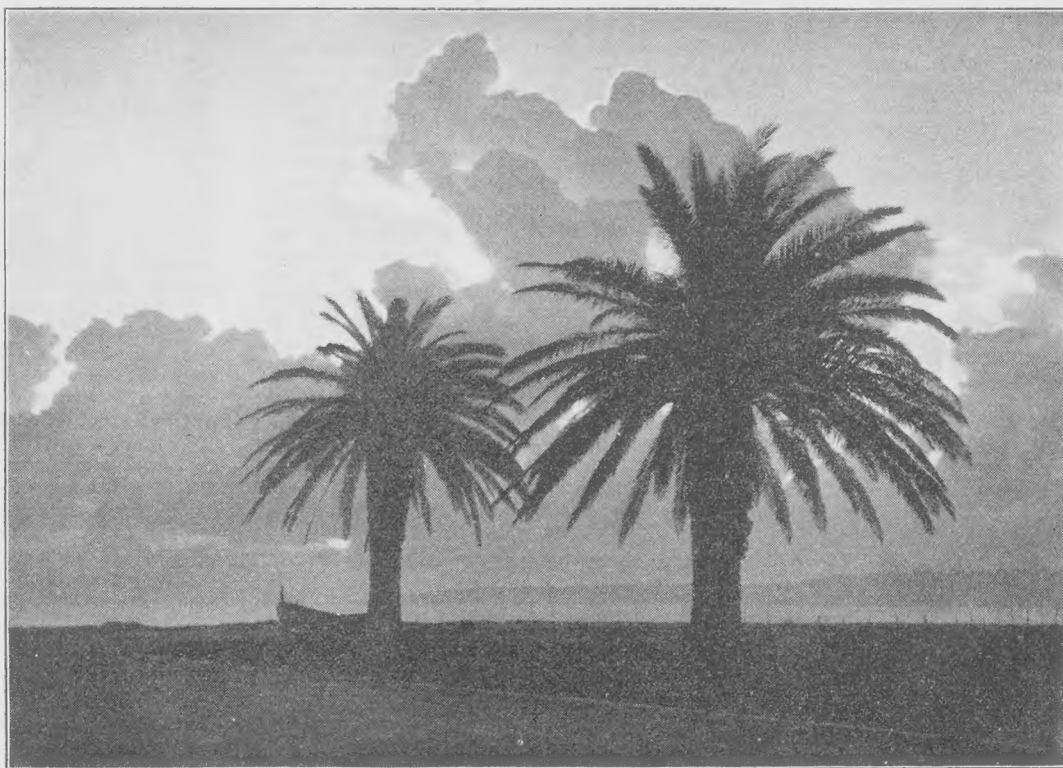
Ott went outside and looked at the notice again. The paper was white and not tarnished or soiled. Then it must have been stuck there the day before, the night before, or this morning. For the previous night but one it had snowed heavily—a driving snow-storm. The paper was fresh. So it must have been stuck up after it had snowed.

Further proof of his hypothesis was evinced by snowshoe tracks which led from the door, sinking from sight over the top of a low mound. The prints were at intervals of from three to four feet, which showed that the stranger, Con Leech presumably, was traveling fast.

And these tracks were plain, not marred in any way. Then they were made after it had snowed. That was evident. And perhaps quite recently. They seemed too fresh for even twenty hours previous.

Ott considered thoughtfully. He liked Jim. And now that he was dead the loss was keen. And if he

Continued on page 44



Sunset at Cannes, France

circle from the door to the side window. But Ott didn't notice. He was too intent on the fresh exhilaration of the morning. Dicky sniffed at the tracks once, then bounded after Ott.

Other tracks led away from the side window. But neither did Ott notice them. These tracks branched off to the right and through a small forest. Ott took the outside. It was longer. But Ott was in no particular hurry.

He figured he should make Jim's cabin by noon. He laughed softly as he imagined the amazement on Jim's face when told of the gold transfer.

Taking it easy Ott passed an off-shoot of the Nelson River. For two miles he kept along the bank; then he crossed the ice, struck through between two overhanging cliffs and down to the shore of the river again. Two miles further on he had his first glimpse of Jim's cabin.

Somehow the place seemed bleak. There appeared to be no fire, for no smoke was issuing from the chimney.



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"Now that you are married, dear, your job will be to run the house just as well as John hopes to run his business. At first you'll have to do most of the work yourself—even the washing and cleaning.

"But don't let that worry you. It isn't work, my dear, that takes the bloom from pretty cheeks. It's the work women do needlessly—the downright drudgeries.

"I want you to avoid the drudgeries. I don't want you to waste one precious minute of glorious youth on them. And that's why I'm giving you this Fels-Naptha.

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"You'll be tempted many times to buy some of the new-fangled cleaners that are advertised to do everything but the ironing.

"You will be offered soaps at "bargain" prices, or tempted by specials of some brand or another.

"I know, because I've gone through it myself. And I tried about everything—many soaps and washing powders you never even hear about now.

"My advice to you is—stick to Fels-Naptha. After 25 years, I haven't found a thing that can take its place. Your mother, I dare say, will tell you the same.

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Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Getting Acquainted

WITH the intention of making our readers better acquainted with the men and women whose writings are appearing from month to month in The Western Home Monthly, we will present a brief biographical sketch with picture of one writer in each issue during this year.

With the February number we have great pleasure in introducing Mrs. Nellie McClung, than whom there is no more popular writer in the Dominion.

I BEGAN my literary career at the age of 12 as an obituary poet, and being somewhat short of subjects, among my friends and relatives I was forced to mourn the departure of dogs and cats. My circle of readers was small, but I am sure I gave them good value. I revelled in sobs and wailings. I remember my masterpiece:

"Four dear dogs—they died alone,
Nobody saw them, or heard them groan.

There they died by the drifts of snow,
While the wind rocked their tails to and fro!"

This was written on a clean shingle, which was driven into the cold clay, on a flower-starred hillside, where the gentle winds of spring went whispering past. I kept flowers on the community grave



Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McClung

and had many a good cry there. It was a delightful spot to which one could retire, until the dishes were washed. Even then I knew the privileges of a poet's license. I never had four dogs at one time. I had never lost a dog. I raised up these four, so I could lay them low, and then tell about it, but never were dogs more loudly mourned.

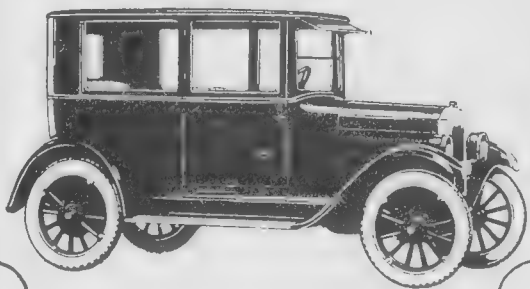
My next venture into the world of letters was in the puzzle page of the Detroit Free Press, where I often saw my name in bold print, and gloated over it. Even now I shun the puzzle page of a paper; and cross-word puzzles turn me pale. I know what they could do to me, but their time is not yet. When the shades of evening gather round about me, I know how I will pass the laggard hours. My grandchildren and great grand children will get no socks from me, done by my own frail, trembling old fingers. Not a sock. On the contrary, I will expect them to tell me what half an em is, and what is the Portuguese word for bread!

About my literary methods, I have not one at all. When no one comes to see me, and the phone is not ringing, and the children are at school and there's nothing in particular to do I write. I know this is not the proper way. I give it as a warning to young writers. Some day I hope to forsake the busy streets of life. I shall take 144 scribbles and 12 lead pencils, a brown stone jar of ink, my fountain pen, the Corona, and a long blue box of paper. And I know where I shall go. North of Entrance, on the Canadian National Railway, in the mountains, there is a log cabin which looks out over a satiny blue lake. I will go there. I have the Idea, and I know the Place. All I need is a generous slice of Time!

—Nellie L. McClung.

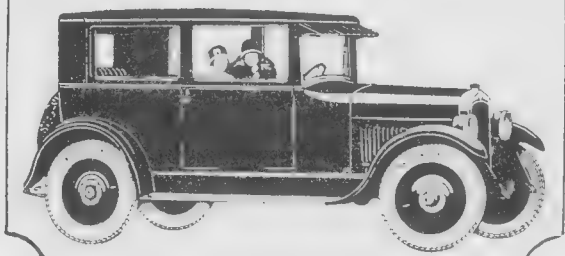
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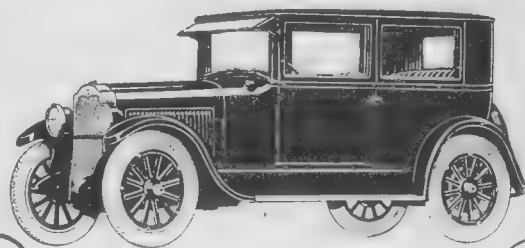
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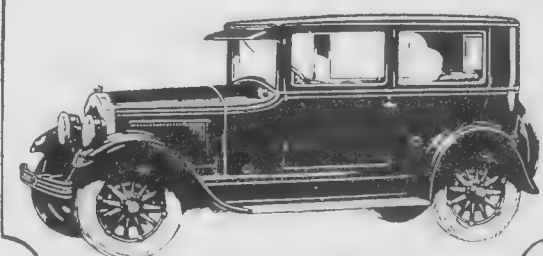
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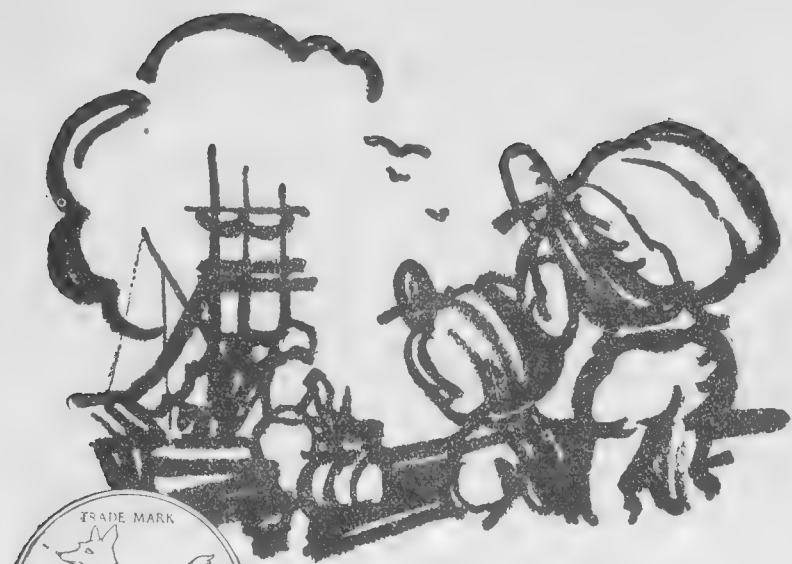


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3

"Wherefore Art Thou Romeo?"

By Edith G. Bayne

NU dumbkopf, make love by her—you hear?—make love by her! Whazzamatter—are yuh hand cuffed?"

Mr. Moe Sizzlebauer, stage manager and major domo of the Sons of Israel Amateur Benefit Performance in aid of the widows and orphans of deceased pretzel makers, paused in his excited pacing up and down the platform to fling this heated challenge at the diffident youth who was essaying the role of Romeo in the immortal balcony scene.

Juliet leaned over the railing and smiled ravishingly down into the upturned countenance of her lover, and the latter, in obedience to previous instructions, pulled himself up the pillar hand-over-hand, threw a leg over the railing and again sought to clasp the maiden in his arms.

Mr. Sizzlebauer flung himself into a chair and groaned. His expressive hands flapped feebly like the flippers of a sick seal.

"Too stiff yet!" he cried. "It's mechanical like a couple toy monkeys on a stick! Again!"

Four, five six times this bit of business was rehearsed and still Mr. Sizzlebauer complained. At the seventh trial just as Romeo achieved the balcony there was an ominous squeak, the flimsy structure trembled and swayed, Juliet screamed, and down came the lovers, balcony and all, in a scrambled heap on the stage.

The rest of the company rushed forward to the aid of the unfortunate principals and began to sort them out. Juliet had been lucky enough to fall into a pile of prop curtains and cushions but Romeo's head had struck the unfeeling boards. As though this were not enough Mr. Sizzlebauer blamed the accident entirely on him. The stage manager stood beating his breast and making inarticulate gargling sounds indicative of despair, agony and disgust. He fixed a baleful glare on the wretched hero.

"Meshugench—schlemiel—lowlifer!" he howled. "He wouldn't be happy till he wrecks already the house! Am I a director of drama or a circus trainer? He thinks Romeo is a comical opera and he's got to do yet a tumbling act!"

"Please, you shouldn't blame him," Juliet tried to interpose. "I felt the balcony shaky before. I should have spoken—"

But she was powerless to stem the torrent of his fury.

"Out!—Out from my sight you small-time comic!" he shouted, aiming at the youth the nearest object he could seize, which was a loose tin footlight-reflector. This was followed by a roll of music and a brown crockery cuspidor.

Romeo ducked them all and escaped and the rehearsal broke up in disorder.

"If we couldn't find it a feller for the part before seven o'clock tomorrow night we got to change the bill and play Julius Caesar or something low-brow like that." Such was the manager's ultimatum to the dispersing company.

There had never been any doubt as to who should play Juliet. Miss Sadie Meyerhoffer was unanimously declared to be the one damsel out of a score of eager candidates best fitted on the score of beauty as well as popularity to fill the role of heroine in the great love tragedy. Besides, her poppa owned the hall and was loaning it to the Sons of Israel free, gratis, for nothing. It was easy to cast Juliet.

Finding a Romeo was something else again.

"You'd be surprised how many nice Yiddish boys has got it bow-legs," Mr. Sizzlebauer said to his wife at breakfast next morning.

"Nu they don't got to act with their legs!" Mrs. Sizzlebauer protested. "For why such a gedinks about legs?"

"A question! Understand me, we got to be particular, Leah. This now Romeo shows his shape like a chorus-girl. He wears skin-tights and climbs up a balcony—"

"Oi, Moe, that ain't a good play! You shouldn't tell me some more—"

"Nu Leah—"
"—so long the children are round."

"That play ain't so bad. It's by a feller genamed Shakespeare very highly spoken of on Broadway."

"So?" Mrs. Sizzlebauer was scarcely reassured.

"If it wasn't a nice re-fined play would I get picked manager—me, a respectable business man and father from a family?" Moe demanded, indicating his circle of offspring with a sweep of his hand. "You could believe me. Leah, all the high-classes like Sam Bederholtz and Jakey Offmeier and Benny Rifner comes wanting the lead. Candidates we got it plenty."

"That little sawed-off Bederholtz what's got a broken nose?"

"Sure, and Jakey Offmeier's got knock-knees. Yesterday only comes Rifner by me and asks for the part. 'Benny,' I said, 'you got it a stummick, ain't it? Nu, this Romeo feller don't got it a stummick. 'I got nothing pers'nal against you, Benny,' I said, 'but you ain't the type. We ain't playing Frier Tuck, Benny, we're playing Romeowitz and Julietski.' I said, 'drama, Benny, and the hero he's got to wear size 34 unshrinkable underwear,' I said. But Rifner goes off sore just the same. Such a worries I got breaking in them Romeos! It's positively terrible. If he's good-looking he can't act for sour pretzels and if he can act he's got it a cauliflower ear!"

"For supper it gives a Bismark her-ring, also schaumtorte. You should come home oily," Mrs. Sizzlebauer instructed.

"I couldn't promise," Moe returned. "From the shop I go right over to rehoisal maybe."

"You shouldn't get so wrapped up by this now Romeo business you forget to eat!"

"I got to make it a success! Me, I'll see this through to the last curtain call, on account I'm a business man and a go-getter, even," he added desperately, "if I got to play Romeo myself!"

MRS. Sizzlebauer's eyes widened as, momentarily startled, she half fancied Moe to be in earnest. Then they narrowed and she eyed him askance for the space of ten seconds. Moe was short and stout and he wore a five day's beard but it couldn't have been denied even among exponents of the daily shave that he was a personable fellow. Nor was he old.

"This now Sadie what-you-call-her—" began his wife, suddenly.

"Meyerhoffer," supplied Moe. "Daughter from old Marcus Meyerhoffer of Mendelbaum, Meyerhoffer and Grotz. Wholesale Millinery."

"Is she pretty, yes?"

Moe shrugged.

"She gets it a lot of attention," he admitted.

"Has she got already a feller?" pursued his wife, apparently absorbed in spreading Solly's bread.

"I hear she did. Lemme see—yes, Maxie Grotz I think it is, traveller by the firm. He's now on the road."

"I betcha he don't like it another feller making love with his goil," mused Mrs. Sizzlebauer half to herself.

"Nu, such old-fashioned ideas. Where would, I ask you, the drama be today if actors and actorines took it so particular?"

"Where did you learn so much drama talk?" his wife inquired in wonderment. "You a tailor!"

"In the blood it runs, ain't it? Do you know that the Yiddish boys got control from the moving picture business?? Do you know also how some the biggest producers used to was pants pressers? If it ain't in the blood where was it, eh?"

Moe rose briskly. Then recollecting something important he turned to the children and addressed them as follows:

"Lissen, Julius and Rosy and Solly—and you also Markie—if you see it that fat little shrimp from the lawyer's what comes round so much don't forget poppa is away, see?"

"Sure. We didn't forget," they chorused.

"Poppa is out from town on business, remember."

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"We'll fix him," Julius assured him. Mr. Sizzlebauer tiptoed to the front window and peered out. The emissary from the lawyers was pacing up and down before the house, now and then clapping his hands and stamping his feet to keep warm.

Moe stepped back quickly. His eyes upturned, his hands outspread in an infinitely pathetic gesture he called upon high heaven and his devoted family to witness that he was a sorely persecuted man. And there was no doubt he was.

"It ain't enough that by my shop I got on my hands a strike," he declared. "but them cocroaches. Gerlitzer and Elenbaum, that I helped from a pushcart business up, sues me for non-payment of my coal bill that I paid, so help me, last July! On account I can't find the receipt I'm a liar! From my house out I got to go by the back door and sneak down the lane like a garbager already! From my shop also the same." He sighed and jammed his hat down over his ears, then struggled into his coat. "But one thing anyhow I should be thankful," he added with an attempt at cheerfulness, "I got it good eyesight. From three blocks away I can see that *schnorrer*. I'd know him if he was disguised like a gentleman yet. If he catches me, Moses Sizzlebauer, he's got to be an oily get-upper in the morning!"

"Today gives it a big sale in fine-elegant sweater-coats," Mrs. Sizzlebauer remarked. "I want you should give me some money."

"Say! For why don't you keep such bad news for another day?" cried Moe, exasperated. "Everybody is shedding my blood at once!"

A stormy altercation followed, at the termination of which Moe drew forth a fat roll of bills and reluctantly peeled off a ten-spot.

"That ain't enough," Mrs. Sizzlebauer objected. "There's also a sale from umbrellas—"

"Umbrellas!"

"Sure, umbrellas. Why not? I need a new one. Last week only, on the corner by the street down, my old one blew from the inside outside."

"You should be so careless!"

"Could I help it? Such a wind, oi!"

"Umbrella! What good is an umbrella? If it rains you could stay in the house, ain't it? Nobody buys it an umbrella. *Chi!* What would a woman think about next? She goes and spends money for what she can pick up for nothing by the street cars!" Moe strode to the door—the back one—and opened it carefully, peering up and down the lane. "You take it that umbrella by Hymie Rothaker and he fixes it," were his parting words. "That *schlemiel* owes me since last summer two dollars-and-a-half by pants pressings."

ALL Day Moe successfully dodged the process server, as he had done for weeks, and five minutes past seven found him hastening to the Sons of Israel benefit rehearsal, after a hurried supper at a cafeteria.

"Any Romeos showed up?" he shouted at once as he burst in upon the assembled company.

"Two, Mr. Sizzlebauer," was the answer.

"Fine! Who are they?"

There was a brief silence. Moe detected a subdued air among the members. He observed that several chairs were overturned. Miss Sadie Meyerhoffer dabbed at her eyes with her hanky. Mrs. Isadore Klinker, who was cast as Juliet's nurse, sat bolt upright, an indignant spark in her eye. Louie Metzelsuppe wore an apologetic manner and was busy straightening the furniture.

"You could believe me, Moe," he said, "I tried it my best to stop them."

"Stop them? Where did they go?" Moe demanded, gazing around in perplexity.

"They didn't go," answered Louie. "they got taken."

"Nu, for why the riddles? Somebody talk, quick!"

"You just missed it, Moe. Ten minutes sooner and you would see the whole thing. I hate to break the news by you, Moe, but them Romeos got pinched." Louie spread out his hands and lifted his shoulders to his ears.

"Oi, *gevalt!* Pinched!"

"Two young fellers came, Moe, one a nephew by Mrs. Klinker here named Fineberg—"

"Bergfine," submitted that lady. "A good Yiddish boy, Mr. Sizzlebauer, my brother's only son—"

"—and another guy from Second Avenue up, one these here blond sheiks, understand me—"

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"—I don't know was he a Swedisher or what. Right away he calls young Fineberg—I mean Bergfine—he calls him a ham actor—"

"A ham actor, mind you, Mr. Sizzlebauer, my own nephew, a good kosher boy! Such an insult! Oi, I should live to see my brother's only son called a name like that! *Schoen gemuthlich!*"

"—so what, I ask you, Moe could this now Fineberg, or Bergfine, do but start it a scrap—"

"Such a roughhouse I never seen!" shuddered Miss Meyerhoffer.

"—so the police—"

"Where they good-looking fellers?" inquired Moe.

"They were," replied Louie, "but they ain't now."

"Oi, such an eye my poor nephew got!"

"—so the police—"

"Enough! I heard it enough!" cried Mr. Sizzlebauer. "I resign."

"Oh no, Mr. Sizzlebauer!"—from the ladies.

"Sure. I quit," Moe repeated. "I wasted enough time. I'm a business man—I ain't no loafer. The S.O.I. could get another manager!"

They were still pleading with him when the door opened slowly and a cautious head was poked around it. The head was followed by the rest of its owner, a slim, dark young man who paused uncertainly just inside the hall.

"Nu, what do you want?" the stage manager demanded.

"Mr. Sizzlebauer? Is he here?"

"That's I'm," returned Moe. "What's on your mind besides your hat?"

"Mr. Sizzlebauer. I came—"

"Oi, it's a Romeo!" shouted Moe.

"We're saved already! Come here and

Continued on page 48

FREE to Mothers—10-Day Tube
Mail the Coupon

Look, mother, for film on your child's teeth

That's often a danger sign. If the dentifrice you now use doesn't combat it successfully, it's inadequate. How to combat it without harmful grit—the new way in child's tooth care specialists recommend.



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What film indicates. Why it must be fought several times daily

Look at your child's teeth. If cloudy, dull, discolored, there's a film. And that film is often a danger sign. The child can feel it by running his tongue across his teeth.

Ordinary tooth pastes won't combat it successfully. Try the one you use now. See if the film does not still remain. To fight it constantly is essential to tooth health and general health. The teeth must be clean—any children's doctor, any dentist will tell you this.

* * * *

Film is a viscous coat that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It makes pearly teeth ugly, discolored—dingy. Many a naturally pretty child is handicapped in this way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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vides the scientifically proved combatants that leading dentists throughout the civilized world now advise. Their action is to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it.

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Don't you think it worth while, in justice to your children, and in fairness to yourself, to try it for ten days? The test will cost you nothing. What it will do for your children, it will do for you, for every member of your family.

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The Blue Hat

By Myrtle M. Harrison

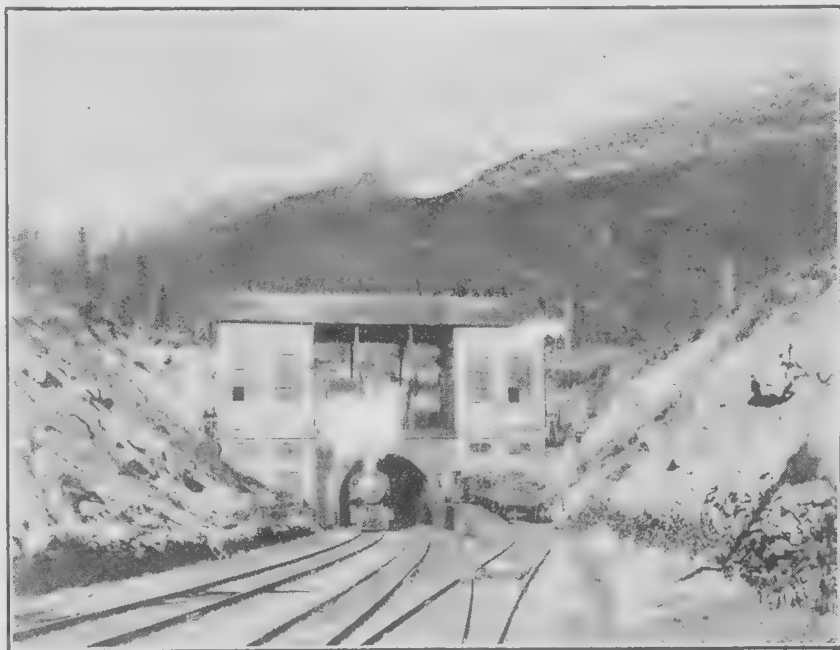
NICOLI WENZ was a great man. In eight years had he not learned the ways of farming in Canada, got his own farm of many acres with wood upon it for burning and three lakes for watering his cattle? Had he not, with his own hands, built his beautiful house with four windows of glass and put upon it the great roof of sods that made it like the high, stiff foundation of a woman's head kerchief? How big it looked set upon its hill! He could see it from any corner of his farm and it pleased him to know that there was no house like it in all the neighborhood, not even on the farm of Ivan Krosbuck. Ivan had been in Canada two years longer than Nicoli. And his brother Joe, so old, he was almost thirty, had but a small house. Nicoli laughed to think of it. A small house with but one window of glass for his lazy wife and his five daughters. Joe was a fool but he, Nicoli, was no fool. At twenty-two he had his land and his beautiful house and now he was to get his wife. She would not be lazy like the wife of his brother Joe who never stirred from her house to work and sometimes, even, sat, on a morning, in a chair by her door as she peeled the potatoes. No, his wife would work hard in the field and in the garden. She would help him to grow wealthy and even greater than he was. Such a one was John Cherni's daughter Annie. She with the neat ankle, the fat, red arms and the rosy cheeks. She was tall and strong and could work. He had seen her since she came home from the town, pulling up from the well, great pails of water that he could not easily lift, himself, and carrying them to the calves. He had seen her pitching hay to the horses after she had come from the ploughing field. She would be no lazy wife. She could make the white bread of the Canadians and many cakes and

dians from the wise Miss Macdonald. She had been away in the town, working in the parsonage house. She had earned five dollars a month there for her father and the woman of the parsonage had taught her to make bread and many other things that were good to eat. She had shown her how to dress as the women of Canada and gave her clothes so that she was much better than Lotta or any of the girls about her home.

She had been in the town only a year when her father came to take her home and told her she must prepare to marry Nicoli Wenz. Was she not sixteen? And Nicoli was a rich man with a new house. Besides, there were the daughters of Ivan Krosbuck who were good to work in the field. He would marry one of them if she was not soon ready. Annie had gone with him.

She was not sorry to leave the town. There was the feast and the dancing and the beautiful house and Nicoli's new binder with the red fans that shook the sun as they went around. She would ride that when the harvest time came. Most of all she was glad about the blue hat with the red poppies that the woman of the parsonage had given her and the lovely high-heeled shoes with beads on the toes. She would wear them at her wedding and be beautiful. She would not wear the ugly head-dress with the colored kerchief that the married women of her people wore. No, she would wear the hat of the Canadians.

BUT when she was married and had gone to live in the house with the four windows of glass Nicoli forbade her to wear the hat. She cried then but when she thought he had gone she got it from the box and put it on. Nicoli returned and found her in it and was



Western portal of America's longest tunnel, showing fan house

butter that looked like gold. Ah! A good wife, she would be.

Already he had given John Cherni a cow and two pigs to promise his daughter and John had said that when his ploughing was done there would be a wedding. Nicoli could see the field where she was working and calculated that but three days' work remained.

Ah! this is a good place, he thought, this Canada, where one can grow great and wealthy and buy the painted machinery with "John Deere" upon it very large and, in three days, marry the daughter of John Cherni.

A good place. Annie was also pleased. The great feast her mother was preparing, the dancing there would be and the fine house she was to live in were all much better than anything that Lotta, the daughter of her uncle, had had. But, then, she was better, too.

She had been to school for a year and had learned the language of the Cana-

very angry. He tore the hat from her head and flung it into a corner and beat her for a long time till she lay huddled and sobbing on the floor. Then he got the kerchief from the chair where it lay and threw it to her.

When he had gone and she could see him at work in the field she took the hated rag and tied many knots in it and cast it into a dark corner far under her bed. Then she went home. But her father and mother were not pleased to see her. Her mother was sad.

"You cannot expect to be happy, so," she said. "No wife is happy unless she obeys her husband."

Her father would have beaten her again if her mother had let him. But she wouldn't so he sent the girl home to her husband and the mother went with her as far as the little wayside cross which stands upon the green roof over the figure of the Virgin. John Cherni had made the roof and fitted the cross

Continued on page 49

Concrete Lining North America's Longest Tunnel Nears Completion

NEAR to the clouds in the heart of the Canadian Rockies there is nearing completion the concrete lining of the longest tunnel on the North American continent. The work of lining this five mile bore with a steel reinforced concrete jacket is one of the most interesting engineering feats in the world. Beneath 6,000 feet of mountain, the Connaught double-track tunnel, cuts under Mount Macdonald between the stations of Connaught and Glacier. By the finishing of this underground short cut in 1916, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company overcame many railroading difficulties faced on the old route. Track curvature amounting to seven complete circles was eliminated; the distance which trains had to ascend was cut down 552 feet, and the line was shortened by four and a half miles. In addition four miles of snowsheds which formerly had to be maintained on the side of Mount Macdonald were no longer necessary. In a double-track transcontinental line over which hundreds of trains passed weekly, the new tunnel,

About fifty million pounds of cement will have gone into the lining of the finished tunnel. By the aid of powerful motors, huge compressors, and four types of reinforced steel collapsible forms, the cement is put over the walls and dome of the "Great Hole." This concrete jacket is made in sections 22 feet long, each section taking from four to five days to prepare, for at times some blasting has to be done. One day is occupied in filling a form, and three days are allowed for the lining to set. Six complete sets of forms are at work within the tunnel, giving an average of 132 feet completed weekly. At the various working points powerful flood lamps, numbering 100 in all, create illumination equal to daylight. A carefully designed ventilating system brings to all parts of the five mile tunnel the pure air from outside. This is brought about by two huge steel fans in houses at the western portal of the tunnel. They are driven at the rate of 225 revolutions a minute by two 500 h.p. semi-Diesel engines. Thus a steady current of air continually pours through the long underground passage so that passengers undergo no discomfort and workmen remain in the tunnel for eight

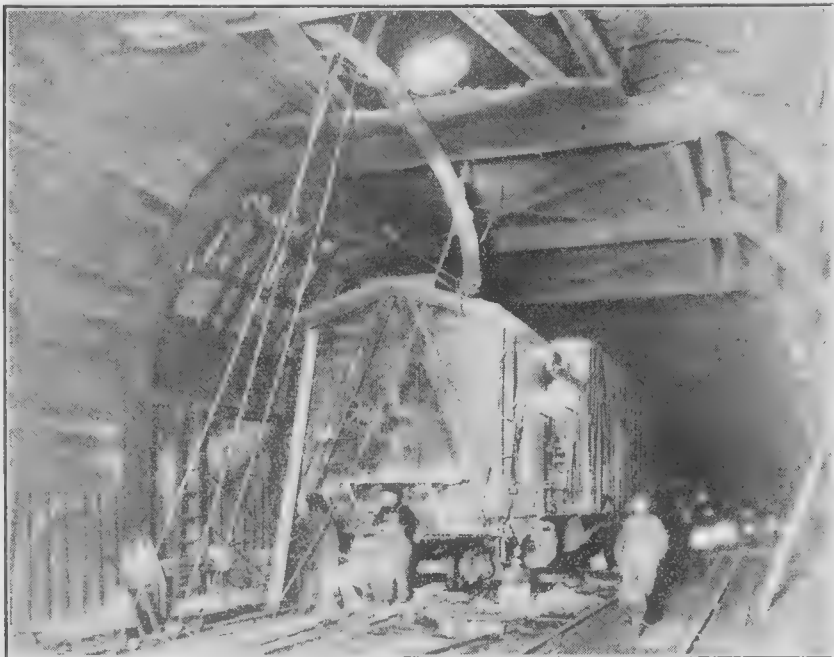


Photo by Francis Dickie

At work on the cementing of America's longest tunnel

vast as was the cost of its completion, was of immense importance, and eventually will repay its cost in reduction of operating expenses over the so costly mountain division.

Though the original rock walls of the tunnel were free of accident during the four years of its operation from 1916 to 1920, and have continued so, the railway company in 1920 decided to eliminate the remotest possibility of danger by concretizing the entire inside of the five-mile long hole running more than a mile beneath one of the highest peaks in the Canadian Rockies.

hours daily without any impairment to health or vigor.

When the undertaking is completed in the near future it will be one of the outstanding engineering feats of modern times. As men of today look upon the ancient wonders of Egypt, of India, of Africa and Central America, so a thousand years from now men may look upon this twentieth century wonder, a titanic labor, built to be as lasting and much more useful than those still marvellous works of the long ago when men had not at their command the means and machinery of today.

What if Our Dreams Came True?

By Richard Posey Campbell

What would you do if your dreams came true.

Dreamer of dreams, dreamer of dreams, If they fell in your arms from a sky of blue.

Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams? Should your castle come out of the hazy air.

To take the place of your cottage here, How do you know you'd be happy there, Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams?

What if the loves of your dreams should come.

Dreamer of dreams, dreamer of dreams, To abide with you in your humble home, Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams?

What of the wife or the sweetheart true, Or children, the bone and the flesh of you, Is there room in your heart for your dream loves, too, Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams?

What if the dreams of the world came true.

Dreamer of dreams, dreamer of dreams, And all had plenty and nothing to do, Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams?

Who among us would sweat and toil, In the busy marts of the world's turmoil, Harvesting bread from the stony soil, Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams?

I know you are hoping your dreams come true.

Dreamer of dreams, dreamer of dreams, I would not take them away from you, Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams!

For the filmy fabric of life, it seems, Is wove from the strands of those rain-bow dreams.

Yet, perchance, it were best they remain but dreams, Dreamer, O dreamer of dreams?

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When We Prattle of Pillows

We Are Led to Discuss Some of the Softer Phases of Existence

By SYLVIA SIMS

NOT long ago I began to furnish a new house. Furniture, substantial furnishing, I had in plenty; but I decreed new coverings for all upholstered pieces and new "fixings" throughout.

"Don't rip off that cover—its *perfectly good!*" exclaimed the Thrifty Member of the family, just as I gouged my scissors into the cover of a broadly-cushioned armchair. "And let these do until you find your new coverings," supplemented the Cautious Member, indicating the chesterfield and its attendant chair.

Of such sage counsel, I would accept nothing. I promised myself an indulgence—an orgy. I would revel in fabrics, in color schemes. I would have no one effect spoiled, because I had taken the advice of the Thrifty One, for instance, and tied my plans to the leg of that "perfectly good" armchair.

It has been a joy—and a tremendous chore. I have flirted with fabrics of a score of types; I have toyed with light schemes and dark, the correct and conservative and the frankly striking, if not bizarre. It has been a glorious escapade—a long-drawn-out adventure in color and pattern and weave.

Then it was over. With genuine sorrow, I admitted that I had no need for a further yard of cloth. My chairs stood chastely covered; my windows glinted approval between their becoming side curtains. The time had come to sit down and admire my handiwork. I preened myself upon the completeness of what I had done.

Well—I found I could sit down as much as I liked, wherever I liked, in my most successfully covered chairs. But I couldn't admire my new ensemble—and above all I entirely lacked the feeling of completeness.

THEN it came to me, the oversight which was holding back success from my newly finished rooms. They needed softening, filling out; in short, they needed their cushions.

Not that I had overlooked cushions throughout my planning. Some of them were too much an integral part of a particular scheme and their coverings had been chosen in conjunction with those for sofa and chair covers. But the making of my cushions was a

job I had reserved for myself. It would come after I was rid of workmen and itinerant helpers of one kind and another. That my entire furnishing efforts seemed to result so weakly, because this one detail was still lacking, came as a surprise, though a pleasant one. It was nice to think that this final part of my job, my own work, would give the touch that would bring the whole thing to life.

So I tackled my cushion making, but not in such a rush that I should miss any of the fun there might be in it. I would luxuriate in the thought of cushions I should never own; I would test, mentally at least, the advantages of the color, size, shape and fabric of every cushion I might see in the near future. Every good-looking cushion that came my way during this period of concentrated interest in their kind, would be mine for a moment. Those that I liked best of all, would be mine for a much longer period, for I would copy them shamelessly whenever they fitted happily into the rest of my room.

My cushion-piracy has been most entertaining. One couldn't begin to house all the good-looking cushions that are to be seen nowadays. But one can pass on ideas to one's friends, the act in which I am engaged at this moment.

Let us speak first of that fundamental matter, the filling.

I haven't a reader, I am sure, who has not experienced the disappointment of learning that a hard heart was concealed beneath the surface of a pillow which gave every outward sign of a soft and comfortable nature. I am set firmly against such deceit. It is unfair; it is unkind; it is unnecessary. There is, undoubtedly a place for the cushion that is firm, as well as for that which is yielding, but I feel quite strongly that there should be some relationship between its actual character and its outward seeming.

The aristocrat of cushions is, of course, the down-filled pillow—whether it be the tiny, white-slipped morsel of a pillow which is tucked beneath a baby's head, or the big, luxurious, puffy mass that welcomes one, in a tired or lazy moment, to the relaxation of the *chaise longue* or couch. I think that if expense did not enter into my reckonings, I should treat myself to the luxury of a down filling for all my

cushions, except those destined for floor use or to take the place, in some measure, of proper upholstery. The down is costly—if you are not of the lucky ones who raise their own. If you are, and have saved as much as you need for your own use, have you thought of the down-filled cushion or pair of pillows as a gift to a bride or a friend? (It would be sure of an enthusiastic welcome.) Ordinarily, one must elect the chosen amongst one's cushions that are to be down-filled. The small comfort-pillow which many people like to use at night in addition to a large one, (also down, but of a substantial order) for instance; the dainty boudoir pillow, the special one which makes the few minutes relaxation wisely snatched during the day, by the busy woman, a time of greater rest and comfort; in short, a down pillow makes a delightful top-dressing wherever pillows appear.

Many an amateur has fooled herself by buying *feathers* instead of *down*. They are nearly as soft, to the casual pressure of the hand; they are not half bad to rest one's head upon; but it isn't long until those feathers demonstrate their ability to work their way to the outer world; it takes a mighty close-woven fabric to hold them in bounds. In buying either down or feather pillows, it is never wise to economize in the matter of the ticking or sateen; only the best down-proof varieties are advisable.

When one turns from the animal to the vegetable kingdom for cushion filling, one by no means leaves comfort behind. There are very excellent cushion forms to be bought at a pleasantly low figure that are vastly comfortable, even though they lack the luxury of down. To these one may turn with confidence, after providing down bed-pillows and perhaps a few others placed at strategic points. Pillows filled with kapok will prove very satisfactory. The kapok can be used loosely enough to have plenty of "give," yet it will not become lumpy and uneven.

Just one more filling, before we leave the subject. I hold a strong brief for the sturdy floor cushion, wherever it fills a mission. A few on the porch, in summer are always welcome. Where there are informal young people who love to sit about an open hearth, a few floor cushions are apt to save both

Continued on page 46

Olalla

(By L.M.C.)

SOME years ago, this lovely little place was the Redman's Paradise, a regular "Happy Hunting Ground" for the Indians for miles and miles around. They came to this place with their squaws and papooses on horseback to camp beside Olalla Creek, just where it tumbles out of the mountain ravines, on its way to the Similkameen river. On the bank of the creek they built teepees and camp fires and in the spring, picked the Olalla berries and hunted for the deer, birds, and had a glorious time for months in perpetual sunshine and the most invigorating atmosphere, that gave them a wonderful physique and appetite and renewed their bodies so when the time came to return home they were loth to go. Soon the white man came to look for the rich mineral, hidden away in these mountains. Several mines were found with ore rich enough to attract and form a Company from the East. Miners came swarming in and buildings sprang up almost over night. A grocery and general store appeared and was selling goods that had to be freighted with horses and wagon vans over thirty miles away. The Indians would stand their papooses against the counter (for of course you have seen the little papooses wrapped like mummies and laced to a board shaped for the purpose), while the In-

his money in mining and was respected, and in his position made heaps of money.

Then we had a member of the Company come here from the East on his honeymoon trip. Here he and his bride stayed for months and had a wonderful time, climbing mountains and riding horse-back, and were reluctant to leave this little town with the queer name.

About this time the first phonograph came to town with only six records, and they were played over and over hundreds of times, it seemed, in a single evening, while "Old Dan Kootenay" sang his prospecting song, and played on his "fiddle" for the entertainment of everybody. Every Christmas the old Log Schoolhouse was crowded to see old Jimmy play Santa Claus, and he never failed to sing "The Old Plaid Shawl." And the lone colored lady said she was "so proud to be the first white pusson in O-la-ll-e." The dance went on until morning and refreshments were free and in abundance, for every bachelor in the place gave his money freely at Christmas.

Now we have new people that are farming a few acres, but the mountains hold the same rich minerals and several prospectors have found ore that surpasses that of the richest gold mine in B.C.

PERFUMERY

By William Thompson, F. R. G. S.

Member of the French and Portuguese Geographical Societies

FOR centuries France has been the largest producer of perfume of any European country. Grasse, in the mountain district of the French Riviera, is the most important centre. It is a town of great antiquity and boasts little of interest save the great factories that send to all the earth the most exquisite perfumes and essential oils distilled from flowers grown upon thousands of surrounding hectares of land. The demarcated district knows no other crops than the jasmine, rose, lily-of-the-valley, violet, and other heavily scented flowers. Below, in the foothills, and as far as the Mediterranean, the orange and lemon trees contribute tons of their blossom to the art of the perfumer.

Perfume, so it is recorded, was first used at Pagan functions and later adopted by the elite for toilet use. In Europe the industry was first known in Italy. The climate of the south of France being favorable for the cultivation of scented flowers, the Italian experts moved into France where the production of perfume later surpassed the parent industry. In Grasse during the year 1923 one hundred and sixty tons of flowers were used either by distillation or in pomade. The latter process is used to extract the scent of the violet. By this method the flowers are soaked in hot beef fat and allowed to remain until the perfume of the flower cell has been absorbed, and is afterwards extracted from the fat. Flowers are picked at the time of day when the scent is the strongest. The rose is gathered as soon as the bud opens; the carnation is not picked until it has been in full bloom for several hours.

Madagascar, Abyssinia, and Turkey, and other eastern countries, produce oils of various flowers for use by French perfumers. The Turkish distillers make a very superior attar of rose. To make one pint of rose leaf oil about three million roses are required, equal in weight to eleven tons.

Synthetic perfume is universally sold as genuine essence of the flower. It is obvious that injury to health may result from its inhalation. The chemist produces many delightful odors but none so pleasing and enduring as the perfume made from the gift of nature—the flower.

One writer says "The dog fills an empty place in man's life"—this is certainly true of the Hot Dog.



The lovely Olalla Creek

dians would bargain for the most beautiful orange handkerchief in the store to tie about their waists or neck, as the case might be, and they would feel almost as proud as the Big Chief with his girdle of real scalps that he had taken from the heads of white men and women in the early days, and if you paid him a visit in his cabin, he would display his "Spoils of War" with great pride. I am personally acquainted with "Ashnola Mary," the Big Chief's sister, and she is the most picturesque old squaw in the valley; she will ride astride her pony with two huge baskets on each side of her, to pick Olalla berries; and when her baskets are filled, her face shines with pleasure as she jogs along home. She is over one hundred years old. When the miners who worked in the mountains made such a loud noise blasting the rock, poor old Mary was too frightened to visit her old camping ground, so for some time she stayed away. Last summer I saw her around again with her wonderful smile, but now she is hi-you-sick.

Now I am going to tell you about our mining director; he came to Olalla from New York, and came, so they say, to escape the law, having robbed a bank of thousands and thousands of dollars. But here in Olalla he was quite safe and became mining director, paymaster and postmaster, and only returned to New York, in disguise, to attend the funeral of his wife. He soon returned, invested



The Amazing Moment

By JUNE WARREN

MARJORY turned from the telephone, dark eyes glorious. "Mother, it's a last-minute party! Dave Murray's coming for me! There will be dancing, they say, and—"

"But your blue dress is at the cleaners."

"I'll have to wear the tan."

Her mother sewed lace on the tan silk dress. Marjory caught a loop back into place with pink rosebuds clipped from a hat. With tan stockings . . . a sash draped softly about the waist . . .

"Mother, does it look all right?" Her mother's eyes rested pridefully on flushed cheeks, shining eyes, glinting brown hair. The door-bell excited them both.

"It's Dave. Don't stay up for me, Mother. Good-bye!"

Twelve o'clock. She crept heart-sick up the shadowy stairs. The turn showed her mother in a white night-dress at the landing, moonlight slanting on her hair. "Marjory, what's the matter?"

"I—I never had such a miserable time," she sobbed. "Oh, Mother . . . people don't wear clothes like this any more. Just straight, rich things. I felt like a—freak. And Dave pretending all the time he didn't—notice—"

Sunlight danced on the magazine page. It touched Marjory's soft hair and the pathos of her face. She read a fiction story to forget last night . . . reread it! Hope came quietly. She looked up. "Oh, if I could—"

It was hard to believe that all of them were hers. She counted them eagerly. The sleeveless poudre blue with its smart godet at one side; the lovely soft green charmeuse with its tiny bit of embroidery; the tailored sports blouse with its straight black tie; the jaunty flannel skirt; the gold brown canton. "All for so little," she exclaimed incredulously. "And a short time ago I didn't even have the little." Her mother entered. "Mother, I love you in that bluish gray."

Her mother smiled happily. "It is pretty, isn't it?"

Marjorie tore open a package—revealed gleaming folds.

"See what I found down-town this morning. It's that new two-toned crepe, and you'd be surprised how little it cost. Isn't it beautiful. Now if I can just make it in time for Dave's dance—"

She flung off her coat in the dressing-room and approached the mirror.

"Marjory!" Girls forgot powdering and hair-smoothing to see Marjory, winsome in softest yellow silk with its faint rich tracery of blue and gold.

"I never saw anything so lovely!" "Such graceful lines too!" "Where did you get it?"

Marjory's eyes gleamed with triumph. "Only \$8.25," she laughed. "The Woman's Institute helped me make it."

"Make it! How—"

"As soon as I wrote the Institute, they told me how I could enroll—and right away I began making! An adorable dress, fluffy underthings. Then—oh, a closetful of lovely things! I've started a bank account too. You see, the Institute people help in every way . . . write such dear personal letters you can hardly wait till the next mail. And as for packages—"

"Marjory, that's the loveliest dress here!" "Has Dave seen it yet?" "Will you make something for me?" "And me?" "Tell me more about the Institute!"

She broke from them, happiness flooding her face. "There's the first waltz. I promised Dave . . . oh, I can hardly wait to tell all of you—everything! I've never been so happy!"

Won't you let the Woman's Institute help make you happy too? An attractive 32-page booklet tells the full story of the Institute and what it can do for you. How you can make lovely dresses in your free minutes at home at a surprisingly low cost . . . give them striking touches that make them most becoming . . . be ready for happy times . . . earn money.

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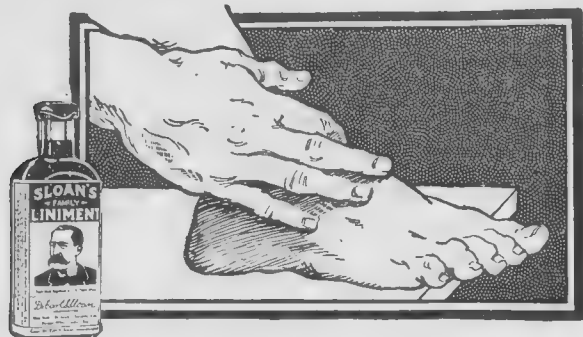
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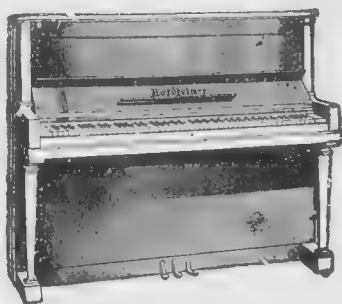
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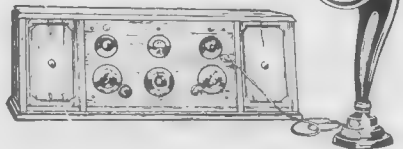
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A Big Man for a Big Job

The Story of E. W. Beatty Who, at Forty-one Years of Age, Became Head of the World's Greatest Transportation Company.

By Francis Dickie

BUSINESS history has many chapters rich in personal romance. Perhaps the most striking of these is the life story of Edward W. Beatty, who, when only forty-one years of age, had won to the position of head of the greatest transportation system in the world.

Even in North America, "a young man's land," this continent of opportunity which has been the setting for many astonishing careers, Beatty's achievement has been an outstanding one.

When, in 1918, he succeeded Baron Shaughnessy as president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he became the youngest railway president in the world, and the first Canadian-born citizen to hold that position. Upon him fell the directing and responsibility of 19,000 miles of railway reaching throughout the length and breadth of Canada and into the United States; of a great fleet of steamers plying the oceans of the world and the various lakes of Canada. It meant also the overlordship of 120,000 miles of telegraph lines, a continental chain of hotels representing \$25,000,000 in capital outlay, an irrigation system representing another \$17,000,000, and an immigration system covering Europe. In short, Beatty became the guiding head and hands dealing with investments of considerably more than a billion dollars. He was the captain of 100,000 employees residing all the way from Hong Kong, through Canada to the capitals of Europe. It was a position calling for a variety of business ability, statesmanship, legal knowledge, and, above all, understanding of human nature. Incidentally, it meant a tremendous lot of hard work.

Six years have passed since this Canadian-born product took up the reins of government of the Canadian Pacific Rail-

School, Upper Canada College, Harbord Street Collegiate Institute, Osgoode Hall and the University of Toronto. Graduating from the University, he began to study law with the firm of McCarthy at Toronto in 1898. In 1901 he entered the services of the Canadian Pacific Railway as assistant to the General Counsel. His rise was phenomenally rapid, being marked by four immense steps; from Assistant Solicitor in 1905 to General Solicitor, 1910; four years later he was made Chief Counsel and Vice-President. Four years later he became President in succession to the late Baron Shaughnessy. It is a remarkable record, without a parallel on the North American continent.

His ability as a diplomat and a lawyer is perhaps best exemplified in the following humorous manner as related by one of Canada's leading men, who said of Beatty a few years ago when he was General Counsel of the Canadian Pacific: "If the C.P.R. runs over your cow and you seek redress, don't go to Ed. Beatty. He is liable to prove to you that you owe the C.P.R. money for stopping the train."

Recently in discussing his attitude to life, President Beatty remarked with the vigor and earnestness which is a mark of his individuality: "I want to get as far as possible in the shortest possible time. A young man ought to reach his goal while he is still young enough to enjoy it. In Biblical times the chief aim seems to have been to live as long as Methuselah. Today it is not the length but the intensity of one's life that counts. The wise man crowds all he can into every minute. And there are different ways of increasing intensity of life. The 'mixer' picks up from his social acquaintances information and exper-



E. W. Beatty, the youngest railroad president

way, the building and expansion of which has meant so much in the Dominion's evolution in forty-five years from a sparsely populated wilderness to a prosperous nation recognized by the powers of the world. And in these six years this youngest president in the world has proven himself. It is because of this, his standing the test of years, of his success on a job formerly always placed in the hands of grey-beards, such as Lord Mountstephen, Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy, that Beatty's life story seems doubly worth reviewing.

He was born in the little hamlet of Thorold, Ontario, in 1876, so he will be 49 years old this year. His parents moved to Toronto when he was ten, and "he decided to go with them." In Toronto he studied successively at the Model

ience, much of which may be of practical use to him, and all of which at least makes him a more interesting human being. His life becomes fuller through his contact with others. The reader of good books is an intellectual mixer. He converses with the printed page with minds of all times, most of which are greater than his own. The cultivation of a sense of humor is also essential to a well balanced life; not the harmful kind that delights in the confusion or humiliation of others, but that which enables a man to laugh at himself at times and hold himself in proper proportion. With this modesty should be coupled. And do your own thinking. Mental exercise is just as good as athletics. It fits you to take your place in the contest of life."

Continued on page 43

The Professor and the Pup

By Berenice Bouck

THE professor had dined downtown. He couldn't remember when he had done this before, but passing an attractive dairy-lunch he had yielded to impulse and entered.

For nearly twenty years the professor had boarded at Mrs. Tidger's. He was the star boarder in a shifting galaxy of lesser bodies, and was as dependable as the front steps and as unvarying in his habits as hash on Monday. He always paid his board-and-lodging Saturday—in advance—and was invariably in by nine at night. As a result, when there was chicken his portion was the neck, and when a towel came back from the laundry with a hole in it he found it on his rack.

Only once in all these years had the professor incurred the landlady's displeasure, and that was when he attempted to learn the violin. Neither Mrs. Tidger nor he ever referred to that occasion.

"Such a pleasant gentleman, and so easy to please," Mrs. Tidger told her friends. "So uncomplaining."

The professor was walking slowly homeward, reproaching himself for thus idling away the evening when he ought to have been at work on a thesis. When a sharp spatter of rain came suddenly down and he was obliged to seek shelter with other umbrella-less wayfarers in a doorway. Here he huddled, his hat pulled down and his coat-collar turned up, watching with dismay the heavy downpour.

Impossible to start out in that without his goloshes!

Suddenly he became aware of a strange, half-muffled bedlam of sound above him in the hall of which this doorway was the entrance, a sound like a large sized dog-fight. He observed a placard nearby announcing the weekly kennel-club show. He blinked mildly at this for a moment, then with another glance out at the weather he turned and mounted the stairs.

It had been a day of impulses. This was merely another one.

The professor coughed as he encountered great clouds of tobacco smoke. At first the place seemed full of dogs, but presently he saw that people were there in numbers. He spent an hour touring the hall. Now and then he ventured to pat the sleek head of a collie and mumble, "Well, well, old fellow," in a half-embarrassed way.

Often on the street the professor saw an animal he could have fancied. Once in the park an Airedale had made friends with him; but it's a vicarious pleasure at best—patting another man's dog. It wasn't like having a dog of your own.

A great longing began to stir in the professor's breast. Why couldn't he have a dog? He needed company of an evening or on his lone walks. It would be pleasant to have a canine friend stretched out on his little hearth, springing up to greet him when he came in, bounding along at his side on the street or in the park. Yes—he'd have to get him a dog one of these days.

It was then that the professor saw the pup.

A large man who looked like the sheriff in Uncle Tom's Cabin came along and paused by the professor, looking over the rope at the judging-ring. He was smoking a malodorous stogie, and the professor gave a violent sneeze and stepped backward. He saw that the man held a long strap-leash, at the end of which was a little Airedale pup.

The pup looked up at the professor. He was a handsome little fellow—front legs straight as gun barrels, a fine, broad head and whiskered nose, a short tail that stood up, grave brown eyes with the least suggestion of mischief in their depths.

"Twenty-five dollars," said the big man, turning.

"Is he for sale?" asked the professor.

"Finest pup I ever reared. Three months old. Son of 'Princess Pat.' Can't be beat for pedigree. Take him or leave him. Sure he's for sale."

"I—I always liked the breed," admitted the professor.

"They're a one-man dog," declared the big man.

The professor looked up from where he was kneeling to pet the pup.

"A one-man dog," he repeated. He liked the sound of that.

"Take him or leave him," said the pup's owner.

"I'll take him," said the professor with a suddenness that surprised himself. A day of impulses!

WHEN the professor, carrying the pup under his arm, opened Mrs. Tidger's front door that lady herself happened to be standing in the hall. The hands of the grandfather clock pointed to ten-thirty, so it was with a degree of amazement she beheld her star lodger entering at this ungodly hour. She had thought him in bed an hour ago.

Then she saw what he carried. "You can't bring that dog in here!" said Mrs. Tidger firmly.

The professor stopped short. This was a contingency he hadn't anticipated.

"He—he's only a young little puppy," he faltered.

"No matter. We cannot have a dog here. You must take him away at once."

At this moment Miss Diggs, an elderly spinster with eyes like gimlets and ears that might have heard through the Great Wall of Pekin without any great straining, emerged from the back parlor, a tortoise-shell cat following at her heels. As soon as she saw the professor's pup she emitted a hysterical shriek and snatched up her cat. Mrs. T. also shrieked.

The ladies both began to speak at once. The pup, seeing the cat, gave a rusty little bark. He licked the professor's chin and looked around in saucy defiance of everybody, his head cocked first on one side, then on the other. Then he sneezed and shook his head till the patches of brown velvet that were his ears flapped audibly. Next he felt a flea and began to scratch industriously. At this the women shrieked again.

The professor shifted the pup to his other arm and advanced to the stairs, the women backing away. Mrs. T. had never seen the professor look like that—so sort of decided.

Even a star boarder may follow the example of the worm. The professor had turned. A long-delayed spirit of revolt was now manifest in him, and Mrs. T. stood abashed as he spoke from the third-bottom step.

"Mrs. Tidger, I shall be leaving you in the morning," he said.

"L-leaving!" exclaimed Mrs. T., her eyes bulging.

"Leaving," repeated the professor, coldly.

"Are you dissatisfied about anything?" she asked stiffly, one eye on the pup.

"Well," he said, "for some time I have grown tired of tapioca pudding five days a week, and that blind in my room needs fixing.—I spoke about it two years ago—then my new friend here—as you object to him so—" The professor went up two more steps. "I'll begin packing, directly."

Mrs. Tidger's face was a study in expressions. Blankness, dismay, uncertainty, incredulity, severity, rapid speculation, all these flitted over it in turn.

At least came yielding.

"Maybe I was a little hasty, professor," she said, "Not being used to dogs—for goodness' sake, Miss Diggs, stop that screaming!—I've just been thinking—there's a nice warm place down beside the furnace where we could make him a little bed—"

The professor hid a triumphant smile against the pup's shoulder.

"A pleasant gentleman," Mrs. Tidger always tells her friends, "but real stubborn at times. Still, twenty years he's been with me, and I have to humor him now and again."

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MOTHER'S PAGE

Paving the Way

By Cecilia L. Hill

FROM time to time discussions arise on what is the best way to teach children the facts of life. Some people seem to manage splendidly while we hear others ignoring their children's questions or snubbing them. The best way of all seems to me to carefully pave the way so that when the bigger questions come both mother or father and child can talk naturally and without any feeling of embarrassment. This on a farm seems particularly easy. The child goes around with the parents long before the question age arrives. It sees everything without comment at first, later, comment may be passed without questions, then is the time to begin. "Nice big egg, muvver." "Yes, Biddy was good wasn't she." Next the question age. How, when, where and why from morning till night.

"Why do apples have pips, muvver?" "Because apple pips were intended to grow into apple trees some day."

The usual other questions follow which are easily answered. When washing the children tell them the names of their eyes, nose, etc., and as they continue to ask questions about their bodies give them the names of the various parts, explain about the bones, muscles, blood-vessels, the various internal organs and their uses. How the food they eat repairs them, that different foods have different uses, etc. Don't attempt everything at once just a little at a time as the information is requested. Perhaps some question will come along that you find you cannot answer. Don't say, "I don't know" and leave it at that but

reply, "Mother doesn't know that but she will find out as soon as possible so ask me again later on." Then write to the question department of some paper you subscribe to and ask them to solve your difficulty. No one in the world knows everything so there is no harm in acknowledging you lack knowledge on various points but there is no reason in these days to remain in ignorance and let your child find out you are not as keen for knowledge as he is. I find it takes very little to satisfy my children's questions though I am constantly wondering how much longer I can manage without investing in an encyclopedia. They are intensely interested in natural history and will call me many times a day to see birds, butterflies, caterpillars, etc., and I encourage them as much as possible. They will squeal with delight when they come across wild flowers in the spring and summer. The bees in sweet clover are an intensely interesting subject which we talk about together as we watch. They know there are daddy cows, mother cows and baby cows called calves. They are satisfied and seek other fields for questions. I am just paving the way so that they will always bring their questions to me, tell me their little troubles and worries, their joys and confidences. In this way I hope to be able to always have their love and respect so that wherever they are they will be able to turn to mother with the full assurance that mother will tell them or find out. I hope to mould their characters so that they will have high ideals and live up to them. In all this I have their father's co-operation and support.

Generous or Just

By Emma Gary Wallace

SOMETIMES our impulse is to give without question to those who approach us in an especially ingratiating manner. It takes a little real courage to turn our backs upon such impulses, for we all enjoy the glow which invariably warms our hearts when we feel that we have helped a fellow creature.

But sometimes the solicitations are really not worthy of a favorable response, and to give in such cases is a decided injustice. It encourages those who do not merit help, to go on expecting it, and it draws assistance which is actually needed from the proper channels where it should go. In justice to everyone concerned, we should use all reasonable care that our gifts go where they will do the most good.

There seems to be quite a goodly class of people who somehow feel that the world owes them a living, and so make no attempt to make advance preparation for their own future need.

Within a few hours of the writing of these lines, an able-bodied man, strongly built and in the best of physical condition, appealed to me for aid. He pleaded as his excuse that he was suffering from a broken arm. It was his left arm and it was some four or five weeks since the accident had happened. There had been nothing in reserve whatever, and so the city had paid for the X-Rays, the hospital attention necessary, and had furnished coal and groceries. The man was already three months behind with his rent, and naturally the landlord was restive at further delay.

My caller naively stated that he rather thought I would be glad to help him, on the strength of having known him slightly some seven or eight years previously. At that time he had been employed to do some work, and while

neat, quick and capable, he was found to be extremely unreliable in several ways.

He thought now that if I would only pay his gas bill for the month, which was the paltry sum of \$4.85, and would offer some assistance with the rent, that it would be very timely as far as he was concerned.

A little inquiry developed the fact that he and his wife had no children, that she was able to do her housework, to go to the "Movies," and to come and go as she desired. My caller stated that she did not feel equal, however, to undertaking any work of any kind for pay which would tie her down; also that it would be inconvenient if the gas company carried out their threat to shut off the gas if the bill were not paid, as they used gas for cooking.

He seemed indignant that his father and sister, both of whom were in good circumstances, refused him aid. Quite frankly he spoke of other people to whom he had appealed without eliciting any response.

After some inquiry, he acknowledged that the purchase of a \$250 living-room suite of furniture the previous summer, had eaten up much of their surplus funds, and that he felt this purchase to be necessary so as to entertain their friends adequately.

He was directed to the Bureau of the Associated Charities. He was rather loath to go, and it came out then that he had already been to them, and that under the circumstances they did not feel like extending further aid. Gas was considered a luxury as long as there was a coal fire, and he had been helped from time to time, according to the records, from 1916. It was known also that he had obtained help from other agencies as well.

Continued on page 21

Handiest thing in the house

For More Than two Generations

FIFTY years ago "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly was new to medical men and mothers. Today it is used in every hospital and found in first aid kits and family medicine cabinets the world over.

There is nothing safer or more soothing and healing than "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly for cuts, scalds, or burns. It keeps out air and dirt and lets nature heal. Contains no harmful or irritating ingredients and is always good until all used.

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THE RICH FOOD-TONIC

abounds in body and bone-building properties that every child needs. Give your child Scott's Emulsion regularly.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.

24-65

The Hostess



FRENCH ORGANDIE Writing Paper

For Social Correspondence
The paper that's good to write upon

Generous or Just—Continued from page 20

He was advised to get some work which he could do with his right hand, and to advise his wife to seek part-time employment at least, to help out during the emergency.

Think of it,—repeatedly seeking and accepting charity, and buying a \$250 living-room suite! It was found that in order to get this, a very good dining-room suite had been sold at a sacrifice to assist with the initial payment.

This case may seem an unusual one, but it is not nearly so unusual as some would think. There are all too many people in different walks of life, living beyond their income, or at least beyond the margin of safety as far as provision for the future is concerned. These people are willing to take chances, and that is

just another way of saying, that they are ready to gamble.

Surely, public sentiment should be created in behalf of the courage of living within one's means. It is highly desirable for everyone to learn as early in life as possible, the fine art of self-restraint, and if necessary, self-denial. To exercise these qualities is to increase the likelihood of independence.

When there is a real emergency, humanity demands that we do our best to relieve and assist, but when the emergency is a chronic situation because of bad management or extravagance or the gambling spirit—then the situation is serious and we have need to consider and to weigh what is just from every standpoint.

Dyeing Rugs at Home

By Mark Meredith

THE spring sunshine shows up shabby places in rugs and carpets, and when new floor coverings cannot be afforded it becomes necessary to have them dyed, or to dye them at home, a matter which is not so difficult as the uninitiated suppose. To do this there is no need to immerse them, as is the case with lighter materials. This would be a very laborious business. Instead, a much easier method, sometimes termed pad-dyeing, is employed.

The carpet or rug should first be thoroughly cleaned with good carpet soap and allowed to dry. At this point, if there is any mending or patching needed it should be done before proceeding with the dyeing. The rug should then be laid flat either on a lawn or on a stone floor, from which it will be easy to remove the traces of any superfluous dye which may escape before the operation is over.

Dyes used for the purpose of pad-dyeing should be mixed quite twice as

strong as in the ordinary way. Otherwise the instructions on the packet of any good reliable dye may be followed exactly. When the dye is ready make a solid pad, preferably of soft linen, and fix it to the end of a short stout stick. Then dip it in the dye and apply rather heavily and as evenly as possible all over the surface of the rug. Should the rug be faded in any part it is a good plan to first give this section a coat of dye before going over the whole, so that the finished surface may be as even as possible.

To dye in more than one color takes a little more skill and care than using the same tint throughout. The dye should be mixed separately and use one at a time, dealing with all the motifs of one tint throughout the design before going on to those of another color. The dyeing pad should be worked from the centre of each motif and a little dye used at first so that it may not run over the edge and blur into the color of the background.

My Wife's "How-to" Box

Richard S. Bond

WHEN it occupied a place on my flat-top desk it bore the simple name "file" and in it I kept the names and addresses of editors who had seen fit to send me slips calling for cash rather than those which rejected.

Now that it is ensconced in a special corner of the kitchen cabinet, it boasts the name "How-To Box" which is certainly much more impressive than plain file.

It is the simplest little thing in the kitchen—yet among the most useful. Merely a little mahogany box (yellow pine would be just as efficient) in which a hundred or two plain white cards, three by five inches, take their turns in being suitably decorated and filed.

Its usefulness may best be demonstrated by citing an actual experience. I caught my foot in our sitting room carpet a few days ago and narrowly escaped a nasty fall.

"It's curled!" I explained to my wife. "How can we fix it?"

"Ask the 'How-to' box," she replied. "You will find it under C."

So I fingered the cards back to the letter C in my old file until I came to the following:

Carpets—Curled

When through constant wear the edges of rugs or carpets turn over or curl, boiling water should be poured on the turned edges which can be patted down flat to the floor. This treatment will also lengthen the service of the material.

There was the answer to my problem—easily found, and as I discovered later, a very suitable answer at that.

The last time we made a general cleaning of silverware, the "How-to" box proved its value once more.

"Oh dear!" said friend wife. "I hate this job. But I believe there is something about it in the how-to box. I think I clipped something from a magazine away back last spring. I'm going to look."

A moment later she gave a delighted cry.

"A tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sal soda in an aluminum pan of hot water. Dump your knives, forks and spoons in there for ten minutes and they will clean themselves," she shouted, and I forgave the slang because she was so happy over her discovery.

Most women, I am sure, are glad to pick up their favorite magazine and read the household helps and hints it contains. They appreciate a recipe for removing finger marks from a highly-polished piano, one for removing grease spots from woollen clothing, or a third for cleaning egg stains from spoons. They are glad to learn that glasses slipped in hot water edgewise will not crack and that umbrellas should be dried when open instead of closed.

Yet very few of these same women remember one recipe, cure or solution to a vexing problem, a year or two later when they are in dire need of it. The magazine has gone to its just reward and with it the little clipping that could very easily have been retained.

Our little "How-to" box holds them all. When we are through reading a magazine, friend wife goes through it carefully with scissors in hand. No hint that she may ever need escapes her. It is clipped, trimmed and pasted on a little three by five card, then filed under its proper letter.

Other hints that come over the radio or from friends are carefully typed or written by hand on the same kind of cards.

So now if she forgets that vinegar removes spots on the zinc tray of her gas stove, the little "How-to" box reminds her. If a bride weeps over the fact that her cake stuck in the pan, the good wife refers her to the letter "C" in the same little box so that she may seek and learn that when a cake is taken from the oven and allowed to stand for five minutes on a cloth that has been wrung out in hot water, it will come out of its pan easily.

No! Being a mere man, I do not know all these things. But I have a little "How-to" box near me as I write.



"We were talking about you the other day"

Marge and Jane were chatting over the tea cups.

"Really, I envy you, Marge," Jane said. "We were talking about you the other day. All the girls agree that you are the best housekeeper in our whole crowd."

"Oh! don't be silly, Jane, you know I'm not. The only thing is, I have to do my own housework, so naturally I spend a little more time studying how to get the best results in the shortest time."

"I know, Marge, but all of us have vacuum cleaners and washing machines, and all those labor-saving devices just like you do. But somehow, your house always seems so immaculate."

"Take your floors for instance; in our house the floors are one of my greatest problems. There are places that look as if the whole Canadian Army had marched over them with hob-nailed shoes."

"I had poor Bob down on the floor the other evening going over those places around the doorways, but he couldn't make them look much better, poor boy, so we decided all the downstairs rooms would have to be sanded and refinished. It's going to cost at least a hundred dollars!"

"Now tell me, Marge, how do you avoid such expenses and still keep your floors so clean and new looking—do you and Tom go around in your stocking feet all the time?"

"Jane, you're the funniest person I ever knew—of course not, foolish! We wax our floors."

It is easy to have perfect floors now that you can get Johnson's Liquid Wax. Just apply the liquid lightly and then go over with a Johnson's weighted polishing brush. The weighted brush does all the work for you.

A complete outfit consisting of the weighted floor polishing brush, a lamb's-wool wax mop and a quart of Johnson's Liquid Wax costs only \$5.50, and it's so simple.

Any dealer displaying this sign can supply you with this outfit or we will be glad to fill your order direct.

A 28-page illustrated booklet, "The Proper Treatment of Floors, Woodwork and Furniture" together with a generous sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax will gladly be sent you free.

The booklet is full of helpful hints that will show you exactly how to make your home more cheerful and inviting and make your present housework easier.

See how the free sample restores life and luster to your most troublesome floor.

Use the coupon below. Send it now!



\$7.25.....FLOOR POLISHING OUTFIT.....\$5.50

This Offer Consists of

1 Johnson's Weighted Floor Polishing Brush	\$4.00
1 Quart Johnson's Liquid Wax (for polishing linoleum, floors and furniture)	1.50
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1 Johnson's Book on Home Beautifying	.25
	\$7.25

This offer is good at department, drug, grocery, hardware and paint stores. If your dealer cannot furnish the outfit, write us for the name of the nearest dealer who can.

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Please send me FREE a generous sample of Johnson's Liquid Wax and your authoritative Book on Home Beautifying and Wood Finishing.

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Modern Modes Forbid Gray Hair

Youthfulness is the dominant note today. Hair dress accords with the prevailing modes. Many women deny themselves the comfort and convenience of short hair because of premature gray.

Hesitate no longer! Brownatone solves your problem. It is especially easy to use on short hair. A small quantity brushed through and gray, faded or bleached hair magically disappears. No mixing, no muss or fuss. No waiting, no day-after-day treatment. Necessary to apply only as new hair grows in. Permanency unaffected by shampoo or bath. Available in two colors and two sizes. The "Light Blonde to Medium Brown" imparts natural shades of golden, blonde, or medium brown. The "Dark Brown to Black" tints to glossy shades from deep brown to jet black. All drug and department stores sell Brownatone—50 cents and \$1.50. If unable to purchase write and send coupon below.

SPECIAL OFFER—A Trial Bottle of Brownatone and an instructive booklet on hair treatment will be sent, in plain package, on receipt of 10c to cover packing and postage. (Specify color wanted).

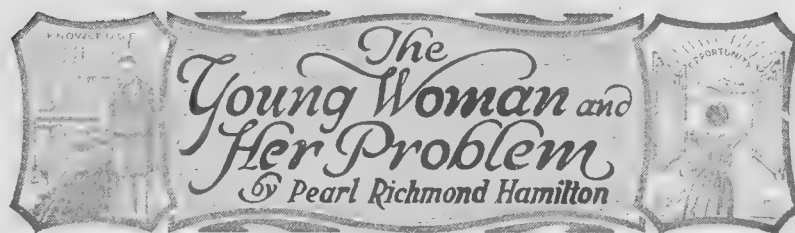
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Enclosed find 10c (coin or stamps) for which send Trial Bottle of Brownatone and Booklet on Hair. I have checked shade of Brownatone preferred.

☐ Golden Brown ☐ Medium Brown
☐ Dark Brown ☐ Black

Name _____
Address _____



Beacon Lights of History

WHO are they? Great Teachers. There passed into Eternity last month the most influential teacher I ever had. Among the tributes written about her she was classed with "Domsie" of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and with Cables Bonaventure. The writer further said of her: "She had that power which is rare, to call out the best in her students; rather it should be said, perhaps, that she was able to reveal to them the capabilities for fine things that were in themselves. It was a cardinal principle of her philosophy that there were great possibilities for good to be discovered in every life. The mother of faith in her was so strong that her impulse to protect, defend and inspire all who came within her orbit was always dominant." She was a great teacher because she wanted her pupils to develop their natural talent; her idea of culture was usefulness to humanity. Unless what we know is helpful to those we know, knowledge is not culture. For a time she taught in the public schools, but education to her could not be confined to mechanical curriculum. Education fitted one for life—she prepared boys and girls to make the grade in the strenuous game of life. One must have resourcefulness, initiative and originality. So she resigned and started a private school. People in the city recognized her ability as a teacher, her broad sympathies, good judgment and tact, and they filled her school with their boys and girls. They came from the wealthiest homes in the city and from the most cultured. Then her great ambition was to give poor boys a chance, and here and there from a Jewish home, from a Catholic home, from a Protestant home, she would learn of a boy who wanted an education. So she would take him into her school, give him his tuition, furnish him with books, and under the power of her encouraging guidance he would make good.

Such was her cosmopolitan school. The son of the wealthy and the son of the poor had equal opportunity. In the January number of the Jewish Tribune, Dr. Israel Schapiro, of the Division of Semitic and Oriental Languages in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., has an article about Elias Tobenkin in which he classes Tobenkin as the foremost writer of Jewish life.

I well remember the day I heard this teacher speak of a home near her, a broom-maker's family. She said: "There is a boy in that home that should have a chance. I like him. I believe that boy has a good mind."

So Elias came to her school and this teacher opened the door of opportunity to him; he entered, and today he is recognized as the leading writer of Jewish family life as well as the author of articles on vital racial problems. Professor William Lyon Phelps, in speaking of his book entitled "Witte Arrives," says that he knows of no other novel that portrays family life among Jews, the bonds between husbands and wives, between parents and children, "with so much beauty and holiness." Dr. Israel Schapiro says: "I know of no other book that describes the soul of the Jew more truthfully, more correctly and also more courageously. Tobenkin has painted the human Jew in 'Witte Arrives.' The characters in the book are dignified and high-minded. They are human beings first and foremost."

This great teacher did not urge her views on her pupils. She opened the doors of literature and life, gave us a vision of attainment through truth, honesty, energy and faith, and impressed upon us the value of usefulness to humanity.

There are priests in the Catholic church who, before they began their

training, were first inspired with the intensity of her noble ideals, when they were in her school. Though she was a Protestant, race nor creed made no difference to her. What an influence to live for all time! Her personality today is felt in the lives of prominent men and women who developed under the sunlight of her instruction and inspiration.

Learned judges, men in government power, lawyers, doctors (I have in mind some prominent surgeons), ministers, business men, authors, teachers (one in Manitoba University), artists and mothers today dignify their position in life because of the influence of this teacher. For thirty years she was the head of the school that was recognized as one of the most important educational institutions in that section of the country.

At her funeral the pall bearers were her former pupils. One was the mayor of the city, another a prominent judge, and the others men of outstanding influence in the affairs of the community. She was a teacher who recognized in others life's inner beauties.

Observation's Prize

THERE is so much of interest around us that we do not see. Girls who feel they live in the most monotonous surroundings may have a wealth of material for use. There is no faculty more useful than observation and every one can cultivate it.

Authors, journalists, artists, scientists, geologists and teachers look towards Canada as a fertile field of advantage for their profession. They come, observe, and go back to their various countries to commercialize what they have seen in Canada.

There are many teachers in country schools who have just as interesting environment as did Martha Ostenso, but they do not see it, or perhaps feel it deep enough for expression. But Martha Ostenso, when she taught in the little school on Lake Winnipeg, keenly observed the inner heart throbs of her pupils; of their parents. That term of school enlarged her vision and stirred her emotions to deep inspiration. She did not realize that the experience of her work there would place that community on the map of the continent, and across the seas. Out of the everyday life of a small community she wove a story that won a \$13,500 prize. Fifteen hundred other stories were sent in, but Miss Ostenso's was the best. She came back from New York to Winnipeg to write it. The atmosphere of Canada must have been essential to her artistry of expression.

Often in this department I have urged our girls to find their opportunity in their own environment. It is there. It may not be a story, yet it may. Girls have so many helps today that were not possible when I was a girl. The Extension Department of Agricultural Colleges, I believe, is the greatest movement of recent years for girlhood advancement. Every possible encouragement and instruction is given to any girl who desires it.

Would it not be possible to create an interest among the readers of this page to such an extent that real enthusiasm in a girl's particular environment could be aroused? Write to this page the most interesting feature of your community. I hear one girl say: "From our little home I can see nothing but snow." Did not Mr. Grove, another teacher in Manitoba, see so much of beauty, charm and scientific interest in that snow that he wrote a chapter about it that made his book, "Over Prairie Trails," a classic in Canadian Literature?

I had seen snow all my life but never appreciated its beauty until I read his

Continued on page 23

Say Ben-Gay

for

Chilblains

Baume Bengué reduces at once the itching, swelling and irritation of chilblains. Prompt healing follows the first few applications.

BAUME BENGUÉ

is also an excellent remedy for frost bites, chapped hands, cracked fingers, etc.

Keep a tube always handy.

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Loveliness of the Complexion

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Send for descriptive booklet "B"
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1. Something to Say 2. Say it 3. Sit down.

If I could only make a speech like that! You can if you will. The rules of a veteran are before you. Our course in **Applied Economics** gives you the "Something to Say". These are some of the topics treated:—Canadian Civics, Canadian Economic History, Production, Money, Credit, Free Trade, Protection, Labor Problems, Transportation Problems, Socialism, Public Finance, and many others. A Canadian course for the Canadian man or woman of affairs. Easy to read, easy to understand. Write for free descriptive booklet E. It will surely interest you.

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46 BLOOR ST. WEST, TORONTO, Canada.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Continued from page 22

book. Bliss Carman said when he visited Western Canada, that this country is teeming with atmosphere for romance and poetry. You must live in a place and be fond of it before you can hear what it says. It must speak to you. Prairie has space, air, height. It makes us think big things. We are not confined by limitations. The greatest gift a girl can have is a growing mind. A precious gift straight from God. And if it is a good time she is after in life she must not abuse that mind. Fill it with beauty. All forms of dissipation shorten the life and dull the mind. So many of us go about the world with our eyes bandaged. To be alive, to have ambition, to accomplish, to grow in beauty, is a germ planted in the heart of every girl. I believe every girl can become more popular, more accomplished, better equipped than she is. But somehow I feel it is not possible without sincerity, truth, cleanliness of mind and body. Overhead we see a great clear dome—where so clear as in Western Canada? As I look up the bandages of fear, envy, hatred and jealousy seem to fall from my eyes and I feel the presence of God everywhere about—a dome of protection, a power to the nerves, and a deep peace in the heart.

Only in phases of illumination, my dear girl readers, do we realize the creative powers that lie ready to our hand. Let us live at the top of our possibilities. True accomplishment is realized, I believe, when we think openly in the sight of God. We may belong to the aristocracy of intellect. Every year I see more beauty in girlhood—finer fields of service, lovelier links of friendship. So long as girls are my friends I shall never grow old. In the atmosphere of their love I have found the fountain of youth.

Disposition

SOME people have a habit of constant criticism. They find fault with everything and everybody. Nearly everyone needs to be encouraged. The critical disposition lives in a state of continual discord.

These people keep the atmosphere of a home frosty with their bitter remarks. They are the most miserable, the most disagreeable people I know, and they usually succeed in making everyone around them miserable. A person of this disposition is extremely rude and selfish. For she assumes herself as superior. The sword of criticism strikes deep into the heart of a child and creates hatred instead of love, the natural characteristic of childhood. Selfish criticism does not build. It destroys. A sensitive nature is writhed under a microscopic disposition. The author of "Characteristics" tells this story:

"The detestable habit of fault-finding was once most effectively rebuked by Crabb Robinson. It was during one of his visits to Paris. A great part of the day had been spent in sight seeing with an acquaintance, who said to him at parting, 'I will call for you tomorrow.' 'I will thank you not to call,' replied the

philosophic barrister, 'I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I am come to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympathy with others. Now, you dislike everything and find fault with everything. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. It makes me uncomfortable. I believe if I were forced to live with you, I should kill myself.'

I know a woman who never goes into a home without criticizing it. The furniture is ugly or it is not arranged properly. It is not balanced, the pictures are faulty or the color scheme is wrong. I have never yet shown her a thing that she did not criticize. There is nothing that is right. Now this is indicative of a small mind for it is narrowed into self-esteem, a taint of vanity. A disposition of discord is costly. It sometimes costs position, friends, and even home life. It is an indulgence extremely expensive and often ends in disaster.

Any one at all familiar with character delineation can read the disposition in the expression of the face. A critical disposition usually brings out the worst in people.

It was said of Charles Dickens that "When he entered a room it was like the sudden kindling of a big fire by which every one was warmed." The secret of popularity is kindness.

Love Stories

PLEASE Mr. Editor, this is valentine month. May I write some love stories?

You Never Can Tell

ONCE upon a time a young Irishman determined to apply for a school in the country. A daughter of the school trustee answered the door.

The young man asked for her father, but she informed him he was not at home.

"I am sorry," he replied. "I wanted to put in my application for the school." "Pooh!" she exclaimed to her sister, after closing the door, "that red-headed Irishman doesn't look as if he knew enough to teach school."

She married him.

I am their daughter.

The Price of Correspondence

THE bridegroom shyly looked around the corner of the country station to see for the first time, his bride-to-be, who was due on the afternoon train.

The matrimonial bureau had advertised her as a young girl of fair hair, blue eyes, dainty and lovely. A vision of beautiful love letters flashed through his mind.

The minister waited at the manse. Presently somebody's grandmother stepped from the train. She looked as if she had passed through life's severest cyclones. It was not a case of love at first sight.

They were married.

The Post Master of the village never after that marked a stamp on a letter addressed to a matrimonial bureau.

You, Too, Can Make Money at Home

No Canvassing Pay-Cheques Weekly.

I'LL PAY YOU CASH

For Your Spare Time at Home

HOW would you like to have a Money-Order reach you every week? A steady income of your very own! Not thousands of Dollars, but say from \$35.00 to \$55.00 a month the whole year 'round. Men and women all over the Dominion are turning their spare hours into actual Dollars. *I know because I pay them.*

T. W. CHADBURN, President



HERE IS THE WHOLE PLAN

I EMPLOY in their own homes thousands of men and women who knit socks for me with the Auto Knitter—a wonderful hand operated knitting machine that knits a pair of beautiful socks in half an hour. I pay a fixed guaranteed price for every pair. I sell the socks my workers knit to wholesale firms: In this way we both profit. Instead of employing workers here in Toronto, I employ them in their own homes. Distance makes no difference.



Auto Knitting is too easy and interesting to be ever thought of as work. Mrs. Frank Moore, of Ontario, writes "When I am tired with my house-work I sit down and run my machine and I feel rested. Since starting I have made \$327.00."

There is no Selling or Canvassing

The reason why so many women—and men too—take up Auto Knitting is because there is no canvassing. The quiet privacy of the work—sitting at a table in your own home—appeals very strongly to those who could not in any way consider a selling proposition.

I Contract for all Your Work

I contract with each of my workers to buy all of the socks that they knit. When five or ten dozen pairs are sent in, a Money-Order for the knitting is immediately returned together with a new lot of yarn. This new yarn I supply each time free of charge.

No Previous Experience Necessary

Each worker learns from the simple instructions that are sent with the machine. Children, young people, busy men and women and old folks all work for me. That is one of the splendid things about Auto Knitting, anyone may fill in their spare time. The machine need never be idle.

MY BEAUTIFUL BOOKLET IS FREE

I would like to send you, without the slightest obligation on your part, a copy of my Booklet: How To Make Money At Home. You will find it very interesting because it is filled with photographs of my workers together with letters telling just what they are doing. It shows with actual figures exactly how much you can earn even if you work but one hour a day. Your spare time is positively valuable. Let me tell you all about it. Mail the coupon today.

T. W. Chadburn, President, Dept. 732,
The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co. Ltd., 1870 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.

Kindly send me, without the slightest obligation on my part, information about Auto Knitting.

Name

Address



Sand Dunes of Mogador, Morocco

When
fingers
feel
like icicles
drink

BOVRIL

BOVRIL IS SOLD
ONLY IN BOTTLES

HOT

"Made in Canada"



"Headaches, Bilious Spells, Are Now All Gone"

Mrs. John Ireland, Nobleton, Ont., writes:



"I was a great sufferer from severe headaches and bilious spells. I tried a number of remedies without obtaining any benefit until I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. These completely relieved me, and made me feel like a new person. I am very grateful to Dr. Chase's Medicines for what they have done for me, and you may use my letter for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

35 cts. a box of 35 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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WHM—Bleached Pure Irish Linen Damask Cloths and Napkins, a super quality with which you will be delighted, will wash and wear for years, design—ivy border and centre. Price each:

36 x 36 in., \$1.10	54 x 54 in., \$2.50	63 x 63 in., \$3.50
2 x 2 yds., \$4.75	2 x 2½ yds., \$5.90	2 x 3 yds., \$7.00

LINEN - NAPKINS - TO - MATCH
22 x 22 in., 6 for \$2.50 24 x 24 in., 6 for \$3.00

Write to-day for samples and catalogue No. 38U, showing full range of household linens. Sent post free. You can order with perfect safety from this old established firm.

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Mix it Fresh for Every Meal



Rich Milk, Malted Grain Ext. in powder. Digestible—No Cooking. A Light Lunch

Can Middle-Aged Women Be Happy?

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

AS women approach middle age, there seems to be a feeling of regret. They do all they can to retain the appearance of their lost youth. They try to look as young as they can, but they deceive no one except themselves.

Lost youth cannot come back; they might as well make up their minds to this.

Childhood has its joys and pleasures, so has youth. Middle age has its compensations, and even old age has its recompense.

Our bodies cannot remain young forever, but I think that one way to keep happy when middle-aged is to keep the mind and heart young. When we can do this, nothing else will matter.

A woman who is married and has children can live her life over again with her children. To be with children frequently is to keep the mind young. Children always have a new view point; they are most interesting. Their faces are turned forward; the children never live by looking backwards. All their talk is about present and future joys. They are seldom sad for long at a time. A woman who lives much with children and catches their gay spirit cannot help being happy though middle-aged.

Women used to dress so old as they passed thirty-five or forty. Now they can dress young. This helps them to feel young. While I do not believe in make-up, especially on the face, I still believe every woman has a right to dress as she pleases, especially if it will help her to feel young. We know how it is, we women. We are influenced by the clothes we wear, whatever the men may say. There are days in which we feel all out of sorts. If on these days, we had a good bath and put on a different dress we should feel all right again. How can a woman help being depressed when she always wears dark colors and lives in a room with a shabby wall-paper? We cannot always afford to change our wall-paper; but we can change our clothes. Dark clothes are no cheaper than light ones. Of course, white requires more laundry, but there are bright colors which look pretty as long as the material will wear.

Nearly every woman has a sewing machine now, even when she lives miles out in the country. She can make herself pretty aprons and big pinafores. There is no reason why these should always be white. I think pink and blue ones, with a touch of lace are much prettier. Somehow, they do not suggest work so much as the big white apron so often seen hanging on the kitchen door. When visitors come, a woman throws off the white apron in a hurry. When she knows she has on a pretty pink pinafore, she keeps it on and feels just as happy.

Artists often wear pinafores, and they are not ashamed of them. I think pinafores are prettier than aprons, even for the middle-aged woman.

A woman has a right to look as pretty as she can, at every age. She can grow old gracefully and still look pretty. I have seen many a grey-haired woman look beautiful. Grey hair is not ugly. I remember a woman with dark eyes and dark hair. To me, she had a kind of wild appearance. As she approached middle-age, her hair turned grey. It

seemed to soften her face. Many of her friends remarked that now she looked pretty.

We can keep happy at any age. Of course, I know that there are terrible shipwrecks in some lives, but when we have got back to the harbor again, we can keep a kind of happiness if we look round us and see what good we can do. Past experience may help the younger set. No woman can be completely unhappy if she be doing good.

Another way to be happy is to have a hobby. A hobby is interesting; it keeps the heart young. Taking up a new study is another way to feel young. This way appeals to the studious.

Sometimes, buying a piece of land and raising a garden will keep a woman young. How can a woman feel anything but young in a lovely garden?

Playing with children is the best remedy for the blues that was ever invented. I often play with children. It takes one out of one's self. To be able to look forward and to keep one's enthusiasms is another way to keep young. The young are always enthusiastic. There is no reason why we should not be so at any age. We may live until we are a hundred. Do we mean to mope and sleep away the last fifty years? We are rich in experience. Now is the time in which we should begin to carry out some of our most cherished ambitions. We have been so busy before; but our children have taken part of our burden now and we have more leisure. The woman of today is not content to sit back and feel her work is over at forty, nor at fifty, nor at any age.

I remember once saying to a woman of fifty: "Come and sit near the fire, in this comfy arm-chair."

She laughed at me and taking a stiff-backed chair said: "I'm not old enough to sit in an armchair."

She had the spirit of perpetual youth. This is what we all want. Whatever our age, there is no power on earth can make us old if we keep the spirit of youth with us. No one can take this away. No one can make our hearts old if we choose to keep them young.

Some people call this a young and frivolous age. I have no fault to find with it. There are some who always find fault with the younger members of their families. To me, children are just as sweet as they were in the long ago. They have their faults and failings, but their hearts are still in the right place, and they are just as lovable. They are still the sunshine of our lives, making us feel younger when we are with them. They will go on being the sunshine if we do not try to take from them the ardor of their youth. Take nothing of youth from your children. Do not let them feel depressed when you approach. On the contrary, allow them to raise your spirits, to help you feel younger. Without knowing it, you will come to be reckoned as a friend; the friend of children.

"Mrs. So-and-so is all right," they will say. "She will not spoil our games. She is just like one of ourselves!"

They could pay no greater compliment. Be deserving of it and you will have found the way to be happy though middle-aged.



On the Beach at Biarritz: by Paul Dupuy, Salon, Paris

MOTHERS, DO THIS—

When the Children Cough,
Rub Musterole on Throats
and Chests

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup, or worse. And then's when you're glad you have a jar of Musterole at hand to give prompt relief. It does not blister.

As first aid, Musterole is excellent. Thousands of mothers know it. You should keep a jar ready for instant use.

It is the remedy for adults, too. Relieves sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, chilblains, frosted feet and colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia). 40c and 75c, at all druggists.

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Can Be Cured

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Write Murine Company, Dept. 95,
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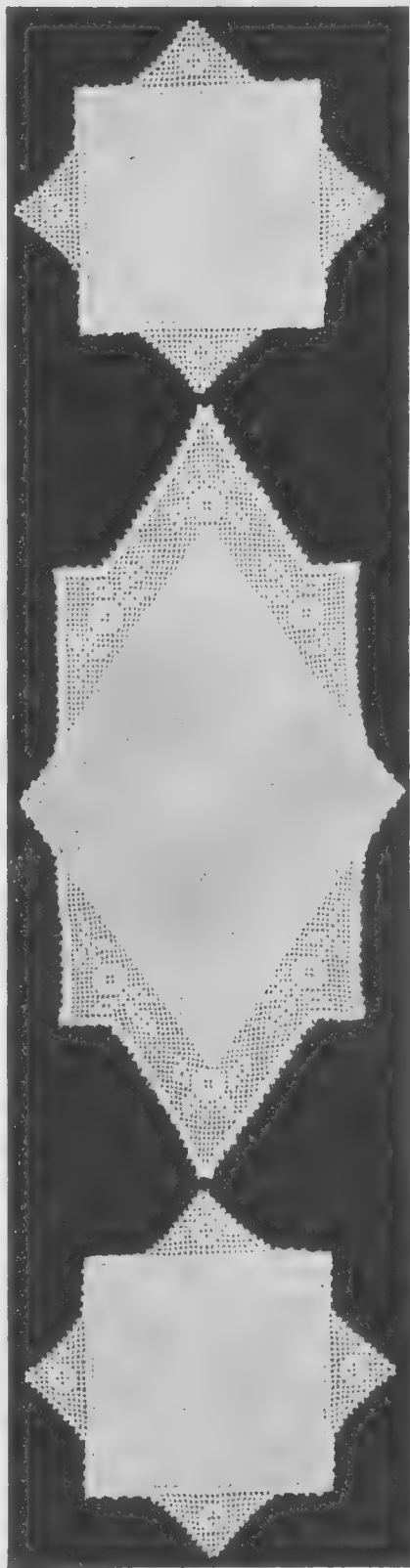
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Buffet Set



Directions

Materials required:

Royal Society Cordichet No. 3010 Blue,
3 balls.

Blue Belgian linen, 12x32 inches.

Steel crochet hook No. 11.

Large Doily

Filet crochet motif. Start at letter A and work to letter B, then continue working back and forth, following the diagram.

Work one row of s.c. and ps. around the outer motif. Mark the diamond shape linen centre of the large doily 16x11 inches, and the square centre of the small doilies 7x7 inches.

Sew on the filet crochet motifs as illustrated, then cut away the material underneath. Work one row of s.c. into the material between the filet crochet motifs (see illustration), then work one row of s.c. and ps. across previous row.

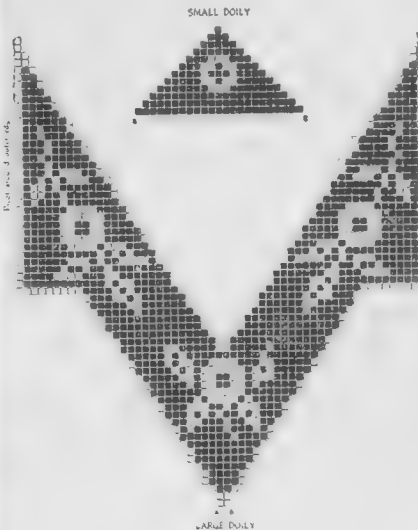
Small Doilies

Turn material on marked line, then work one row of s.c. into the material. The edge of the doilies may be hemstitched and the row of s.c. may be worked into the hemstitching.

First Row of the filet crochet motif, start at letter A and work to letter B into the previous row, then follow the diagram, working back and forth.

Work one filet motif on each side of the doily, taking care that the motifs are exactly in the middle.

Now work one row of s.c. and ps. all around the edge of the doilies.



Clever Mothers

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

IN these days, when most women earn a living, we are inclined to look down on those who do not leave home and are simply mothers. Some think them old-fashioned. "Anyone can be a mother," they say. "It does not take brains."

In this way, the grandest, most beautiful profession of all is belittled.

I maintain that it does take brains to make a perfect mother. Instinct is not all that is required. Many things have been said and written about Child Training. Everyone knows that the child's best trainer should be the mother.

We must give our children proper, well-balanced meals. We cannot do this, unless we learn how. Most mothers nurse their children through the ills and sicknesses of childhood. Many a mother owes her child's life to her own knowledge of nursing! We have to instruct our children in manners and morals, unless we want them to grow up like savages! We have to teach them what is worth while in life and what is of no account!

A perfect mother has to be Nurse, Housekeeper, Cook, Instructor, Adviser in things temporal and spiritual, often Governess (to teach them at home or help them over their school work) and always best Chum, best Friend and Confidant!

It takes a woman of brains to be all this. It takes a really clever woman to be a good mother!

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE



I know how to stop GRAY HAIR

It's a sure way, and an easy one. And absolutely safe. This I will prove with a free trial bottle if you'll fill out and mail me the coupon.

By return mail I will send you my special patented free trial outfit, with full directions for testing on a single lock. Then you will know, positively, that no one need have gray hair—at any age!

Combing Does It

My hair color restorer is very easily applied, simply by combing it through the hair. No skill or outside aid required.

It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. It leaves your hair soft, silky and fluffy.

No streaking or discoloration, no artificial "dyed" look. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. The restored color is perfectly even and natural in all lights.

Fill it out carefully, stating accurately the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

By return mail, postage prepaid, you will receive my special patented free trial outfit. This is an offer which is truly, absolutely free.

When you know what Mary T. Goldman's is and what it will do, you will be anxious to restore all your hair. Then get a full-sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

Please print your name and address—

Mary T. Goldman, 539B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is:
Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn
(light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....
Address.....



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Desserts the Children Will Like

DSSERT used to be a "frill" at the end of a meal, something which we could very well dispense with, but our ideas have changed. We know it now as part of our food requirements, and plan it to provide the elements lacking in the first part of the meal. The sweet is supplied by the dessert, because, if eaten earlier, it destroys the appetite for more substantial food.

One of the real problems of a busy housekeeper is the planning of menus to give the children the simple desserts they should have and at the same time satisfy the demands of the men folk of the family. Adults may safely indulge, occasionally, if they have normal digestive systems, in rich puddings, pastry, etc., but they should under no circumstances be given to small children. From infancy, the children should be taught that as older people do different work, mentally and physically, wear different clothes from those of children, so their bodies can care for different foods. Properly trained children will eat the foods provided for them, without regard to that of their elders.

The natural craving for sweets may be satisfied at the table.

Fruits

STALE or green fruits should be avoided. Such acid fruit as grapefruit should not be given to young children. Care must be taken that skins and seeds are not eaten.

Prunes

Wash the prunes thoroughly, and let stand in water to cover, overnight. Simmer in the water in which they were soaked, till tender. Add a little lemon juice and sugar to taste. Serve plain, or with cream, not too rich, or with plain soft custard.

Prune Whip

I. Remove the pits from 2 c. of stewed prunes, rub through a strainer, or chop very fine, fold in the beaten whites of 2 or more eggs, pile lightly on a buttered pudding dish, and bake slowly for 20 minutes. Serve with thin cream or boiled custard.

Prune Whip

II. To two cups of chopped or sifted stewed prunes add one cup of whipped cream. Pile lightly on glass dishes.

Bananas

Bananas are not good for very small children, and are eaten by the majority of people when considerably under-ripe.

I. Peel the required number of bananas, slice crosswise, and serve with cream, and sugar if desired.

II. Peel the bananas, slice crosswise, or cut in halves lengthwise, and again crosswise, sprinkle with orange juice and sugar, and serve cold.

III. Serve sliced bananas with boiled custard.

Oranges

I. Oranges may be sliced and sprinkled with cocoanut.

II. Serve orange juice in tiny glasses or sherbet cups.

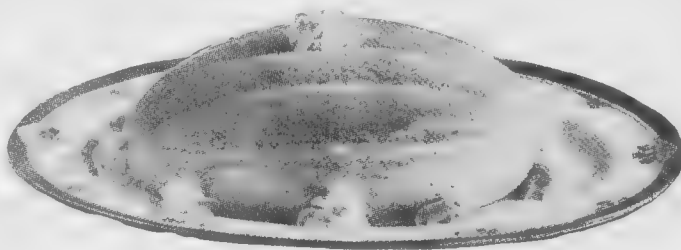
Baked Apples

I. Wash and core the apples. Place in a pan with a small amount of water. Fill the cavity in each with brown sugar, place a bit of butter on top of the sugar, and bake till tender, with the pan covered.

II. Fill the cavity in each apple with raisins before baking, and put a spoonful of granulated sugar on top of the raisins.

Apple Compote

Dissolve $\frac{1}{2}$ c. sugar in 1 c. water. Put in a sauce pan. Pare and core 6 apples. Place in the syrup, cover closely, having sufficient syrup to just cover the apples, and simmer till the apples are tender. Cool slightly, remove the apples very carefully to the serving dish, boil down the syrup, pour over the apples, and chill. A little red coloring may be used, or a few cinnamon candies added while the apples are cooking.



Pineapple Pudding

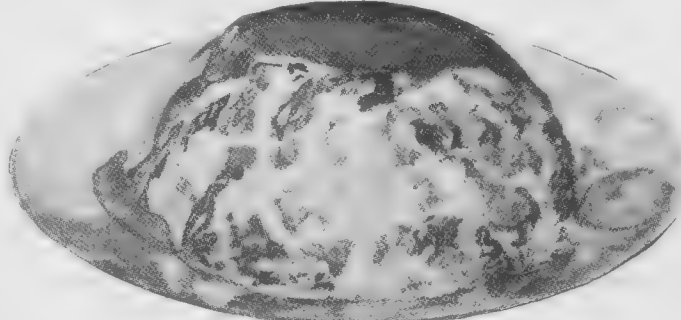
Apple Snow

Apple Sauce, 1 c. Sugar. Whites of 2 Eggs
Beat the eggs till very stiff, gradually beating in the apple pulp, which is not juicy, and adding powdered sugar if needed. The most satisfactory apple sauce is made by steaming pared, cored and quartered apples, without the addition of any water. If other apple sauce is used, it should be well drained before using. If eggs are plentiful, a bigger proportion of egg white may be used.

Rebecca Pudding

Scalded Milk, 4 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Corn Starch, 8 tb. or $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cold Milk or Water, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Egg Whites, 3

Mix the sugar, salt and cornstarch, and stir in it the cold milk or water. Add to the hot milk. Cook in a double boiler for half an hour. Add the vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into moulds wet



Rice and Raisin Pudding with Custard Sauce

with cold water, turn out onto plates and serve either with boiled custard or a colored fruit sauce, or with a chocolate sauce.

Pineapple Pudding

Make Rebecca Pudding, and just before pouring into the moulds, add $\frac{1}{2}$ can of grated pineapple, or other fruit, straining off the juice.

Chocolate Blanc Mange

Milk, Scalded, 4 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Cornstarch, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Chocolate, $1\frac{1}{2}$ sq.
Hot Water, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.

Mix the cornstarch, sugar and salt, dissolve in $\frac{1}{2}$ c. of cold milk which has been reserved from the 4 c. of milk. Add to the remainder of the milk which has

been scalded, and cook in the double boiler from 30 to 45 minutes. Just before removing from the fire, stir in the chocolate which has been dissolved in hot water, add the vanilla, cool and serve with cream.

Plain Rice Pudding

Milk, 2 qts. Rice, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Sugar, $\frac{2}{3}$ c.
Nutmeg Raisins, 1 c.

Pick over and wash the rice, mix with it, the sugar, salt, and half of the milk. Put in a buttered baking dish, and set in a slow oven. At intervals, stir the pudding, and add a little of the second quart of milk. When the last portion of milk is added, stir in the raisins, and grate a little nutmeg over it. Allow a brown but not burnt crust to form on top. Serve either warm or cold.

Rice Pudding with Meringue

Rice, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Milk, 4 c. Egg Yolks, 2
Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Vanilla Extract, 1 t.
Egg Whites, 2 Sugar, 2 tb.

Cook the rice in a little water. To it add the salt, sugar, vanilla, hot milk, and beaten egg yolks. Place in a moderate oven for a few minutes to cook the egg yolks. Cover with a meringue of the beaten egg whites and 2 tb. of sugar, and brown in the oven.

Cocoanut Pudding

Shredded Cocoanut, 1 c. Milk, 2 c.
Sugar, 3 tb. Egg Whites, 3
Cornstarch, 2 tb. Vanilla, 1 t.
Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.

Mix the sugar and cornstarch and salt. Add the milk which has been heated, return to the double boiler, add the cocoanut and cook from 30 to 45 minutes. Remove from the fire, add the vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites, and pour into a mould wet with cold water. Serve with boiled custard.

Cocoanut Tapioca

Tapioca, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Cocoanut, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.
Milk, 4 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Egg Yolks, 3 Egg Whites, 3
Sugar, $\frac{2}{3}$ c. Sugar, 2 tb.

Soak the tapioca over night, or use minute tapioca. Drain, add to the hot milk in the double boiler, and cook till clear. Add the sugar and well beaten egg yolks, cook till custard coats a silver spoon, add the vanilla and cocoanut, and pour into a baking dish. Cover with the stiffly beaten egg whites and sugar. Set in a slow oven to brown the meringue. Or the tapioca may be poured into a serving dish and the meringue browned by dropping it in spoonfuls on a pan of water and setting in the oven. It may be lifted off the water with a fork.

Tapioca Custard

Tapioca, 3 tb. Sugar, 4 tb.
Milk, 1 qt. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Eggs, 3 Vanilla, 1 t.

Soak the tapioca overnight, drain and add to the hot milk in a double boiler, and cook till transparent. Mix the well-beaten egg yolks and sugar, pour on it, the hot tapioca, return to the double boiler and stir till a spoon is coated with the custard. Add the salt, vanilla and stiffly beaten egg whites.

Apple Tapioca

Tapioca, $\frac{3}{4}$ c. Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Water, 4 c. Apples, 6 or more
Nutmeg or Lemon Extract

Soak the tapioca overnight, then boil in the water till transparent. Pare and core the apples, and place in a baking dish, whole if desired, or cut in pieces.

Add the sugar to the tapioca, with $\frac{1}{4}$ t. of salt and either a grating of nutmeg or a teaspoon of lemon extract. Pour over the apples and bake till they are tender. Serve with cream.

Apple Sago

Substitute sago for tapioca in the preceding recipe.

Brown Betty

Sliced Apples Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c.
Stale Bread Nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Water

In a buttered baking dish put alternate layers of bread crumbs and sliced pared apples. Sprinkle each layer of apples with sugar and nutmeg, and dot with butter. Have a layer of crumbs on top. Moisten with a little water, and bake till the apples are tender. Cover during the first part of the cooking to prevent the crumbs becoming too brown. Serve with cream.

Boiled Custard

Hot Milk, 2 c. Sugar, 4 tb.
Egg Yolks, 3 Salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ t.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Beat the eggs, add the sugar and salt, gradually pour on it, while stirring constantly, the hot milk. Return to the double boiler and cook, stirring continually till a spoon is coated with the mixture. Chill and flavor. Should it curdle by cooking too long, pour at once into a cold dish and beat with an egg beater to restore its smoothness.

Caramel Custard

Scalded Milk, 4 c. Salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ t.
Eggs, 4 to 6 Vanilla, 1 t.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

Melt the sugar, stirring constantly, in a clean frying pan, till a light brown color. Add to the hot milk. When the sugar is all melted in the milk, pour gradually on the beaten eggs, add salt and vanilla, and pour into buttered moulds. If custard

beaten egg yolks and salt, return to the double boiler, and cook till thick. Remove from the stove and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, chill and flavor.

Chocolate Junket

Chocolate, 1 oz. Junket Tablet, 1
Boiling Water, 3 tb. Milk, 1 qt.
Sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Vanilla, 1 t.

Melt the chocolate in the boiling water. Crush the junket tablet, dissolve it in 1 tb. cold water. Warm the milk, dissolve the sugar in it, add the vanilla and melted chocolate, and when of body temperature, stir in the dissolved junket tablet, pour at once into the serving dishes, let stand in a warm room, without disturbing, till set, then chill, and serve with cream, either plain or whipped.

Sea Foam Junket

Make junket according to the above recipe, omitting the chocolate, and adding a little green coloring matter. Serve with whipped cream with powdered nuts scattered on top of the cream.

Plain Junket

Make plain uncolored junket and serve with fresh or canned fruit. Strawberries are especially good.

Floating Island

Make a soft custard and chill it. On top place a meringue made of the whites of the eggs, sweetened and flavoured. The meringue may be browned in the oven by placing by spoonfuls on a pan of water.

Gelatine Desserts

Children are specially fond of pretty, colored jellies, which may be made in an infinite variety. Gelatine desserts may be set in fancy moulds, and served with cream or custard, or fruits may be molded in them—either canned or fresh.

Frozen Dainties

All children are fond of ice creams, and



Brown Betty made from pulled bread

cups are used, 4 eggs will be sufficient. If one wishes to turn the custard from a large mould, 6 eggs will be required. Set the custard in a pan of hot water in a moderate oven, and bake, till a silver knife when inserted in it, comes out clean.

Caramel Tapioca

Pearl Tapioca, $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Eggs, 2
or Minute Sugar, $\frac{1}{3}$ c.
Tapioca, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tb. Salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ t.
Scalded Milk, 2 c. Vanilla, 1 t.

Soak the pearl tapioca overnight, if it is used, drain, add to the hot milk, and cook till transparent. Caramelize the sugar and add to the tapioca and milk. Pour the hot mixture on the slightly

except for very small children they are excellent if not too rich, and frequently provide a means of inducing children to take milk in an attractive form.

A few pieces of pure candy may occasionally be served as dessert.

No matter how simple a dessert may be, if it is attractively served, it will appeal to the children. Pretty glass dishes of various shapes can be obtained at a very low cost. Such things as scooped-out orange skins, or paper cups may occasionally be used. The careful use of color pastes is very attractive, if only enough is used to give dainty effects.

Oranges for Health

THE best oranges grow in California, where the eternal sunshine and rich soil produce fruit of the finest flavor and quality.

Now, just a word about the healthfulness of oranges:

If every person would eat one orange a day, he or she would find the resulting benefit really surprising. Increase this number to two or three, and the benefits will be correspondingly multiplied, for this rich, sweet juice is one of Nature's most potent tonics and alteratives.

A pure, live fruit juice, such as oranges afford, should be given liberally to children. Remember, that doctors put orange juice on the diet list of little babies.

The value of diluted lemon juice is well appreciated by physicians. It may be taken in cold or hot water, plain or sweetened, to advantage. It clears the throat, sweetens the breath, keeps the gums in a healthy condition, and is excellent for internal disorders, such as biliousness.

The use of lemon juice to remove kitchen stains from the hands makes a lemon an indispensable article of the toilet. Lemon juice is also valuable in cleaning brass and copper, and in whitening a scoured table or sink. Lemon juice and milk, generously applied to ink stains on white goods, will remove the stains completely.

In pressing the juice from lemons and oranges, the glass or china squeezers are best and most convenient. The best orangeade is undiluted orange juice, served in thin glasses, one-third full of cracked ice. For young children, strain the orange juice through a fine wire strainer or through cheesecloth, and serve in a thick punch-glass.

When recipes call for grated rind of oranges or lemons, it is important that care be taken to remove only the yellow portion. The white portion of the skin of oranges and lemons is rich in pectin, the substance that causes fruit juices to jelly when boiled with sugar. An extraction of

Continued on page 28



86% of the Teachers of Home Economics

replying to the question, "What kind of baking powder do you prefer?" stated, "Cream of tartar."

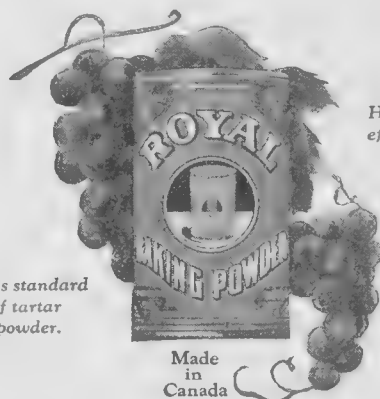
Home Economics Teachers understand the composition and chemistry of all types of baking powders. Consequently their testimony in favor of cream of tartar, of which Royal Baking Powder is made, is of tremendous importance to home-makers.

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For polishing Silver



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Oranges for Health

Continued from page 27

To Remove Pulp From Orange

Pare the orange with a sharp knife, removing every particle of the thin inside membrane with the peel. This will leave the orange pulp exposed. Hold the orange over a plate, so that any juice which may drop will be saved. Insert the point of the knife at the stem end of the orange, close to the membrane that divides the sections. Carefully work the knife in, separating the membrane from the section. Then carefully separate the section of orange from the membrane on its other side; remove the whole orange section, complete in shape, and entirely free from membrane. Repeat until all the sections are removed.

Sauces and Relishes

Mousseline Sauce

2 Egg Yolks $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ t. Salt $\frac{1}{8}$ t. Nutmeg
Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon 2 tb. Butter

Mix all the ingredients except the butter in a double boiler, and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add butter, bit by bit, beating it well, and when butter is melted, use at once. Serve with asparagus.

Egg Sauce

1 c. Court Bouillon 3 tb. Butter
2 tb. Flour 1 Hard-cooked Egg
Salt Pepper

Melt two tablespoons butter; add flour, and, when smooth, add court bouillon, stirring until it boils. Season to taste, with salt and pepper; add remaining butter and egg thinly sliced or chopped. Or, omit hard-cooked egg, and add two egg yolks, slightly beaten, and lemon juice, to taste.

Hollandaise Sauce

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. Butter 2 Egg Yolks
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Salt Few grains Cayenne
1 tb. Lemon Juice

Wash butter; divide in three pieces, and put one piece with egg yolks and lemon juice in a sauce-pan. Work together until smooth, and set saucepan over hot water, stirring constantly until butter begins to melt. Then add second piece of butter, and, as it thickens, the third piece, lifting

saucepan occasionally from water, that sauce may not curdle. Season with salt and cayenne, and serve immediately. If sauce curdles, add one tablespoon of heavy cream or two tablespoons white sauce, and beat well. For a thinner sauce, add one-third cup boiling water, and cook one minute. Serve with fish, steak, or vegetables.

Orange Marmalade

6 Oranges 1 Lemon
11 c. Cold Water 7 c. Sugar

Peel oranges, removing all white skin, and slice thin. Slice lemon with rind on; cover oranges and lemon with cold water; let stand twenty-four hours. Then boil three hours; add sugar, and let boil one hour. Pour into glasses; cool, and cover. This recipe makes nine glasses of marmalade.

Orange and Lemon Marmalade

3 Oranges 2 Lemons
5 c. Sugar 5 c. Water

Wipe fruit, and cut, crosswise, in as thin slices as possible, removing seeds. Put into preserving kettle, add water, and let stand thirty-six hours. Place on range, bring to boiling point, and let boil (not simmer) two hours. Add sugar, and boil one hour. Turn into sterile glasses, let stand until firm, and cover with melted paraffin.



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Desserts

Orange Jelly

2 tb. Gelatine $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Cold Water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Boiling Water $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Sugar
1 c. Orange Juice 3 tb. Lemon Juice

Soak gelatine five minutes in cold water; dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, orange and lemon juice, and strain into a mold. Put in a cold place to stiffen. Cut in cubes, and serve in orange baskets, or in half skins of oranges, cut in points. Blood oranges make a very pretty jelly.

Lemon Honey

6 tb. Butter 1 c. Sugar
3 Egg Yolks 1 large Lemon

Cream butter; add sugar gradually; then heat in double boiler until butter is melted. Add yolks of eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored, and grated rind

of lemon. Stir until it begins to thicken; add juice of the lemon, and continue stirring until the consistency of honey. Turn into two sterilized jelly glasses, and cover.

Lemon Crumb Pudding

2 c. Scalded Milk 2 c. Bread Crumbs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ t. Salt $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Sugar
1 Egg 3 tb. Lemon Juice
Grated Rind 1 Lemon
1 tb. Melted Butter

Pour the scalded milk over the fine, dry bread crumbs; add salt and sugar; egg well beaten, grated lemon rind, lemon juice, and melted butter. Pour into a buttered pudding-dish, and bake in a slow oven forty minutes. Serve with Creamy Lemon Sauce.

Continued on page 29



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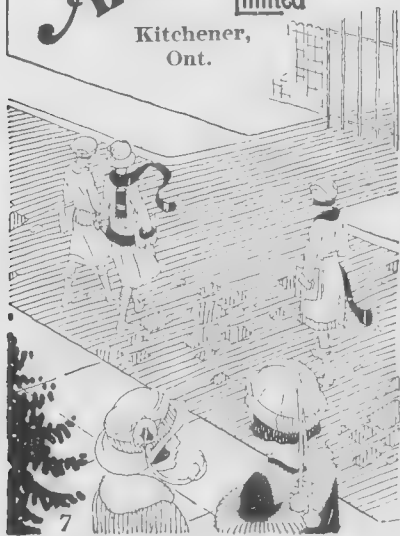
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Oranges for Health

Continued from page 28

Orange Bread Pudding

1 c. Bread Crumbs 2 tb. Butter
2 c. Scalded Milk 2 Egg Yolks
1/3 c. Sugar Juice 2 Oranges
Grated Rind 2 Oranges

Soak bread crumbs, butter and scalded milk thirty minutes; then add egg yolks, beaten with sugar, and orange juice and rind. Pour into a buttered pudding-dish, and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Cover with meringue.

Orange Roly-Poly

2 c. Flour 4 t. Baking Powder
1 t. Salt 4 tb. Butter
3/4 c. Milk, scant 1/2 c. Sugar
4 Oranges 1/2 c. Water
Grated rind of 1 Orange

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt. With tips of fingers rub in two tablespoons butter, and mix, to a dough, with milk. Roll out one-half inch thick, and cover with small pieces of orange pulp. Mix sugar, orange rind, and remaining butter, and sprinkle two-thirds of it over the orange. Roll ; ; pinch ends together; place in baking dish; with remaining sugar, sprinkle with remaining sugar, surround with water, and bake about thirty minutes. Serve with an orange or lemon sauce.

Orange Pie Filling

1 c. Sugar 1/3 c. Flour
1/4 t. Salt 1 c. Orange Juice
Juice 1/2 Lemon 2 tb. Butter
3 Egg Yolks Grated Rind 1 Orange

Mix sugar, flour, salt and grated rind; add fruit juice, and cook in double boiler ten minutes, stirring until thickened, and afterward, occasionally. Add butter and egg yolks beaten light; cook two minutes, and cool. Finish like lemon pie.

Orange Cake

1/3 c. Butter 1 c. Sugar
2 Eggs 1/2 c. Orange Juice
1 tb. Lemon Juice 1 1/4 c. Flour
1/2 t. Soda Grated Rind 1 Orange

Cream butter; add sugar, gradually, and eggs, beaten until thick and lemon-colored. Sift flour and soda together four times; add alternately with combined fruit juices and rind to first mixture. Put in buttered and floured cake-pan, and bake in a moderate oven thirty-five or forty minutes. Cover with Boiled Orange Frosting.

Orange Cake Filling

1/2 c. Sugar 2 tb. Cornstarch
2/3 c. Boiling Water 2 tb. Butter
1 Egg 1/3 c. Orange Juice
1 t. Lemon Juice Grated Rind 1 Orange

Put grated orange rind, sugar and cornstarch in saucepan, mix well, pour on boiling water, and cook ten minutes, stirring constantly; then add butter. Pour mixture over well-beaten egg; return to saucepan; stir constantly, and cook one minute. Add orange juice and lemon juice; beat well, and when cool, use as a filling in layer cake.

Boiled Orange Frosting

1 c. Sugar 1/2 c. Orange Juice
1 Egg White Grated Rind 1 Orange

In a smooth agate saucepan put sugar and orange juice and rind, mix well, and boil, being careful not to stir or disturb syrup until it will spin a long thread when it drips from tip of spoon. Lift gently from fire, and pour slowly, while beating vigorously with a strong egg-beater, in a fine stream onto egg white which has been beaten until light but not stiff. Continue beating until frosting is stiff enough to stay in place, pour all at once onto cake and spread over surface with a few movements of a large, flat knife.

Lemon Pie

1 1/4 c. Sugar 1/3 c. Flour
Few grains Salt Juice 1 Lemon
Grated rind 3 Egg Yolks
1 c. Boiling Water 1 t. Butter

Mix sugar, flour and salt, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook fifteen minutes, then add butter, egg yolks, rind and juice of one lemon. Turn into a pie plate, or preferably a pan that is perforated or made of wire and lined with flaky pastry which has been baked until a golden brown. Make a meringue of three egg whites and add one-half cup of powdered sugar, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice; cover pie with meringue and bake in a moderate oven until brown. Allow to cool before serving.

Orange Bavarian Cream

1/2 c. Orange Juice 1/2 c. Sugar
2 Egg Yolks 1 tb. Gelatine
1/4 c. Cold Water 1 c. Heavy Cream
1 t. Grated Orange Rind

Heat orange juice, rind, and half the sugar in double boiler. Beat egg yolks with remaining sugar; add orange juice mixture, and cook over hot water, stirring until smooth and thickened; add gelatine, dissolved in cold water; then strain into the cream. Set dish containing mixture in a pan of ice water, and beat until it begins to stiffen. Mold, chill, and serve, garnished with candied orange straws, or with orange sections, free from membrane, and sprinkled with sugar.

Lemon Bavarian Cream

1/2 c. Sugar 1/4 c. Lemon Juice
2 Egg Yolks 1/2 tb. Gelatine
1 tb. Cold Water 2 Egg Whites
1/2 c. Cream

Put one-half the sugar and lemon juice in double boiler; when heated, pour over egg yolks, beaten with remaining sugar; return to double boiler, and cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add gelatine, soaked in cold water; beat occasionally, until cool; fold in egg whites, beaten stiff, and cream, also beaten stiff.

Georgette Pudding Sauce

2 Eggs 2 1/2 tb. Sugar
Juice 1/2 Lemon 1 tb. Water
Grated Rind 1/2 Lemon

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon-colored, beat in one and one-half tablespoons sugar, add lemon juice and rind and boiling water, and cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until thick and creamy. Beat whites of eggs until light; then beat in gradually the remaining sugar. Combine mixtures; cook one minute; stir occasionally until cool; use on cottage pudding, or serve as a dessert in small glasses, lined with lady-fingers or thin slices of sponge cake.

Creamy Lemon Sauce

1/4 c. Butter 1 tb. Lemon Juice
1/2 c. Powdered Sugar
Grated Rind 1/2 Lemon

Cream the butter; add sugar, gradually, while beating constantly; then add grated lemon rind, and lemon juice, drop by drop. If desired, this sauce may be warmed over hot water, beaten thoroughly, and used as a liquid sauce.

Orange Panache

1 tb. Gelatine 2 tb. Cold Water
2 tb. Boiling Water 2 Bananas
1 Orange 1/2 Lemon
Few grains of Salt 1 c. Cream
1/2 c. Powdered Sugar

Soak gelatine in cold water; dissolve in hot water. Peel and scrape bananas, and force through a sieve; add pulp and juice of orange and lemon, sugar, salt, and dissolved gelatine. Set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice-water, stirring occasionally, and when beginning to stiffen, fold in whipped cream. Line fancy mold with slices of "Orange Jelly Roll." Pour in gelatine mixture, and chill. Unmold on glass plate for serving.

Orange Tapioca Pudding

2 c. Milk 2 Eggs
1/2 c. Sugar 1/2 t. Salt
3 Oranges 2 t. Sugar
1/4 c. Quick-cooking Tapioca

Put milk and tapioca in double boiler; cook fifteen minutes; then add eggs, beaten with salt and one-half cup sugar. Pare oranges; remove sections from membrane; put in bottom of baking-dish; sprinkle with two tablespoons sugar; pour tapioca mixture over oranges, and bake in moderate oven until custard is firm.

Orange Charlotte

1 tb. Gelatine 1/4 c. Cold Water
1/4 c. Boiling Water 1/2 c. Sugar
1 1/2 c. Heavy Cream Lady-fingers
1 1/2 c. Strained Orange Juice
1/2 tb. Lemon Juice

Soak gelatine for five minutes in cold water; dissolve in boiling water, and add strained orange and lemon juice and sugar. Set dish containing mixture in a pan of crushed ice, and stir until it begins to thicken. Fold in cream, beaten until stiff; line mold with lady-fingers; pour mixture into the centre, and set on ice to stiffen.

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School Lunches

The Fourth Instalment of this Article

The Hot Lunch Prepared at the School

A Few Recipes for School-Lunch Dishes

MOST housekeepers have collections of recipes for dishes of all kinds, but probably few have attempted to compile lists of dishes suitable for school lunches. A few such recipes are therefore given here, which may be suggestive.

Milk Soups

The ingredients of milk soups may be grouped under four heads: (1) A liquid; (2) a starchy substance used for thickening; (3) a fatty substance; and (4) flavoring. The liquid may be milk, either whole or skim, or a mixture of two or more of the following in any proportion: Meat stock, water, cream, vegetable juice, including pulp. The starchy substance may be flour, cornstarch, or potato starch. The proportions are usually three-fourths of a level tablespoon of flour and an equal amount of butter to each cup of liquid. If starch is substituted for flour, one-half tablespoon to a cup will usually be found sufficient.

The following recipes for soup and chowder will serve six children generously:

Cream of Pea Soup

1 can peas or 1 quart fresh peas.
1 pint milk 2 tablespoons butter.
2 tablespoons flour 1 teaspoon salt.
¼ teaspoon pepper.

Heat the peas in their own liquor, or cook them in boiling salted water until tender. Drain off the liquid and rub the peas through a strainer. Scald the milk and add to it the butter and flour rubbed to a smooth paste. Cook one minute, add the peas, salt and pepper. Boil for a few minutes and serve at once.

Cream of Tomato Soup

1 pint or 1 can tomatoes.
2 tablespoons butter 1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon sugar 1 teaspoon salt
1 quart milk Sprig parsley
¼ teaspoon white pepper.
½ teaspoon soda.

Cook the tomatoes slowly with the flavorings for 10 minutes and rub through a strainer. Scald the milk, thicken with the flour and butter rubbed to a paste; reheat the tomatoes and add the soda; combine with the milk and serve at once.

Quick Tomato Soup

1 pint or 1 can tomatoes.
1 quart water 4 tablespoons butter.
4 tablespoons flour 1 teaspoon salt.
¼ teaspoon pepper.
1 tablespoon chopped onions.

Mix the water, tomato and seasonings. Heat to the boiling point; add butter and flour rubbed to a paste and cook a few minutes. Strain and serve.

Brown Stew

For this dish the cheaper and less tender cuts of beef, such as the rump and round, can be used. Remove the meat from the bone and cut it into small pieces. Dredge with flour and cook in a small amount of fat until it is well browned. Add hot water, about 1 quart to every pound of meat; season with salt, pepper, and onion; and cook slowly for an hour. The meat should be very tender and the gravy thick. Tomato and other vegetables may be added while the stew is cooking. An allowance of 1 pound of round steak for 10 children will, according to general estimate, equal in protein value a glass of milk for each.

Soups Made from Dried Beans, Peas or Cowpeas

THERE are a great variety of soups of highly nutritive value that can be made from dried navy beans, black beans, lentils, cowpeas, or other legumes. The vegetables should be first soaked in water for several hours, overnight being usually the most convenient time. When they are thoroughly soaked, the water should be poured off and fresh water added. They should then be cooked until tender, with a little onion, celery, or other highly flavored vegetable, and salt, then put through a strainer to remove the skins. The juice and pulp should then be either

diluted or boiled down to the proper consistency for a soup and should be bound with a mixture of flour and butter, as milk soups are. An ounce of dried beans is very nearly equal in protein to a glass of milk, though the protein is not so completely digested.

Greens

Greens should be thoroughly washed in several waters. A good rule to follow in washing and also in removing cooked greens from the water in which they have been cooked is to lift the greens out rather than to pour the water off. When the water is poured off, the sand and grit which have sunk to the bottom of the pan are likely to get on the greens again. To preserve the color of greens add about one-eighth of a teaspoon of soda to each quart of water in which they are cooked; to preserve flavor avoid cooking longer than necessary to make them tender. Remove the greens from the water and season with salt and a little pepper; or reheat with a little fat or butter. The addition of butter, cream, oil, or savory fat to the cooked greens increases nutritive value and also improves flavor.

Boiled and Coddled Eggs

The most common way of preparing eggs is by cooking them for three minutes in boiling water. By this process the yolk is left entirely uncooked and the white is more cooked than many people think desirable. A better way is to place the eggs in hot water, remove them from the stove, and allow from six to eight minutes for cooking. Much will depend upon the temperature of the eggs and the amount of water used. In most cases, however, the following method will be found satisfactory: Bring to the boiling point one cup of water for each egg to be cooked, put the eggs into the water, remove from the fire, and cover the pan closely. Leave the eggs in the water from six to eight minutes. "Hard-boiled" eggs can be prepared in the same way by allowing a longer time.

Baked Omelet with Greens

1 quart or ½ pound spinach, kale, Swiss chard, or other greens
¼ cup butter or other fat.
½ cup flour 1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper 4 eggs
¾ cup liquid (milk, cream, water, soup stock, vegetable juice, or a mixture of two or more of these).

1 teaspoon lemon juice or vinegar.
Wash the greens with great care, boil until tender (which will take 20 to 25 minutes) in the least possible amount of water; drain and chop fine. A meat chopper will be found convenient for the purpose. Melt the butter add the flour, and cook for about one minute. Add the milk, stirring constantly, and cook until the mixture is smooth and thick. Add the chopped greens and the egg yolks, unbeaten. Beat the whites of eggs stiff and add them to the other mixture by the cutting and folding process. Pour into a buttered baking dish and cook in a slow oven for 30 minutes, or until firm and brown. Serve at once.

Rice or Macaroni and Cheese

Boiled rice or macaroni can be heated with enough grated cheese added to flavor it. If preferred, it may then be browned in the oven before serving.

Bran, Pea, or Cowpea Loaf

Any of the dried vegetables mentioned previously can be made into a loaf. They should be soaked and thoroughly cooked as for the soup, but with less water, and it is well not to add the seasonings until after the vegetables have been put through a sieve. Then chopped celery, green peppers, onions, pimientos, or grated cheese can be added and the mixture browned in the oven. The dish can be served either hot or cold.

Sauces

THERE is a great variety of sauces which can be used in the home to serve with meat or vegetables and can

also be used in making sandwich fillings. In a general way, they are made like milk soups, excepting that more flour is used. Two tablespoonfuls of flour and 2 tablespoons of butter or other fat are usually allowed for each cup of liquid. This liquid may be water, broth, tomato juice, milk, cream, the water in which vegetables have been cooked, or a combination of two or more of these.

Tomato Sauce

1½ cups tomato juice 1 slice onion
2 tablespoons flour Sprig parsley
2 tablespoons butter ½ teaspoon salt
⅓ teaspoon pepper.

Add the seasonings to the tomato juice and simmer until the liquid has been reduced to about 1 cup. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour, and when this is smooth add the strained tomato juice. Cook for a few minutes or until smooth and thick. The tomato juice may be used plain, omitting the first cooking with the seasonings.

This will provide a tablespoon for each of 16 people.

White Sauce

2 tablespoons butter ½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour ¼ teaspoon pepper.
1 cup milk.

Melt the butter, stir in the flour, and cook until smooth, but not brown; add the milk slowly and cook until smooth and creamy. Season.

This makes 12 portions of 1 tablespoon each.

Salad Dressing

Of numerous salad dressings, the following are well suited to school-lunch use. As they are used chiefly for moistening sandwich fillings, it is difficult to give the number of people they will serve.

Oil and Vinegar Dressing

½ teaspoon salt 2 tablespoons vinegar
Few grains cayenne
6 tablespoons oil (olive, cottonseed, peanut, or other).

Mix the ingredients and beat them until they are well mixed.

Cooked Salad Dressing

2 egg yolks 1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk ¾ tablespoon flour
¼ cup vinegar 1 teaspoon mustard
2½ tablespoons butter.

Mix all the dry ingredients with the egg yolks; beat until light and add the melted butter, cold milk, and hot vinegar. Cook in double boiler until the mixture coats the spoon. If it curdles, place the boiler at once into a pan containing cold water and beat until smooth. One whole egg may be used in place of two yolks.

Mayonnaise Dressing

1 egg yolk 1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard ½ teaspoon cayenne
1 tablespoon sugar
1 cup salad oil (olive, cottonseed, peanut, or other).

2 tablespoons lemon juice and vinegar.

Put the egg yolk into a cold bowl; add the seasonings and mix until smooth; then add the oil, one drop at a time, stirring constantly. As it thickens, thin with vinegar and lemon juice.

Sweets

Several recipes for simple sweets follow:

Fruit and Nut Confection

1 pound figs 1 pound nut meats
1 pound dried prunes or seedless raisins
Confectioners' sugar.

Wash, pick over, and stem the fruits and put them with the nut meats through a meat chopper, and mix thoroughly. Roll out to a thickness of about one-half inch on a board dredged with confectioners' sugar, and cut into small pieces. If this candy is to be kept for some time, the pieces should be separated by means of paraffin paper.

Provides 24 2-ounce portions.

Candied Fruit Peel

The candied peel of oranges, grapefruit, kumquats, and other citrus fruits make a good sweet which is economical, because it utilizes materials which might otherwise be thrown away. Its preparation makes an interesting school exercise. The skins can be kept in good condition for a long time in salt water, which makes it possible to wait until a large supply is on hand before candying them. The salt water takes out some of the bitter taste. The skins should be

washed in clear water after removal from the salt water, boiled until tender, cut into small pieces, and then boiled in a thick syrup until they are transparent. They should then be lifted from the syrup and allowed to cool in such a way that superfluous syrup will run off. Finally they should be rolled in pulverized or fine granulated sugar.

Honey Cakes

Simple honey cakes are convenient for use in school lunches, for, because of their unusual keeping qualities, a large supply can be made up at one time. Honey drop cakes and hard honey cake are especially suitable.

Boiled Custard

2 cups hot milk Speck salt
3 egg yolks Flavoring
¼ cup sugar.

Beat the yolks slightly and add the sugar and salt. Pour the hot milk over this mixture, stirring constantly. Cook in a double boiler, stirring until the mixture thickens and will form a coating on the spoon. Cool and flavor. If the custard curdles, beat with an egg beater.

If the whites of the eggs are to be used, beat them very stiff and add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Place by spoonfuls on water which is hot but not boiling. Cover the dish. Test occasionally by putting a knife into it; when it is done nothing will stick to the knife. Remove from the water with a wire egg beater or split spoon and place on top of the custard.

Saving Meat

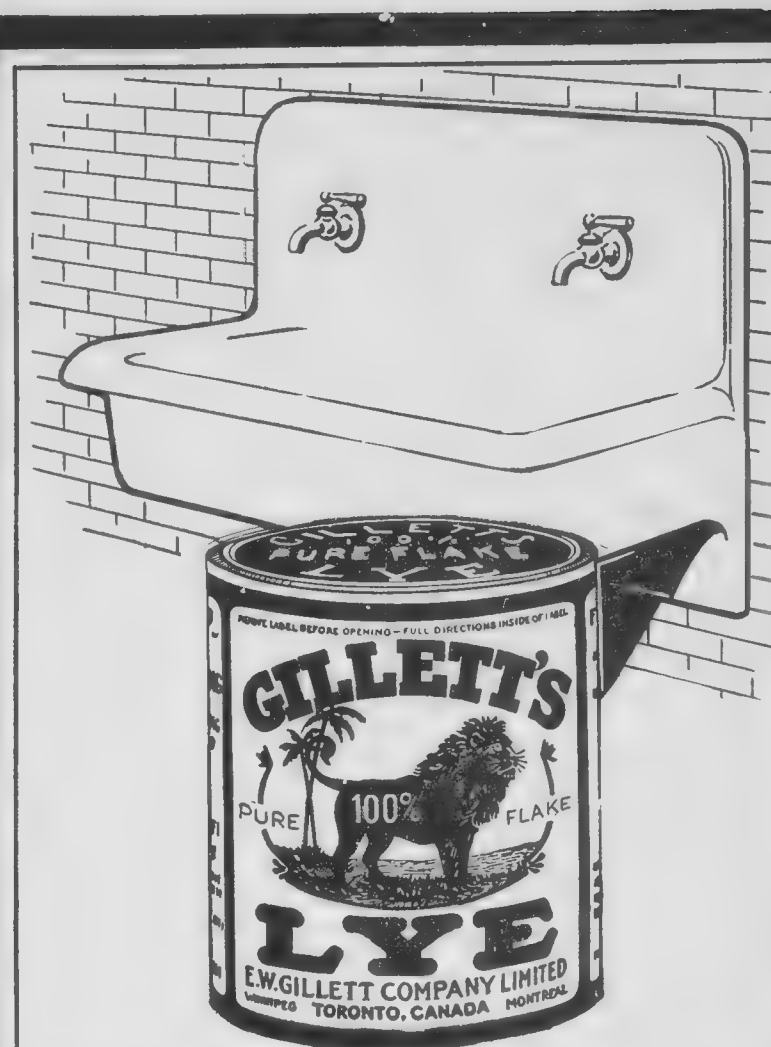
Milk, the absolutely essential food for children, is one which in its natural state cannot easily be transported because it is both perishable and bulky, i.e., contains a large amount of water as compared with nutritive material. Skim milk is even more bulky than whole milk. It is, nevertheless, a very valuable food for many purposes and capable of being used in many ways in the diet. Every pound of it, however, contains about 14½ ounces of water. The economical use of milk, whole and skim, therefore, depends upon its being used, so far as possible, near the place of its production. In addition to this, skim milk should be used, so far as possible, in institutions, like schools, to which it can be delivered in comparatively large amounts. While it might not be practical to deliver a gallon of skim milk in quart lots to four families, it might be to deliver it in one place, like a school. Milk, whether skim or whole, may be used—

1. As a beverage;
2. In making cocoa. Cocoa prepared with skim milk contains twice as much protein as that made with half whole milk and half water;
3. In cooking cereals. Rolled oats cooked in skim milk is palatable even when served without anything on it. It can be easily prepared in school in a fireless cooker. Rice cooked in milk makes a dish which can easily be carried from home and is palatable cold. Either food tends to reduce the amount of bread needed;
4. In milk soups and chowders.

Other foods which may be occasionally used to save meat, but which should never be wholly substituted for milk in the diet of children, are peanut butter, fish, eggs, cottage cheese, and other kinds of cheese. All of these can be made into sandwiches.

Except where the use of thin corn pones, Boston brown bread, and some similar dishes is common, the use of corn meal in the school lunch is not very practicable because of the fact that cold corn breads, like johnnycake, are not particularly palatable. There is no reason why corn breads should not be eaten cold if one likes them, but the fact that they are not generally so used has a bearing upon their usefulness for school lunch purposes. Boston brown bread is a sort suitable for using cold and makes excellent sandwiches. Thin crisp corn pones are also liked cold by many and can be used with cream cheese, for instance, for sandwiches, or for "bread and milk" with sweet milk or buttermilk.

The March Issue will contain the final instalment of this article. A few more recipes will be given, and methods of serving.



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Flannels hold a most important place. In checks and invisible plaids also in tartan plaids, as well as in stripes, they are most attractive. In solid colors, there are all the new shades in flannels. Soft pretty browns, rust, mandarin, cranberry, copper, catspaw, beetle green and many others.

Frocks for afternoon wear are marked by youthful lines, in velvet, crepe, canton or crepe satin, also in novelty cottons with silk and cotton figures. Lace and hand-made flowers, also bead embroidery are favorite decorations. Velvet is very satisfactory for all occasions excepting for sports wear.

The ensemble suit or costume has first place among the styles of this season. Its popularity is somewhat due to the fact that it may be developed in almost all materials. One will probably see this charming style in linens and other fabrics for the warm days of spring and summer.

There are quite a few new one-piece models in the "sports" type of flannel, faille or sports linen. Sports coats are shown in plaid, fleece, homespun and tweed.

Blouses, always interesting, were never more attractive. The overblouse as well as the tunic blouse which is nearly always in three-quarter length, are popular.

The styles are most elaborate in decoration and trimming: embroideries and brocades are combined with soft light materials such as crepe, crepe de chine and chiffon. Black and white contrasts are very effective in brocaded chenille, velvet on georgette.

Much attention is being given to garments for the woman of full figure. Satin crepe and other clinging materials are favorites. Soft lustrous velvets may also be chosen because they appear to lessen the size of the figure.

Fur, lace and bead ornaments are used for trimming.

Suede cloth is a popular serviceable coat material that lends itself pleasingly to trimmings of fur and fur cloth. Mole fur and braid are fine on a coat of satin. Coats of velours will take kolinsky fox and wolf fur.

Wool rep may be used for an afternoon dress, made in one piece with a slight drape at the left side. Bands of beaver and floss embroidery will make an attractive decoration.

Kasha is still smart and stylish for street and afternoon frocks. Braid and ornamental buttons were used to trim a coat dress of this material.

Chiffon velvet was used for a tunic dress, which is trimmed with bands of matched satin, and motifs of lace and fur.

Some of the most attractive styles show Directoire revers and collars.

The flare and high waistline also appear on fashion's horizon and circular effects are much in vogue. Novelty plaid flannel made a smart one-piece scarf-frock. The sleeves are long. The scarf ends form a panel at the left side, held by an ornamental button, and trimmed with fur bands at the ends.

The youthful dress of charmeen, made in one piece with the front lengthened to form a tunic over an underskirt, is trimmed with narrow rows of braid.

Shirred panels give a quaint, pleasing effect on a straight line frock of crepe satin. Gold and silver braid applied to form a design furnishes the trimming.

The new four-piece circular skirt is most attractive for sports and "separate" wear.

Velvet and lace are attractively combined in a youthful frock made with a long waist and apron tunic sections of the velvet over a plaited skirt of the lace.

On a coat dress of wool crepe, the waist portion was elaborately braided with soutache, forming a pleasing contrast to the plain tunic skirt portions.

A slip-on frock of plaid flannel made for a girl of twelve years has the skirt arranged in groups of side plaits between broad box plaits: to this the straight line long waist is joined. The convertible collar and bell sleeves are faced with suede.

A Pretty Apron—4992. Dotted percale with bands of sateen in a color to match the dots, is a very good suggestion for the development of this style. Cretonne or chintz, unbleached muslin and dotted Swiss could also be used. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, medium, large and extra large. A medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

An Up-to-date Frock for the Little Miss—4995. The "godet," a new style feature is effectively displayed in this pretty model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 1½ yard of 36-inch plaid or figured material and ¾

yard of plain, if made as illustrated. To make of one material requires 2½ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

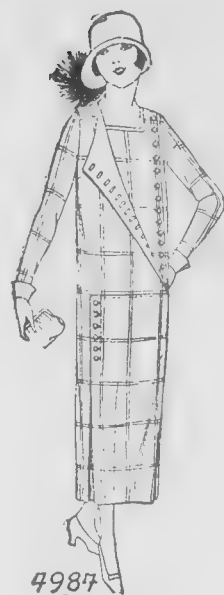
A Pretty Blouse—4974. Faille, silk or satin, with embroidery or contrasting material would be pleasing for this model. It is also good for crepe, crepe de chine or linen. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 3½ yards of 32-inch plain material, and ½ yard of contrasting material, if made as illustrated in the large view. Without the long sleeve portions 3¼ yards of plain material is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



A Stylish Frock for Mother's Girl—4998. Plaid woollen was chosen for this model. One could use wool rep, jersey or challie. This style is good also for gingham and other wash fabrics. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. If made as illustrated in the large view for a 10-year size 3 yards of 36-inch material will be required. If made with long sleeves 3¼ yards will be required. For the collar of contrasting material ¼ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Frock—4986. The girl who desires "something different" will be pleased with the style here portrayed. It has the popular front closing and a tiered effect in the flounces. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4 yards of 10-inch material. If made as illustrated ¼ yard of contrasting material will be required for collar and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A New Apron Frock—4913. The busy, practical house-keeper will welcome this simple frock and the bloomers that accompany it, because freedom and comfort while at work are so desirable. The bloomers may be of the same material



as the frock or of contrasting material. The pattern of this splendid style is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. The width of the frock at the foot is 1½ yard. To make this model for a medium size will require 4¾ yards for the frock and 2¾ yards for the knickers of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish design for "Stout" Figures—4983. Faille, broadcloth or satin as well as crepe and crepe satin would be suitable for this model. The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 36½, 38½, 40½, 42½, 44½, 46½, 48½, and 50½ inches for corresponding bust measure, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches, and waist measure, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45 and 47 inches. A 42-inch size (bust measure) requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material, with ½ yard of contrasting material for facings and collar, cut crosswise. The width of the dress at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for a Boy's Suit—4996. Flannel, tweed, serge or jersey cloth may be used for this model. It is also good for wash materials; for velvet or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 3¼ yards of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.



A Practical Popular Undergarment—4944. This style of corset cover is a favorite with women of mature figure. It may be made of batiste, nainsook, cambric or sateen, and if desired the seams may be boned. The neck edge may be in round, pointed or square outline. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 1½ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Play Frock—4977. This model is in "creeper" style, and has a very comfortable sleeve. It may be developed in poplin, pongee, cambric, flannel, gingham or chambray. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 6 months, 1 and 2 years. A 6-months size requires 2 yards of 27-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing Morning Dress—4803. This is a good model for women of mature figure. The closing is effected under the panel in front. Figured percale would be nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 40-inch size requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. The width at the foot with plaits extended is 2¾ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Youthful Dress—4984. This is a pretty style for the new plaid woollens and silks. The right front forms a wide revers. The skirt portion is finished with a separate panel which forms graceful plait fullness. This

pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. To face cuffs and revers portion of the front requires ¼ yard. The width of the dress at the foot is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Play Suit—4976. Checked gingham and linen are here combined. This model is also good for flannel, jersey weaves, for pongee or poplin, and other wash materials. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch material. If made with short sleeves ½ yard less is required. For collar, cuffs, facings and pockets of contrasting material ¼ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Style for Youthful Figures—4988. Charmeen in brown or blue with trimming of braid, will be suitable and attractive for this model; or, one could choose faille or taffeta. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width at the foot is 1½ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

A Popular Model for School Wear—4843. Plaid gingham with facings of linene is here portrayed. This is also a good style for flannel, alpaca, crepe and linen. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or, in short length finished



Photograph by Steichen. Costume by Frances Clyne.

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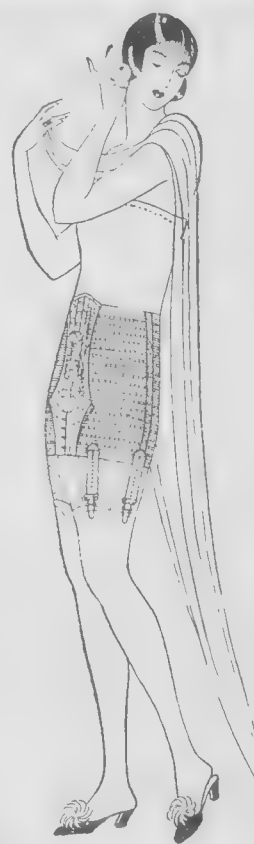
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Women in the Age of Chivalry and Now

IN the days when "knighthood was in flower," knights and troubadours were much given to paying courtly homage to fair ladies of high degree. But, nevertheless, what they really believed was that women were in every way inferior to men. They treated the women of noble families with chivalrously exaggerated fine manners; but, to state the truth, they did not, with all their show of picturesque gallantry, treat them with respect for their equal rights as human beings. With all the ceremonial deference to ladies of rank there went a belief in woman's mental inferiority, which degraded her to the level of a child, while it professed to exalt her as an angel. The age of chivalry did comparatively little for the advancement of poor and humbly born women, and very little for the true advancement of women of noble rank. Great men of ages long subsequent to the ages of chivalry, such as Rousseau in France, the outstanding eighteenth century of democracy and equality, and Doctor Samuel Johnson in England, his contemporary, urged that the education of women should always be relative to men, since, as Rousseau expressed it, "to please men was the object of their existence," and as Dr. Johnson wrote, "a studious wife would be very troublesome," adding that "a woman should be cautious in displaying good sense and a knowledge of practical affairs." Even in the latter part of the nineteenth century there were survivals of the old ideas about the subjection of women. In the past few decades greater progress has been made towards equal rights for women than in all the preceding centuries. No doubt there have been some of the extravagances and shortcomings which accompany every progressive movement. But women hold an immeasurably higher place in the world today than they did in the time "when knight-hood was in flower." And at the same time there is completer recognition by both men and women of the fact that woman's work as wife and mother, in its influence upon the future fathers and mothers of the race, is the greatest work in the world.

Oratory and Legislation

THERE reverberates now throughout the land the sound of the voices of our law-makers, Dominion and Provincial, from within the walls of the chambers where they are assembled for oratory and law-making. "Oratory, in its truest sense, is action, not words," writes Morley, in one of his books dealing with the Parliament of Great Britain. "It is character, will, conviction, purpose, personality." What is meant, of course, is that the sound of the voice, the mere artifices of delivery, are as nothing, but that what truly matters in every speech is that it shall be genuine and earnest. The power of public speaking is one of the most important factors in the working of democratic institutions. Of what incalculable advantage to our country it would be if every young man who is making his first endeavors in public speaking, and who possibly may be a figure in Canadian public life in the years to come, would hold steadfastly before him the ideal of genuine, earnest speech! But we must always remember that while we declare that it is required of every man in public life that he steer a straight course in speech and action, keeping clear of untruths and insincerities, the same thing is required in the private lives of us all, if we would live well and worthily. We all have the duty of putting character, will, conviction and purpose into our everyday living. No citizen who fails in that duty can, with entire fitness, condemn a man in public life who falls short in faithful public service.

Men Voters and Women Voters

IT is, of course, of the essence of equal suffrage that there shall be no distinction made in any way between men voters and women voters. Therefore there are no government statistics in Canada or in any other country to show separately how many women voters fail to use their franchise, and how many men voters fail. All we know from the official figures after an election is the aggregate number of electors who voted. It would be possible to go through the voters' lists and count the number of men entitled to vote and the number of women entitled to vote. But there is no way provided for ascertaining the number of men who voted and the number of women who voted. All we know is that there were so many human beings—men and women—entitled to vote, and so many voted. It would be interesting if we could have each of these totals, after each election, divided into the number of men and the number of women. No doubt there are public men who would declare that there are grave and weighty reasons of public policy against this idea. This, indeed, is what The Philosopher thinks himself. There should be no distinction made in any way between men voters and women voters. But, nevertheless, it would be interesting to know, as election succeeds election, how the percentage of women electors who go to the polls and mark their ballots compares with the number of men electors who do their duty likewise.

The Philosopher

The Human Unit

THE most striking thing in the accounts in the London newspapers of the newly-elected Parliament has been the attention given to the fact that Lloyd George has gone back to the seat he occupied twenty-five years ago when he first entered the House of Commons. But though he is a "back-bencher" once again, with his party associates reduced to a mere remnant, his amazing personality cannot but assert itself, no matter what the place he occupies. In the years of greatest stress in all history, he held a position which can be described only as that of virtual dictator, and bore a burden of responsibility greater than any man ever bore before. If, however, we can imagine the greatest man in the world dropped into the middle of an immense concourse of many thousands, so that he would be only one human unit in a vast throng of other human units massed together, surely his sense of his own importance would be diminished almost to nothingness. The individual is submerged in the mass. But the whole essence of civic virtue rests very largely in the individual citizen not allowing himself to be overwhelmed by a paralyzing sense that the individual does not matter. It is so easy for any one of us to feel convinced that the government of the country would go one very much the same whether he, or she, goes to the polling booth and marks the ballot or does not take the trouble to do so. But nothing could be plainer than that if every citizen acted in the belief that it did not matter whether he, or she, exercised the franchise (and what is of no less importance, took an active interest in the work of securing right representation which comes before nomination day and voting day), the whole cause of progress and human welfare would be endangered. It does matter, and matter immensely, that each one of us should do his, or her duty as a citizen on every day as well as election day. But how many of us keep this truth in mind constantly?

The Pot of Gold at the Rainbow's End.

IS there never to be an end of the series of swindles by which incredulous people are duped into imagining they are "investing" their money with the certainty of large returns? Again and again the newspapers tell of the bursting of such a swindle and the awaking of the victims from their dream of wealth to be obtained almost as easily as Aladdin obtained gold by rubbing his magic lamp, to find themselves not in the world of the Arabian Nights but in the world of hard reality, and their money vanished. But, for all that, it continues to be possible for glib-tongued plausible talkers to persuade people to exchange good money, or Victory Bonds or other equivalents of good money, for shares in some new concern which is to pay fabulously large dividends. It is an old trick of the swindlers to use some of the money they lure from their first dupes in a district in paying back large "dividends," as bait for drawing on others to swallow the hook. This is a trick which succeeds again and again. Every time there is an exposure of such methods, it seems incredible that such methods could be successful in an era like the present when there is so much dissemination of information and after so many collapses and exposures of "get-rich-quick" schemes. It will be a considerable time, apparently, before common sense in regard to these things and many other things will become really common.

We are Citizens of a Great Country

THE vast extent of the Dominion of Canada," says a writer in a Chicago newspaper, "makes it difficult for the Canadian people to achieve unity." But the plain truth of the matter is that the Canadian people have achieved unity. That they have done so in spite of the vast geographical extent of Canada is proof conclusive of the real greatness of this country, which is in the character of its people, their intelligence, their industry and their public spirit. The story is told in the book of memoirs written by an eighteenth century French nobleman who had been ambassador at the court of the Czar of Russia, that one of the Grand Dukes once asked a Minister of State to show him where England was on the map of Europe. The map was brought, and the Grand Duke held one side of it while the Minister of State held the other. "If I may venture to point out why your Imperial Highness cannot see England," said the Minister of State at last, with all deference, "your Imperial Highness's thumb is upon England." No Imperial Highness's thumb could cover Canada on the map. With the great country we have, surely we Canadians have in our country's history thus far every inspiration to do our utmost to make Canada still greater in every sense of the word.

A "Horrible Example," Indeed.

IN looking over the newspapers from Alberta not long ago, The Philosopher read with pleasure an editorial in the Bassano Mail about some of the solutions which are put forward in the East for the problems of the West. The editor of the Bassano Mail possesses that true Western characteristic, humor—a thing which is indefinable, though many attempts have been made to define it. The men who have the truest humor are men who are serious-minded. Abraham Lincoln is an outstanding example of such a man: a flash of his humor could throw an illuminating gleam over the most deeply serious question. The editor of the Bassano Mail ended his article on the futility of suggestions which reveal a lack of knowledge of Western conditions by making an ironic suggestion of his own. He proposed that a hundred miles or so of the Rocky Mountains should be levelled down and cleared away, so that rain clouds could drift in from the Coast without impediment and drop their rain on districts in need of it. Now, there is published in Toronto a journal entitled The Canadian Forum, which discusses Canadian problems with the utmost seriousness. It denounces this ironic suggestion of the editor of the Bassano Mail as "a horrible example of those crack-brained schemes for the expenditure of public funds which are being hatched in the country west of the Great Lakes. The Hudson Bay Railway, in the opinion of most, is a classic example of this sort." The laugh is on the Canadian Forum. What "a horrible example" it has furnished of self-importance made ludicrous by its own lack of humor! Evidently, the editor of the Bassano Mail, in order to make sure that superior Eastern minds like those in the office of The Canadian Forum in Toronto would take his meaning, should have printed after his suggestion these words: "(Joke. Ha! Ha!)" No doubt he is being reminded of Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem: "The Height of the Ridiculous," in which he tells how something he wrote made several people laugh so much that they injured themselves, and then ends by saying:

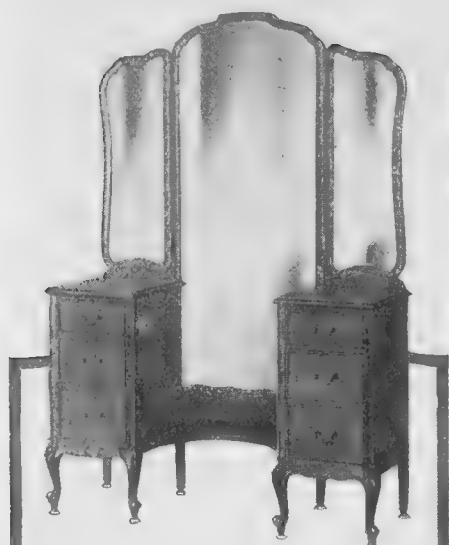
"Since then I never dare to write
As funny as I can."

We and Our Neighbors

THE newspaper readers of Canada read vastly more about the United States than the newspaper readers of the United States read about Canada; just as the newspaper readers of Scotland read vastly more about England than the newspaper readers of England read about Scotland. This condition is inevitable when a nation with a small population lies side by side with a greater neighbor speaking the same language. To the people of the United States numbering one hundred and ten millions, Canada, with its less than nine millions of people, does not loom large; and it is the other way round in Canada. Many of the books and newspapers which Canadians read are impregnated with United States thought and sentiment; there is practically no such influence exercised upon the people of the United States by Canadian books. As to the effects of radio broadcasting north and south of the line, each of us can form his own opinion. One thing is to be said with absolute certainty: It is that the continuance and increase of goodwill and understanding between the two English-speaking federations on this continent, heirs to the liberty of all the ages, living side by side in the vast expanse of their territories, are of vital importance to the peace and welfare of the world. The hope of humanity rests mainly upon the true concord of all the English-speaking peoples of the world. And this country stands in the position of highest importance for the maintenance and promotion of that true concord.

Dangers of Democracy

WRITING of the dangers of democracy, that great son of Scotland, James Bryce, who, near the close of his long and distinguished career as a statesman, ambassador and historian became Viscount Bryce, said that "as the love of money is the root of all evil, so the power of money is for popular government the most constant source of danger, worse than ignorance, worse than apathy, worse than faction, worse than demagogism, because it is so multifarious, so insidious, so hard to detect, so quick to spread." But is there not a greater danger to democracy in the indolence of citizens and their lack of vigilant interest in public affairs? If there were constantly in action the vigilant spirit which is the essence of good citizenship, the love of money would find it difficult to work evil in public affairs. The Philosopher, in thinking over the words of Bryce which he has just quoted, is inclined to think that the three chief hindrances to good citizenship are indolence, self-interest and unreasoning partizanship. Of these, indolence is the most general. And if we are to conclude that it is also the most harmful to the public good, it is because the other two make it serve their evil purposes. Self-interest is the most noxious, because it not merely perverts individual honesty and intelligence, but corrupts and turns to harmful ends the loyalty to party which meant, originally, loyalty to certain principles and ideals.



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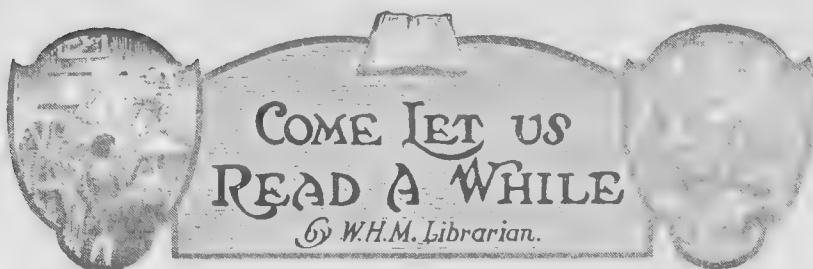
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THE other day I had the good fortune to sit next to Mr. Aylmer Maude during a dinner. Aylmer Maude is, as you doubtless know, the author of many important books, The Life of Tolstoy being one of them. He is, I think, the only authoritative chronicler of the habits and beliefs of that peculiar people, the Doukhobors. I was much interested, in the course of our conversation, to learn that it was Aylmer Maude who went to Russia, interviewed Tolstoy and later was instrumental in obtaining land from the Canadian Government for a Doukhobor settlement.

Suddenly, this noted writer switched the conversation away from these strange Russians by asking me if I knew anything about Dr. Marie Stopes.

At first I thought it was a case of association of ideas—a peculiar people, a peculiar person!

But when I told him that I had for fifteen years been interested in literary and scientific activities of this amazing woman, that I had gazed at her in awe when she attended the British Association held in Winnipeg, he explained his question.

"I've just written her life," he told me. "I have known her since she was a child and have been a close observer of her mental progress, manifold activities, and great achievements."

Shamelessly I asked him if I might have a review copy so that I could tell the readers of The Western Home Monthly about one of the most talked of women in the world today.

Yesterday I received a copy of "The Authorized Life of Marie C. Stopes" by Aylmer Maude (London, Williams and Norgate). Today I have read it. Surprising that one can compress into a comparatively short book the story of a life such as Dr. Stopes has lived! Surely proof of the biographer's power of selecting the most important, most revealing facts.

Aylmer Maude employs the simplest of language with which to portray this woman, in the prime of life, who is not only a noted Doctor of Science, an author of wide repute, dramatist, fairy-story writer, poet, and famous lecturer, but the founder of the Mothers' Clinic which has aroused a storm of enthusiasm, blast of condemnation, and given rise to a law-suit.

A couple of weeks ago, I heard Major Huston speak on the joys and rewards of being a biographer. He stressed as the rewards, the satisfaction that is derived from close contact with a human soul worth the knowing. I thought, as I read the life of Marie Stopes, that Aylmer Maude must have reaped golden rewards for he has been in close and continuous contact with the mind and soul of a woman nobly planned and nobly daring.

Hopeful Prisoners

THE title of the novel by Cosmo Hamilton is "Prisoners of Hope" (Hurst and Blackett) but ever since reading it, I have called it in my mind, "Hopeful Prisoners." The charming vaudeville artiste Chrissie, and the fascinating rascal Tony, son of an earl, are imprisoned by economic and social conditions over which they have little control. But they are such hopeful young beggars! Hopeful prisoners, looking through the bars and quite sure that one day they will walk into a Paradise. And so they do. A quite impossible but charming love story.

Unarresting Short Stories

TWO volumes of short stories that did not grip me—"Raw Material" by Dorothy Canfield and "Siege Perils" by Maude Diver. Pleasant enough companions for the fireside but nothing in

either of them that I burn to write about! And surely that's the test.

Such a Novel!

I REALLY can't write in prose about Ethel M. Dell's latest, "The Unknown Quantity." Such high falutin' romanticism throws me into verse!

A wondrous maiden, gorgeous eyes. And glorious hair and wealth galore. And suitors—well, at least a score. Her pride—her fall—and then her rise. The Unknown Quantity, Oh well, By E. M. Dell, its sure to sell.

Sorrow! Sorrow!

ON the day that you are in a pessimistic mood, avoid "People, Houses and Ships," by Elinor Mordaunt. (Hutchinson & Co.). But when you are craving food to satisfy your artistic delight in the marvellously wrought story, then this is the book to approach. Short stories and not one out of the number I have already read that is not painful. Let me recall to mind some of her people. Well, there is the debutante, a poor rector's daughter who has never been to a ball. What sacrifices the mother and sisters make, so that a suitable ball dress may be fashioned for Rachel. She is burnt to death in that ball dress before she has had time to enjoy one dance. Then the poor little dressmaker, Miss Vowse—she throws herself in the river where no debts are. And Bertha, the alien, shoots herself. I felt great relief when the fragile Wind Flower, the dancing girl of fifteen, was permitted to slip gently into the loving arms of Death. For three years the arms of life had been so merciless to this child. And so it goes—each story reveals another canker in the heart of humanity. Oh no, I am not tossing aside this book in anger that Elinor Mordaunt has made "People, Houses, and Ships" so bitter a dose. But neither am I passing on my copy to a morbid friend. I am keeping it on the book shelf where I place all volumes that I consider "helpful," books of reference and books on technique and guides to the journalist. I look upon Elinor Mordaunt's collection of short stories as a most valuable lesson to the would-be short story writer. I shall read them again, possibly several times in the hope of discovering the secret of transcribing a little bit of life on to paper, with the aid of comparatively few words. I would not be at all surprised to learn that Schools of Journalism have included "People, Houses and Ships" in the list of collections of short stories to be studied.

Sweet! Sweet!

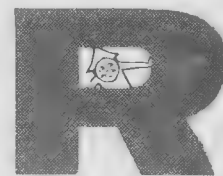
IT was a funny experience to pick up, directly after reading Elinor Mordaunt's grim book, a copy of "Chaperon to Cupid," by John Oxenham (T. Fisher Unwin). I cannot imagine two books in greater contrast. No murders, no illicit relationships, no suicides in John Oxenham's novel. He has written a clean, pleasant, healthy love story that may safely be put in the hands of the adolescent boy or girl; the type of book that parents are forever seeking.

The scene of this placid love-story is laid on the Brittany coast with much accurate description of that most interesting part of France. Many heroic adventures and a happy ending are the reader's reward. Of course this story will not please the sophisticated. It never makes one catch one's breath. The hero sees her, woos her and wins her. And both he and she are quite normal individuals! It is rather quaint to find the author speaking of himself in this story as Mr. Oxenham. But as "Chaperon to Cupid" is as different from the modern novel as chalk is from cheese. I see no reason why we should quarrel with the author because he speaks thus familiarly of himself. It is obvious that much is biographical.

Continued on page 47



Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.



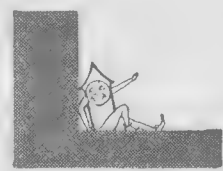
Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.



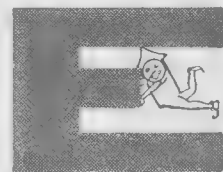
It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.



Good gum is good for you - doctors and dentists affirm this.



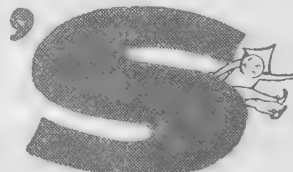
Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.



Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.



You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.



Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

R 36

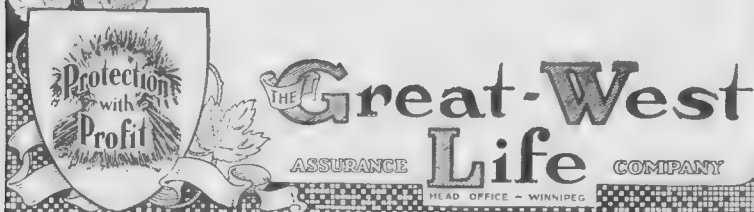
"after every meal" - the flavor lasts!



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INTERNATIONAL LOAN COMPANY

Balance Sheet as at December 31st, 1924

Authorized Capital, \$20,000,000.00. Subscribed Capital \$4,071,600.00

ASSETS	
Cash on hand	\$ 1,894.02
Cash in Bank, Current Acct.	8,290.20
Cash in Bank, Savings Acct.	35,000.00
Total Cash on Hand and in Bank	\$ 45,184.22
First Mortgages and Clear Title Agreements (including accrued interest)	\$520,861.81
Accounts Receivable (secured)	1,099.72
Real Estate (clear title)	53,459.86
Agreements Subject to Prior Claim	1,048.51
	\$621,654.12
LIABILITIES	
Liabilities to the Public	Nil
Capital—	
Capital Paid Up	\$551,298.06
Surplus—	
Reserve and Undivided Profit	70,356.06
	\$621,654.12

Winnipeg, January 10th, 1925.

We have audited the books and examined the vouchers for the year 1924, and hereby certify the above Balance Sheet to be, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to exhibit the true and correct position of the Company, and to be in accordance with the books and records as at December 31st, 1924. The Cash and Bank Balances have been verified and all securities examined and found in order. All of our requirements as auditors have been complied with.

DAVID COOPER & COMPANY, Chartered Accountants.

INTERNATIONAL LOAN COMPANY

224 CURRY BUILDING

WINNIPEG, CANADA

Ask the Manager

There are many things the Manager of the Union Bank can help you with.

His daily contact with business problems enables him to give you competent advice. He will gladly do it. 980



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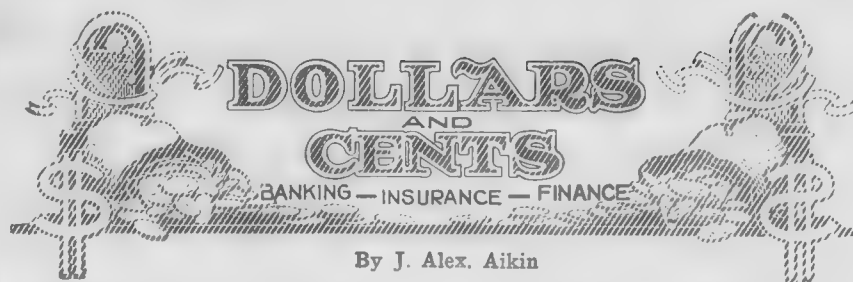
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Orillia, Ont.



By J. Alex. Aikin

SUCCESSFUL YEAR FOR UNION BANK

Annual Statement of Canada's Western Bank Discloses Great Strength in Liquid Assets

THE Union Bank of Canada, with its Head Office located in Winnipeg, is regarded as representative of Western Canada in the banking world, and the sixtieth annual report, which was presented to the shareholders at the annual general meeting held at the Head Office on Tuesday, Jan. 13th. will therefore be of particular interest to all Western Canadians. Being the sixtieth annual report to be issued, it marks the diamond jubilee of the institution.

One of the outstanding features of the report is the great strength of the Bank's Liquid Assets—those investment holdings which can be quickly and readily converted into cash should the need arise. The ratio of these gilt-edged quickly convertible securities as compared to the Bank's total liabilities to the public is over 52 per cent as against 49.5 per cent. at the close of the previous fiscal year.

The profits earned during the year, together with the balance of profits carried over from 1923, give a total of \$1,229,016 available for distribution. This has provided for the payment of the four regular quarterly dividends amounting to \$640,000; for Dominion Government taxes \$134,581, and for the usual contribution of \$10,000 to the Officers' Pension Fund. Adhering to their conservative policy, the Directors have wisely apportioned the remainder of the profits to a reduction of \$25,000 in the value of Bank Premises, to the setting up of a contingent account of \$100,000, and to increasing the balance to be carried forward to next year.

The total assets stand at \$120,575,115, as shown by the balance sheet. The reserve and undivided profits are \$2,069,434. In common with the experience of other banks and investment institutions, the period under review has shown a small contraction in the amount of deposits. Savings accounts represent \$66,987,204, and current accounts \$25,287,812 of total deposits of \$92,275,016.

It is to be noted that there is no item corresponding to the liability of \$8,100,000 to the Dominion Government, which appeared in the previous year's statement under the head of "Advances under the Finance Act," indicating that the Bank's enviable liquid position has this year enabled it to take care of the peak load of business incident to the movement of Western Canada's crop without having to take advantage of that provision of the Finance Act which permits borrowing from the government for this purpose.

Shareholders, depositors and the public generally, will commend the excellent guidance of the Bank's affairs, which has brought such satisfactory returns to the shareholders, and at the same time has not only maintained the already strong position of the Bank in relation to its liabilities to the public, but has improved it, and the statement also reflects much credit on Western Canada for the measure of support and confidence which has enabled the Union Bank to make such a good showing.

International Loan Company

THE improved condition with the farmers of the West in general have meant much to the financial institutions in the way of payments on principal and interest on mortgage loans. In this respect the International Loan Company, a vigorous Western financial concern, has shared bountifully. Payments maturing this current season out of the

1924 crop have been creditably cared for and past-due bills have been cleared up in most cases. G. W. Argue, Managing Director of the company, states: "I am more firmly convinced than ever, after the experience of the past few years, that for real security it is difficult to find anything to surpass a good farm mortgage."

The International Loan Company has steadily pursued an aggressive policy, tempered with prudence and caution. The result is apparent in the audited statement which indicates no liabilities to the public and a reserve and undivided profits balance of \$70,356.

The Company operates under a federal charter, has authorized capital of \$20,000,000, of which \$4,071,600 has been subscribed and \$551,298 paid up. During the past year special attention has been paid to consolidating the position of the Company and collection of stock subscriptions, with the result that assets showed an increase in excess of \$60,000, and a surplus of \$30,000 over last year. The cash balance of \$45,184 in the Bank gives the International Loan Company funds available for new loans.

Among Western financial institutions, the position of the International Loan Company is indeed an enviable one. It has now completed its 11th year and every year has been marked by solid advancement.

The Raisin Tariff

OPPOSITION to the new Canadian Australian trade agreement under which the duty on all foreign raisins except Australian will be increased to three cents a pound continues to develop in the three prairie provinces.

Following up the recent petition sent by the Manitoba wholesale grocers to the government at Ottawa protesting against the increased raisin tariff, a farm paper which has a wide circulation through the Western provinces, answers the government's assertion that the increase in the price of raisins to the consumer would not be great and that trade outlets will soon adjust themselves to the new conditions by saying:

"It is apparently of little interest how much the consumer is soaked provided there is benefit for the manufacturer. This Australian treaty is merely a case of placing another burden of \$1,000,000 upon the consumers of Canada in order to subsidize the growers of raisins in Australia 6,000 miles away, and open up new markets for the Canadian manufacturers.

"The present duty of two-thirds of a cent per pound on raisins is plenty high enough. Furthermore, the consumers of Canada are not complaining about either the variety or the quality of the raisins they are now eating. If the Dominion government wished to encourage trade with Australia they might have placed Australian raisins on the free list and left the general tariff where it stands today. But, to raise the duty 350 per cent. and take \$1,000,000 out of the consumers of Canada in order to subsidize growers 6,000 miles away is an indefensible act. Here on the prairies the consumers are already heavily penalized in order to subsidize our own protected industries and our own Canadian fruit growers. But when it comes to placing another burden on our consumers for the benefit of growers in other lands, it is going a bit too far."

A Harvest for Someone

"The shingle effect will never be really fashionable," says a writer.

But just at present it cannot be denied that it's a la mowed.

The Man in the Moon

By Janey Canuck

(All rights reserved by the Author)

"WHY should I insure my life?" asked a big buffalo of a fellow the other day. "Let my children make the same effort that I have. I don't believe in the 'silver-spoon' business."

As a matter-of-fact, this man has made no special effort at all. The business which he conducts in our town was purchased with money he inherited from the sale of his father's farm in Oxford County, Ontario, he having inherited it when his father died.

Although he is a big man physically, he is actually as small as if he lived in the moon—at any rate, as small in spirit.

What do I mean? Just this! Scientists tell us that if a man were six feet tall here, he would be fully grown at eighteen inches on the moon. "The man in the moon" would not reach to the knee of one of our men, and a dog would be no bigger than a cricket.

Maybe it was a knowledge of these facts that led the witty Dean Swift to write "Gulliver's Travels" in which the hero journeys to the land of little men called Lilliputians. Be this as it may, the man who refuses to protect his children against his death or total disability may fairly be dubbed a Lilliputian.

That our nation-folk are learning this is evidenced by the fact that the amount of life insurance in force is growing rapidly from year to year so that it has become Canada's favourite investment.

In the world at large, over thirty millions of people are spending their money to obtain it—they are buyers of life assurance.

It is commonly said that the public are insured through companies chartered by the Government for this purpose. This is true, of course, but in the final analysis, it will be seen that the buyers of insurance actually insure themselves.

How is this done? It is done by a number of people coming together and agreeing that if a certain loss happens to one of them, all of them shall agree to repair that loss. In a word, the people co-operate to absorb the shock according to the number contributing, and the proportion agreed to by each contributor in a form of agreement called a policy.

It was a consideration of this policy that drew from Grover Cleveland, the President of the United States, the strong and pertinent comment that as a business arrangement it was "made sacred by the pathos of its purpose." Continuing, he said that life insurance would continue to bless the world as long as civilization lasts, and would endure and grow as long as civilized man took forethought of the event of his death.

For this reason, you will agree with me, I hope, that the man who refuses to insure his life for the benefit of his family lest they become coddled or weak, is a mere moon-man—a dwarfish, insignificant fellow—one whose soul is only of knee height, and that even his dog, however pedigreed, can be no larger or important than a cricket.

Emily F. Murphy.

UNION BANK OF CANADA

60th Annual Statement, 29th November, 1924

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance at credit of account, 30th November, 1923.....	\$ 317,074.73
Net profits for the year, after deducting expenses of management, interest due depositors, reserving for interest and exchange, and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, have amounted to.....	911,942.15
	\$ 1,229,016.88

Which has been applied as follows:	
Dividend 148 2%; Dividend 149, 2%; Dividend 150, 2%; Dividend 151, 2%.....	640,000.00
Written off Bank Premises.....	25,000.00
Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund.....	10,000.00
Dominion Government Taxes paid on Bank Note Circulation, and Reserve for Income Tax.....	134,581.94
Reserved for Contingencies.....	100,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	319,434.94
	\$ 1,229,016.88

LIABILITIES	
Capital Stock.....	\$ 8,000,000.00
Reserve Account.....	\$ 1,750,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward.....	319,434.94
	\$ 2,069,434.94
Unclaimed Dividends.....	4,935.98
Dividend No. 151, payable 1st December, 1924.....	160,000.00
	2,234,370.92
	\$ 10,234,370.92
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	\$10,144,535.00
Deposits not bearing interest.....	25,287,812.37
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement.....	66,987,204.15
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	450,591.06
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and Foreign Countries.....	4,040,193.39
	106,910,335.97
Letters of Credit outstanding.....	3,428,708.25
Liabilities not included in the foregoing.....	1,700.50
	\$120,575,115.64

ASSETS	
Gold and Silver Coin.....	\$ 1,117,033.42
Dominion Government Notes.....	8,944,142.00
	\$ 10,061,175.42
Deposit with the Minister of Finance for the purposes of the Circulation Fund.....	420,000.00
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves.....	2,200,000.00
Notes of other Banks.....	789,290.00
United States and other Foreign Currencies.....	99,988.31
Cheques on other Banks.....	4,559,189.82
Balances due by other Banks in Canada.....	87,929.99
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada.....	2,006,340.44
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities not exceeding market value.....	14,183,763.04
Canadian Municipal Securities and British Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value.....	7,523,649.46
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks not exceeding market value.....	3,085,630.84
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	12,585,210.53
Call and Short (not exceeding 30 days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks and other Securities of a sufficient marketable value to cover.....	25,932.66
	\$ 57,628,100.51
Loans to Governments and Municipalities.....	4,289,105.64
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	47,667,585.49
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest) after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts.....	1,250,814.79
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	562,613.67
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank.....	366,982.48
Non-Current Loans, estimated loss provided for.....	1,058,222.33
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	2,163,932.55
Liabilities of customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra.....	3,428,708.25
Shares of, and loans to, controlled companies.....	2,149,300.00
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	9,749.93
	\$120,575,115.64

NOTE: Included in Call and Short Loans in Canada are Loans secured by grain amounting to \$11,434,626.92.

NOTE: Bonds of the Canadian Realty Corporation, Ltd., to the extent of \$2,450,000, secured on premises leased to the Bank, are in the hands of the Public. These Bonds do not appear in the above Statement as the Bank is not directly liable therefor.

W. R. ALLAN, President.

J. W. HAMILTON, General Manager.

AUDITORS' REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

We have compared the above Statement of Liabilities and Assets with the Books and Accounts at Head Office and with the certified returns from the Branches.

We have verified the securities representing the investments of the Bank at the close of the financial year, when we also checked the cash at the Chief Office. During the year we checked the cash and verified the securities at several of the principal Branches.

We report that we have obtained all the information and explanations which we have required; that all transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have, in our opinion, been within the powers of the Bank; and that the above Statement of Liabilities and Assets as at 29th November, 1924, is, in our opinion, properly drawn up so as to disclose the true condition of the Bank, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books of the Bank.

Winnipeg, 23rd December, 1924.

E. S. READ, of GEORGE A. TOUCHE & CO. } Auditors
A. B. BRODIE, of PRICE WATERHOUSE & CO. }

Let Your Banker Collect It

IF you wish to collect a debt from a party in another section, you can have your banker draw a draft on him at sight or for a given time. This will be presented through his local banker as request for payment from you. When your draft is paid it is turned over to the payer. It is his receipt for an account paid.

This is only one of the numerous ways in which the Bank of Montreal can be of service to its customers.

"A Bank where small accounts are welcome."

Bank of Montreal

Established over 100 years.

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF \$700,000,000.



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By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

The Young Man and His Problem

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

A Course in Economics

IT is a pleasure to announce that the well-known Canadian publishers, the MacMillan Company, of Toronto, have produced a book entitled "An Introduction to Economics for Canadian Readers."

The author is Duncan Alexander MacGibbon, who is Professor of Political Economy in the University of Alberta. Prof. MacGibbon says that the reason for the appearance of the book is that while there are quite a number of books on economics, none has been written with a Canadian background. This book is intended to fill the gap. It aims to give the Canadian beginner in economics a simple and concise introduction to the subject.

It is a book that the young man can read to good advantage. The language is plain and easy to understand and Canadian information is provided wherever explanations of economic points are needed.

Among the many practical matters that are dealt with may be mentioned production; goods and wealth; primary industries; manufacturing industries; business organization; money, credit and banking; transportation; distribution; rent and wages; interest and profits; monopoly; labor organizations and international trade.

The following paragraph concerning labor is a specimen of the clear and interesting language in which the book is written:

"Labor stands in the closest relationship to land in the productive process. God may give the increase and richly dower nature, but if man does not put forth his efforts these gifts of nature will go unappropriated and unused. 'We may define labor as any exertion of mind or body, undergone, partly or wholly, with a view to some good other than the pleasure derived directly from the work. This definition covers all forms of labor, the unskilled common laborer, the skilled mechanic, the foreman or supervisor, the professional man and the business manager.'"

Only recently in Western Canada, farmers and other citizens have lost amounts, in many cases representing their total savings, aggregating upwards of one million dollars. They were relieved of this money by a man who according to newspaper reports was thoroughly unscrupulous. The arguments that he used were based upon lure of large profits and his victims were influenced accordingly. Had they been familiar in a greater degree with some of the principles of economics they must have realized that the arguments advanced were entirely unsound from a business point of view.

As a rule, a book on economics runs to some five or six hundred pages, but Professor MacGibbon has rendered a service by presenting the subject in two hundred pages. The book is of convenient pocket size, is clearly printed, and substantially bound. It is the equivalent of a short course in economics and our readers are recommended to get acquainted with it. Young men of Canada, whatever their occupations may be, ought to be the possessors of the information that this book contains.

Wisely, and Slow

RECENT exposures of men resident in Canada—we cannot style them Canadian citizens—who have been in a hurry to make fortunes, and who in so hurrying have brought disgrace upon themselves and suffering upon others, point again to the need for being on guard against the dangers of cupidity, which the dictionary defines as: An eager desire to possess something; inordinate or unlawful desire, especially of wealth or power; avarice; covetousness.

If money must earn interest at all, it is better to be satisfied with five per cent. and safety, than to look for ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent. and run the risk of losing savings that have resulted from much hard work.

Not long ago, a young man who had only recently started in business life, was earning a salary of seventy dollars a month. A little later, he was offered seventy-five dollars a month by another firm. He consulted a business friend and a little study soon showed that the position paying the lower salary offered more certain opportunities of promotion.

The position that for the time being pays the most money is not always the one to look for; and the investment (or speculation) that promises unusual profits may ultimately prove very unprofitable.

"Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast."—Shakespeare.

Starting and Finishing

IN the long run, says F. W. Taylor, an agriculturist, it makes much less difference whether a man has had a liberal education, or money, or a distinguished family back of him, than most of us imagine.

The one who never makes a determined start because he lacks one of these, or something else, usually has himself to blame for lack of at least a fair measure of success.

By the time a man is forty, and for that matter, frequently earlier, and always increasingly thereafter, it is usually nearly or quite impossible to tell how he was equipped or helped at the start, or if he had to make his own way unaided.

By this I mean that the seeming inequalities of the start are soon wiped out; much sooner than we generally think.

If a man is interested in his vocation, he has become a leader in it, to a greater extent than the average; and every vocation offers many points of interest for the thoughtful student.

And remember, that a student is simply one who studies, whether in a school, or a shop, or at home, or in the open. Never forget that.

If you feel that you have not a fair start, you ought to be heartened by the number who have succeeded with no more start than you have.

A college education should be a great help to a young man. Too often it is not.

Money should be a help, oftener it is a hindrance.

Family connections should be a stimulus, but really often stand in the way of growth.

The farther you get past the forty line in the life of a man, the harder it becomes to classify him as to his early equipment and opportunities.

If he has mingled, as he has had opportunity, with the wisest and best men he has met; if he has read the recorded works of the world's greatest thinkers; if he has cherished and practised the use of good English; if he has kept himself clean, through and through, you will admire and honor him, and never think to ask what start he had.

It is the finish that counts, not the start.—Touchstones of Success.

A Rating of Fitness

THE information that follows is taken from a chart that is used by some educational authorities in judging the fitness of young men to proceed to certain higher branches of study. A certain percentage is given for each quality. The qualities listed and their definitions, furnish information that should prove suggestive to any young man.

1. Reasoning Power: Capacity for solving problems, both deductive and inductive.
2. Originality: Creative imagination, brilliancy, playful initiative and fertility of rational ideas.
3. Memory: Extensive, logical, serviceable and ready command of facts.
4. Alertness: Quick, incisive, and responsive observation, thought and feeling.
5. Accuracy: Precise, keen, regular and reliable observation, thought and feeling.
6. Application: Power of concentration, sustained attention, persistence, and well-regulated effort.
7. Co-operation: Capacity for intellectual companionship, team work and leadership.
8. Moral Attitude: Intellectual honesty, wholesome moral standards, ideals and influences.
9. Health: Nervous stability; physique, vitality, and endurance.
10. Zeal for Investigation: Deep interest in and craving for original and creative work.

Getting In Debt

WHEN a man is told to keep out of debt, people, as a rule, will say that such advice is good. Louis F. Swift, well-known in the Chicago packing industry, holds a contrary opinion, however, and to him the following words are ascribed:

"Debt has often been the making of many young men. I have often said to employees: 'Get in debt.' Later, these men have told me that it was the best thing they ever did.

"Don't get in debt for clothing or luxuries, but do so for some investment of intrinsic value. Sound investment means development of the saving habit.

"As soon as you get one thing paid up, buy something else—get in debt again!"

Opinions On Getting Ahead

IF I have attained any success in my life, it has been due, above all things, to hard work.—A Rabbi.

A simple and natural boyhood, high ideals, and self-reliance, will carry anyone to success.—A College Dean.

Keep your lamp well trimmed—use plenty of mid-night oil. Fire your ambition and strengthen your endurance by the study of how many great men have suffered to succeed.—A Sculptor.

The man who is waiting around for something lucky to turn up has time to see a preparedness parade pass by him—the procession of those who have formed the habit of turning things up.—A College President.

I like Emerson's idea that the soul contains the event that shall befall it; that success is, after all, the product of a man's character. Build those qualities that command success, and success will come almost as a matter of course.—A Manufacturer.

I cannot measure my success by the positions I have held or by the accumulation of wealth, but only by the happiness which I have had in my work.—An Engineer.

If a young man is impatient, he will render too swift judgments. He will hurt himself through his passionate desire to arrive at a certain place before the proper time.—A Journalist.

Service must be loyal. It cannot, as a whole, be merely place-holding and salary-drawing. No arrangement of society can long endure where the slacker has the same rewards as the good workman.—A Novelist.

Success is becoming what we are planned to be. Everything in nature is successful. The blade of grass is just as successful as the giant oak. I believe that success is for everybody, just as much for one as for another.—An Editor.

Quality in work, like quality in merchandise, soon commands recognition. The man who possesses the force of character, the initiative to make his work stand out, and who is always ready for more, soon finds his responsibilities increasing.—A Business Executive.

Working for Promotion

A YOUNG man mentioned to me some time ago that he was not satisfied with the position he was holding. I asked him some questions about his work, much as a physician would question his patient about symptoms for, after all, when a young man is troubled by a problem in which his life work is involved, his "case" needs careful study and diagnosis.

I found that he was associated with one of the assistant managers of a firm that is rated highly in the business world. He had an opportunity to learn much about the details of a business which produces materials for which there is a steady demand. He was frequently left in sole charge of the office and thus had an opportunity to develop initiative but— he was unsatisfied.

He was under twenty years of age and he thought he might have to wait a long time for promotion. I asked him how long the head of his department had been in reaching his position and the reply was, "Twelve years." I then pointed out that by studying the work of the man ahead the position would in all probability become his some day, and there would also be several intermediate stages of promotion. Even if promotion should not come, the experience gained would prove valuable in other branches of business life.

A successful wholesale grocer says: "Make yourself a specialist in your work. And, as you advance, study also the position above you. Some day the man who holds it will be promoted or will resign.

To a young man of twenty, twelve years seems a long time, but it is no small achievement to be an assistant manager with a responsible firm, at thirty-two years of age.

A Short Course in English

ARTICLE No. 5, on the writing of business letters, will appear in the March issue.

Five Questions

1. Can a person be a good worker without taking any interest in civic questions?
2. What can people do to lessen or prevent depressions and unemployment?
3. Why is it important for a man to produce more than he consumes?
4. Are you interested in securing advancement for personal reasons only or for the purpose of serving others more effectively?
5. Is education today more important or less so than it was ten or twenty years ago? Why?



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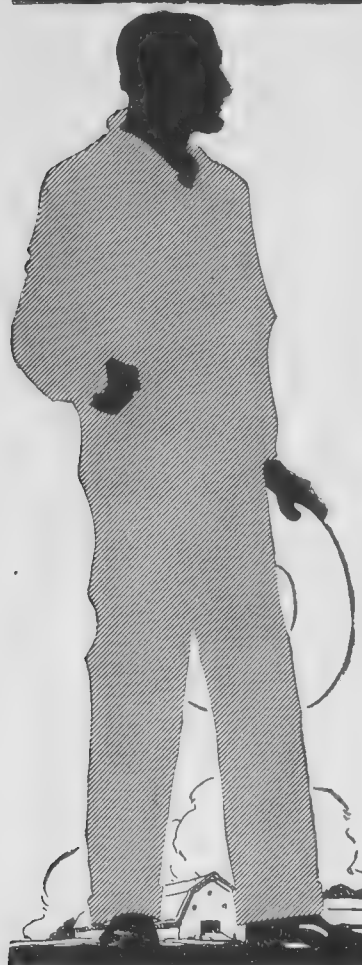
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The Bugbear of Interference

RADIO has entered the New Year with one of the biggest problems still unsolved—how to eliminate interference from radiating receiving sets.

Thousands of radio users do not require any special tests to inform them about the devilishness of radiation from oscillating receivers, but they, in common with all radio fans, will be interested in the unique tests recently conducted by the Cleveland Plain Dealer over Station WTAM in Cleveland, Ohio, as a part of the interference survey undertaken in co-operation with the Cleveland Radio Association. Squeals started deliberately in Cleveland for test purposes were heard over one-quarter of the American continent. They were picked up clear to the Atlantic Coast, and as far southwest as Texas.

Even after Harry A. Mount and Deane S. Kintner of the Plain Dealer's radio staff, had eliminated the reports of persons who, in addition to their regular equipment, had used "two stages of imagination," the authentic reports clearly established the tremendous area over which radiating receivers spread interference.

In the first test, on Nov. 19, they report, those listening in to the station were asked to divide into two groups, according to the alphabetical order of their names, and each group in turn was asked to put its sets into oscillation for a three-minute period, while the other group listened. This was only within the city of Cleveland and its suburbs, however. All listeners outside that territory were asked to report on what they heard.

The second test, conducted a week later, was designed to check the results of the first. In this test three radiating receivers were "planted," one on the East Side of Cleveland, one on the West Side and one in Akron. Each was provided with a mechanical arrangement for causing it to squeal at regular intervals, about once a second. Listeners both in Cleveland and at a distance were asked to report on what they heard.

In all, more than 2,000 reports on the two tests were received from all over the continent, and one even came from South America.

A perusal of these letters indicates pretty clearly that both tests were heard and identified over an area equal to about a quarter of the United States. The first test was heard with greater volume than the second, where only individual oscillators were used, and more reports from a distance were received on the first test. Scattered reports from about the same area, however, indicate that sensitive sets did pick up the three squealers and identified the intermittent note.

The greatest number of letters came from a distance, from the East coast states of New York, Massachusetts and Connecticut.

Hundreds of persons—many of them hundreds of miles from Cleveland—heard the disturbance created there. It was noted that oscillations set up by the second group were louder than those from the first. Possibly three-fourths of the apparently authentic reports mentioned that fact.

In spite of the volume of evidence to the contrary, the paper was still a little skeptical that a radiating receiver could produce a wave which could be heard several hundred miles away. It thought that perhaps listeners all over the country had misunderstood instructions and had put their sets in oscillation so that the disturbance was not only confined to Cleveland but in a lesser degree to all of the area from which reports were received.

It was for the purpose of checking this that the second test was made. Because the signal could be positively identified, the second test was, from a scientific

viewpoint, probably the more valuable of the two. These facts were noted about the three oscillators:

No. 1. on the east side of Cleveland, was of medium intensity, with a very regular beat, squealing a little slower than once a second and breaking cleanly after each beat.

No. 2 in Lakewood, was very loud, had a sort of "double shuffle" effect in its beats, but broke cleanly and was a little faster than one beat per second.

No. 3 was weaker than the others (even to listeners equidistant from the three) was less regular in its action, somewhat slower than the others and did not break cleanly but rather sounded like a variation of a continuous whistle.

All three of the radiating sets were heard clearly by listeners in Cleveland and within a radius of about fifty miles of the city. Again the paper received about 1,000 letters reporting on the test, but this time most of the letters came from within that fifty-mile radius.

Less imagination was used than on the former test, for nearly every report was positive in its identification of the three receivers. This may account for the scarcity of letters from a distance. Not enough reports of a positive nature were received from distances up to 400 miles to indicate that all three radiating receivers could be heard over that distance on a sensitive receiving set. Many persons reported hearing only the first two sets in Cleveland. That may be because the Akron set was weaker than these, or because it sounded different and may not have been identified.

As to the intensity of the squeals from these three sets—in the city of Cleveland, over an area of some fifty square miles, where there are thousands of radio listeners, the two Cleveland sets were heard with great intensity. Certainly they were loud enough to have interfered with reception from distant points any place in the city. The west side set was loud enough to have interfered with even local reception at distances as great as thirteen miles. Indeed, listeners on the east side of the city reported they would have thought the west side "squealer" next door had they not known the location.

The Akron squealer was heard only faintly in Cleveland, and the Cleveland squealers only faintly in Akron. In either case no serious interference would have been experienced from them. Although heard at great distances, the sets probably would not have caused what might be termed interference at distances greater than twenty-five miles.

But consider how many receivers capable of radiation there are in a city like Cleveland, where almost any one of them may interfere with reception by other sets tuned to the same wave, all over the city.

What shall be done about interference from oscillating receivers? We do not know, but the above tests are another addition to the accumulated evidence which indicates that such interference is the most serious problem of radio reception today.

Canadian National Radio

As part of the radio service of the Canadian National Railways, a special broadcast to farm listeners-in is being sent out from the various stations operated by the system. Winnipeg station, CNRW, and Ottawa, CNRO, broadcast regular livestock and other market reports provided by the Federal Department of Agriculture, Markets Branch; news items and talks of interest to farmers are broadcast periodically; a special travel talk keeps the farmers' kiddies interested and at the same time teaches them something of the country in which they live; while music and other entertainment features are sent through the air every night of the week.

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WITH THE MANITOBA WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

THE Institutes, during the month previous to Christmas, have been exceptionally busy gathering and re-making clothing for those whose circumstances are not all that could be desired — preparing Christmas hampers, carrying flowers and delicacies to the sick and shut-ins and bringing Christmas cheer generally, during the holiday season.

Successful bazaars have been staged by the following Institutes—Lenore, Mayfield, Medora, Roblin, Warren, Berton, Crandall and Elphinstone.

ARROW RIVER had each member state a New Year resolution for their December roll call. Fruit and jellies were collected at Christmas time for the Miniota Hospital.

ASHERN had the pleasure of listening to a splendid discourse by their own home lawyer, Mr. S. Garson, on "The Married Woman's Property"—this was followed by a discussion, Mr. Garson kindly answering many questions which were asked of him.

AUSTIN had a very enjoyable concert on New Year's night. The programme for the coming year will include a study of our own Canadian authors.

AVONLEA had a very jolly time at a fowl supper held recently.

AMARANTH have planned a series of social entertainments for the winter months. The first one was held on New Year's night. A course in first aid will be given by the resident nurse, Miss Meekle, in January.

BALMORAL joined with the local U.F.M. in the holding of a tea and concert.

BELMONT are having a sale of home cooking, the proceeds together with a bale of clothing, will be sent to the Children's Aid.

BIRDS HILL along with their other activities have organized a reading circle.

BIRTLE put on a programme for the children at their December meeting, at which 150 children were present. Three pairs of blankets and three mattresses and some kitchen utensils were donated to the local hospital.

BOWSMAN sent a donation to the Red Cross to buy supplies for a needy family. A play entitled "Her Honor the Mayor" was put on in December, which was much enjoyed by those present.

CLEARWATER had one of their members, Mrs. C. Embury, give a talk on "Christmas in Other Lands."

COULTER held a dance, the proceeds from which were sent to the Children's Aid. Clothing was made and sent through the Red Cross to needy families.

CROMARTY have been busy raising funds for the Sunday School and Empty Stocking Fund.

CULROSS have been busy helping those in need in their own district.

DECKER Institute has undertaken to finance the incorporation of their memorial hall, which will cost about \$40. A demonstration on the icing of Christmas and wedding cakes was given by Mrs. R. T. Clarke, of Isabella, which proved very helpful.

DELORINE also had a talk on "Christmas in Other Lands." This was given by Rev. Mr. Samson.

DUGALD will make a study of "The Great Women of the World" during the coming year. Parliamentary usage is also being dealt with. A membership campaign will be launched soon.

ELLENVILLE had interesting talks on "The Value of an Ideal," and "Christmas Giving." This Institute have some splendid social times.

ELKHORN are busy arranging for their programme for the coming year.

ELM CREEK presented their treasurer (who also acted as librarian) with a small gift. A social evening was arranged recently as a farewell for a member who was moving away. A small gift was also presented to her.

ELPHINSTONE netted \$58 at the Blind Soldiers' Booth, which was one of the features of the annual bazaar held recently.

ELVA have decided, if possible, to work for a community hall in commemoration of the boys who died at the front. A subscription to a magazine was sent to a sick member.

ENDCLIFFE held an enjoyable dance on New Year's night. Hot lunches for the school children are being discussed, together with ways and means of raising funds for this purpose.

FOXWARREN had a timely talk by Dr. Brownlee on "Colds, Prevention and Cure."

GRAYSVILLE enjoyed the talk given them by the district director of the U.F.W. on the work of that organization.

GYPSUMVILLE are planning to make a number of quilts during the winter months. They also hope to put on a play.

HAMIOTA at their December meeting were entertained by the Girl Guides—one feature being club swinging.

HAMIOTA GIRLS Institute have done some splendid work for the young people of the town. A piano was purchased by them for use in the community room, where the Institute meetings are held. Their members are composed of school teachers and girls engaged in various occupations. No meetings are held during the three summer months. This Institute organized a social club for the young people of the community, which meets once a week for dancing, snowshoeing or skating. Music and refreshments are provided by volunteer members. The club has a membership of 50 at the present time.

HARDING had a discussion by Miss Clara O'Connor on "Intelligence Tests." She explained the different tests that are made in the classing of children according to age, mental and physical development. An open meeting has been arranged for January at which Mr. Evans has been asked to give a talk on his trip to the old land.

HARTNEY had a demonstration on Christmas gift suggestions.

INWOOD are endeavoring to increase their membership and to work up an interesting programme for the new year.

ISABELLA had an interesting paper on "The Home," by Mrs. Reid, and "Some School Problems," by Mr. Iverach.

KENTON have been busy collecting clothing, money, etc., for those in need.

LAKE FRANCES December meeting took the form of a social time together. In spite of the stormy weather twenty-five were present. The secretary, Miss I. Robertson, gave a talk on "How the Parents and Teacher May Co-operate." Mrs. Blunderfield gave a talk on her school days in England, and Mrs. Malcolm delighted those present with a solo. Christmas cheer was sent to several in the community.

LA RIVIERE held a debate and dance during Christmas week. Some splendid community work has been accomplished.

MAKAROFF will hold a Scottish concert and dance in January to raise funds for the carrying on of hot school lunches. A "Home-craft" exhibition is being arranged for next August. Mrs. Arnott gave a demonstration on home bandaging, and Mrs. Cameron read four beautiful poems.

MAKINAK had a visit from the director of Women's Extension in December.

MANITOU will hold a sale of home cooking to help raise funds to assist the Boy Scouts in fixing up the building which was donated to them for their meetings.

MAYFIELD held a very successful dressmaking and millinery class, which was conducted by their own members.

MINIOTA members have undertaken to bring one new member to their next meeting in order to increase the membership.

NAPINKA are holding a concert and dance. The question of a hot lunch for the school children is being considered.

NEEPAWA was favored with a talk by Mrs. Wemyss on the schools in Saskatchewan.

Continued on page 42



The Health Food-Corn Syrups!

Here are two famous syrups that contain all the wholesome and digestible food values recommended by physicians.

Crown Brand has over 30 years reputation as the best and purest table and cooking syrup. Children love it and cooks delight in its use for making appetizing dishes.

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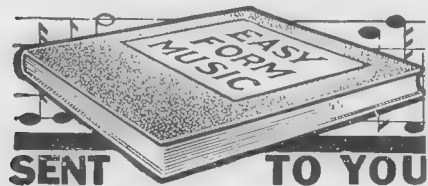
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Origin of the Piano Recital

PUBLIC pianoforte recitals now form so large a part in the life of musicians and music-lovers that we do not always realize they are a comparatively recent development. Private recitals of various kinds, and generally of an informal nature, have been common since the days when David played the harp before King Saul, and as a rule they have been in the houses of the rich and noble. The first public pianoforte recital in London was given in 1768 by John Christian Bach, a son of the composer of the B minor Mass, who won a great reputation for his command of graceful and light music and being generally known as "the English Bach," just as John Field, the Irishman, living in Russia was known as "the Russian Field." The Custom did not become general for three-quarters of a century after this, however, and it was Liszt, who was born in 1811, who first really made them an important feature in a pianist's career.

Say Public Demands Better Class of Music

THAT the public is again demanding the better class of songs in preference to jazz and ragtime numbers, was pointed out at the twenty-first annual convention of the International Lyceum and Chautauqua Association, held in Chicago recently. Eighteen leading music publishers were represented at the convention. Speakers declared there had been a decided improvement in the public taste for music, as indicated by the results of the last Chautauqua season.

"Main street is tired of jazz," said Lorado Taft, the celebrated sculptor. "In more than two-thirds of the towns where the Chautauqua programs were presented last summer there was an overwhelming response to serious music and serious lectures."

"The Chautauqua performers are using a higher standard of song now," said an official of one of the large music publishers at the convention. "The music that has proved interesting to them has been of the highest type. There also seems to be a tendency to revive some of the old, lasting songs and melodies."

Opera at Covent Garden

THE now officially announced season of opera at Covent Garden, in May, with German, French and Italian artists, will revive after a lapse of ten years the ancient glories of that house of song. The British public's sympathy with and support of the British National Opera Company need not, and will not, on that account be diminished. It is much more probable that the public enthusiasm for opera will be stimulated by this new and unexpected feast of opera at the high level possible to Continental exponents of it, and that the British National Opera Company's heroic and admirably efficient presentation in English of the greatest of operas will, in consequence, enjoy a wider public. It is to be hoped so, at all events. Opera at the best possible level deserves place at Covent Garden. But opera sung in our own language by our own artists deserves, no less, the support of our own people.

Mastersingers

THE Mastersingers, immortalized by Wagner in his great opera of that name, were a guild of musicians established in the fourteenth century at Mayence. Their object was to cultivate the art of song, and to that end they framed strict rules and held contests of song. Those contests were held in churches, and the people were invited to hear them. The title of Mastersinger was awarded only to those who invented both words and music of their songs, in accordance with the many rules laid down.

Musical Armistice is Signed

PARIS, June 23.—France and Germany have signed a musical armistice. The Germans began boycotting French music when the French entered the Ruhr. The French syndicate of music dealers retaliated with a ban on Germans who heretofore had printed much music sold in France. Neither side enjoyed letting patriotism interfere with business, so both last week called off the blockade and are now doing business as usual.

Learning to Listen is Music Pupil's Problem

Performance is the Last, Not the First Step in the Music Education of the Child

"WHAT music education has been in the past is easy to describe," says "Aeolus" in the Canadian Child. "Too often it has consisted in taking lessons and after many hours of painful effort and practice, the pupil achieves the doubtful goal of being able to play a few pieces on the piano or sing a few songs, or talk intelligently about Bach or Beethoven."

"Today, however, we know the first and all-important thing in music education is learning to listen. For generations past, music educators have stressed performance and totally neglected hearing. Of real musical feeling, of the ability to harmonize a simple melody, of the joy of real self-expression through music, hardly a fragment can be discovered. For this reason the world is full of so-called artists who can play a Liszt concerto but cannot pick out a folk-song by ear, who have the technical facility of a mechanical instrument, but cry out in dismay if requested to harmonize or transpose the simplest tune."

"The latest word in music education is that performance is not the first but rather the last step. Listening must precede performance. Music education no longer means applying something known as a system or a method to a pupil from the outside, but it means developing the latent music, which is already there. It means self-expression, not a parrot-like imitation or a mere technical achieve-

ment. Music should mean health, joy, growth and self-expression. Too often, in late years, it has meant for the artist and teacher physical and mental collapse, while in the field of children's music the average boy or girl who has had music lessons hates them with a loyal hatred and takes every chance in the world to cheat the clock and avoid study and practice.

"Music is happily becoming more and more an integral factor of our social life. A knowledge of what constitutes good music should be as widespread as possible during the formative period of character."

"The value of education in music must be estimated by the place it occupies in after life. The musical opportunities co-incident with school life from the kindergarten, where the seeds of harmony are sown, up through the public school, high school, and university, forecast precisely the kind and degree of interest students will manifest after graduation."

A Natural Mistake

Readers who have marvelled at the cryptic character of physicians' prescriptions will appreciate this bit of dialogue from Judge:

Customer—By mistake I left my Chinese laundry check in here this morning.

Prescription Clerk in Drug Store—That explains it.

Customer—Explains what?
Clerk—I've been trying to fill that confounded thing all morning.

With the Manitoba Women's Institutes

Continued from page 41

NORWOOD were busy during December collecting and remaking clothing and in collecting and packing hampers for Christmas.

OAK RIVER discussed "Conversations at Meal Time" and had a talk by a member on a motor trip to Ontario.

OCHE RIVER held a whist drive in December.

PIPESTONE had an address by Mr. Brown, M.P., on "Service" and one by Mrs. J. W. Crawford on "The Christmas Spirit." A large donation was given towards the management of the hall. A demonstration on the killing and dressing of poultry was put on.

PLUM COULEE are assisting where necessary in the local district and planning their programme for the New Year.

PORTAGE have been busy preparing to bring Christmas cheer to as many homes as possible.

RANCHVALE held a joint meeting of men and women of the community to discuss the moving of the building which the Institute is buying for a community hall. A concert was given in aid of the project.

RESTON is having a paper on the "Juvenile Court Work" prepared by the Chief Probation Officer in Winnipeg, which will be read at their next meeting. Local current events will be given a place on the programme which is being prepared for the coming year. A demonstration was given on the use of the Dutch oven by Mrs. Bulloch, and Dr. McIntyre gave a talk on the proper care of teeth. A member whose home was destroyed by fire was given a miscellaneous shower.

ROBLIN has arranged for a special course of health lectures by the local nurse. A talk was given on the bee industry. The programme for the coming year will comprise a study of famous women. Hot school lunches for the school children are being arranged.

ROSSBURN have decided to purchase new equipment for the school.

RUSSELL had a talk by Rev. F. C. Middleton on "Edgar Guest, the American Poet," and "Optimism."

SIFTON are arranging for fire protection for their community hall. A

concert and dance at which \$53 was realized was held to raise money to purchase the equipment.

SOLSGIRTH are planning their programme for the coming year. The fowl supper held recently netted \$104, which will be used as a payment on a piano.

SOURIS has launched a membership campaign.

SPRAGUE celebrated their 5th anniversary recently. A series of talks on the world's famous women will be given in the New Year. The first will be on the "Life of Florence Nightingale."

STRATHCLAIR had a visit from two members of the Elphinstone Institute. Mrs. Foster gave a very interesting paper, and answered many questions which were asked her. A donation of \$30 was given towards a memorial.

SWAN LAKE will put on a play to raise funds for community work. The programme for the next few months will include several demonstrations.

SWAN RIVER are fortunate in having local dressmakers and tailoresses, and hope to arrange for a dressmaking course at an early date.

TRANSCONA had an interesting discourse by Mrs. Duncan of the M.A.C. on the "Budget System."

TUMMEL—Mrs. Hunt gave a paper on the "Life of E. Pauline Johnson" and read some of her poems. A dressmaking class was conducted recently by local members. A donation was given to help purchase games for the school. A demonstration on the making of scones was given by Mrs. Adams.

VALLEY RIVER have been busy providing Christmas cheer.

VIRDEN had a discussion on "Law as It Concerns Women" which proved very interesting.

WASKADA have decided to put on a play early in the New Year.

A Success

Jones—Was the public dinner you went to a success.

White—It was the best dinner I ever attended. Every speaker who was down for a speech on the programme had tonsillitis.

A Big Man for a Big Job

Continued from page 18

One of the best stories about the President was told recently by a young station agent. Last summer this agent was sent to a small way station near Montreal to replace a man on holidays. Here he was faced with making up the first monthly balance sheet he had ever tackled. It refused to balance with that exactness required in Company circles. At a point where his hope of getting it right had almost dissolved the fading evening light at the doorway was blocked by the figure of a man who asked if No. 17 was going to stop there that night. When the agent had given him the information that it would, the stranger began walking up and down the platform. After he had gone, the agent recalled the man's face was vaguely familiar. Perhaps he was a railroad man, and might know something about balances. He was desperate enough to try anything. This desperation impelled him to the platform and to ask the stranger: "Are you a railroad man?"

Obviously astonished, the man admitted he was.

"Do you know anything about balance sheets?"

The stranger admitted he did, and a moment later he and the young agent were busy with the cash book, delivery book and outstanding sheets. When the train pulled in a few minutes later the stranger had brought the elusive items to book. "You are all right now," he said, moving toward the train. The youth hurried after him. "I'm ever so much obliged to you. Do you mind telling me your name?"

"Beatty," replied the stranger, but his pleasant nod as he swung aboard the train in no way dispelled the agent's consternation.

"Why, you're the President," the boy gasped, suddenly recalling how vaguely familiar the stranger's face had been.

"Yes," the man replied, as the train pulled out.

Balance sheets, intricate legal problems, questions of finance, and ability to deal with all types of men, from the humblest employee of the system to the country's political leaders, are all in Beatty's day's work. He is a prodigious worker, laboring on the train, as he travels over the great system, just as hard as in his office at Montreal. He came to "the biggest job in the world" at a difficult time in Canada's history. He was faced not merely with railway problems but national ones. With the ending of the war tremendous readjustments had to be made in industry, labor problems had to be faced, tariffs required recasting. And Beatty proved successful with a broad-gauge policy that affected for the best not alone the immense and varied business of which he was chief, but the Dominion of Canada as a whole, with whose life the railway company was so intimately connected.

Mr. Beatty is also a director of the Bank of Montreal and many other important corporations. He takes a deep interest in educational matters, being a Governor of McGill University, and the Chancellor of Queens. A large number of public movements claim his attention, chief among which may be mentioned the Public Safety League of the Province of Quebec and the Navy League of Canada.

His chief hobby is boy welfare. He is an enthusiastic supporter of the Boy Scouts, and of many other institutions founded for the purpose of assisting the youth of the country. Mr. Beatty is a great out-door man, and an ardent apostle of athletics and sound health. His favorite sport is handball.

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February the Fourteenth—Continued from page 7

from her own folks. It was as her mother said—a long journey with nothing at the end. She would go back to Fairview at once and arrange things.

SHE began to feel hungry. The sausage and mush package lay on the kitchen table at home. There was a dime extra in her purse, so she invested in a sandwich. She would eat it on the car on the way home. She didn't care who saw her; she was nothing now, and everyone might as well know it.

There was plenty of time for thinking for there had been a freight wreck ahead and the car was delayed. Her thoughts made the rounds and came back where they started. Ever since she could remember she had wanted to know the world of books and learned men and women; she had dreamed of moving among people of gentle manners and culture; she had wanted to live beautifully instead of sordidly. Was it worth the struggle? Could she do it? Today she had lost faith in herself—she had said she couldn't do it—and yet—

The car had started. The conductor soon called Fairview. She would not go to Mrs. Higgins at once. The folks always expected her to stop at the post office. She'd do that first. They had sent an order to a mail-order house; possibly it was there. The snow had ceased but the wind was sweeping it into great drifts. As she stepped inside the building Tim Blackwell passed; she saw him hesitate as if he had seen her and were coming in, but she went on. She must forget the Blackwells along with her ambition.

Surely enough the package was there but it was addressed to her. The postmark was blurred. Well, no matter, she would put it under the seat and drive over to see Mrs. Higgins. While she waited at the livery barn for her horse to be harnessed she could not resist the temptation to break the paper on the package. A brown box was underneath. She slipped the string, lifted the corner of the lid—a red box!

"Your rig is ready, Miss."

Quickly she slammed the lid of the box. She felt the blood rushing to her forehead and temples. She couldn't think. Surely she was dreaming. She would go to see Mrs. Higgins, and that would take away all fanciful illusions. Continually telling herself that the Merkle Evans Company could send goods in a red box, she kept her thoughts on

commonplace things and forced herself to wade the drifts up to the Higgins' door. Once, twice she rang the bell, but not a sound came from the inside of the house. Judith hurried back to old Kate and buggy. Fastening the curtains securely she gave the whip to the old horse and off they went. Again Judith fingered the package. Then she let old Kate take her gait. She lifted the lid. There lay a big heart—larger than Della's—and on it danced in big gilt letters the news, "February 14th." Then inside—Judith closed her eyes. If it were a dream she wanted it to last, but she had to look again—purple violets—real violets nestling there in their background of green leaves. She breathed in the sweet freshness of them. Oh, the wonder of it! Then the note caught her notice. Down in their midst a little white card gleamed. "Timothy N. Blackwell." Yes, there was writing on the back.

"Violets mean faithfulness. They are for a girl faithful to her ideals."

Just then the red glow of the winter sunset came from under the rising snow clouds. Judith raised her face toward it and her lips moved.

Reverently she replaced the cover and carefully wrapped the box in its paper. The card she tucked in her pocket.

As she drove into the old yard and put up her horse, a bit of song kept bubbling to her lips. As she looked in the old mirror in her room she smiled at herself in the ancient rose turban.

"Old hat, you'll go for good some day, but now—"

Judith Armstrong slipped a bill from some money she had been keeping in her trunk. As she went down the stairs she could hear a sizzling sound. Her mother was frying mush and sausage again.

"Here, Mother, get yourself something extra—something you don't need."

She laid the bill on the table. Then she placed the red box near it and lifted out the violets. Her mother and her father, who had just come in the back door, stood staring.

"Are you crazy?"

Judith smiled roguishly.

"No—just Tim Blackwell."

Maria and Jude Armstrong exchanged glances.

"Another fool spendin' his money on books, and—woods."

Jude Armstrong stalked out of the room in disgust, but Maria awkwardly placed her arm around the girl's shoulders.

Ott's New Year—Continued from page 8

had been murdered was it not up to him to get his murderer? He called Dicky.

"I'll just hurry up on that stranger," he said, patting the dog's head. "I'll just find out all particulars. I'm kinda inquisitive-like."

But first he ferretted around on the chance of locating a grave. His efforts were fruitless. Neither body or grave did he find.

That Jim had been murdered became a firm belief. Where was the body? If he had "died natural," decided Ott, the hands which had buried him would not be so particular as to efface all signs of the grave. And besides, it was reasonable to suppose that no excessive labor would be incurred in the conveying of the body to the said grave. No. So, if Jim had died naturally his body would have been buried naturally. Where was the body? Probably under the ice on the river.

Ott didn't try to solve the problem. Precious minutes were being wasted. So calling Dicky the two of them started off over the low mound.

For a few miles Ott traveled fast. But in time the pace began to tell, and he was obliged to slacken his pace.

After five miles through the open forest the trail branched off to the river. There on the shore the tracks ceased. But on a flat-topped rock was an impression, as if someone had sat down. There was no further signs of snowshoe tracks, but on the ice were a number of zig-zag scratches.

Dicky started down the ice. Ott followed, confident that the dog was on the right trail.

The pace was slow, for the surface was smooth and slippery. A strong wind was blowing across the river and the snow had been shifted into drifts.

In one hour, Ott knew, night would begin swooping down. So a couple of miles further on he would make camp.

At intervals were those same zigzag scratches as he had seen at the start: and where the snow lay in thin layers, were fine grooves.

Calling the dog to heel Ott bent down and examined the marks more closely. A moment's scrutiny and he lifted a pair of wondering, mystified eyes. He laid one cold hand on Dicky's head.

"Old feller, that stranger is in one powerful hurry. Those marks ain't made by sledge-runners. If they was they'd be straight and even, not ragged and spaced. And there ain't no signs of dogs. There's somethin' mighty funny, Dicky. I'll wager my gold it's so. Come on, boy."

A mile further on the marks branched off to the left, Dicky sniffed and traveled around in a circle. When Ott came up he saw the reason. A confusion of scratches and some deep furrows had torn up the ice.

"Yes, old feller," said Ott, "he's finished there. You see, old feller, he's makin' for the land. There you go, Dicky. Come on."

On the side of a bluff overlooking the river signs pointed to the person having sat down. He had sat down to put on his snowshoes, Ott decided as he saw the snowshoe tracks leading away from the bluff.

He called back Dicky, who was already half-way to a fringe of trees where the tracks led.

"No good killin' yourself, boy. We'll rest till the old moon climbs up and gives us enough light. That should be in about three hours. I ain't as young as I was, Dicky—and neither are you. Con Leech, if that who he be, ain't so far ahead, or I'm a sinner. You see that broken branch, old feller? Well, that ain't been cracked so long. The sap ain't yellow yet. Come and rest, Dicky."

Undoing his pack he ate sparingly of the food and melted some ice in a canteen over a small fire he built. He fed the dog. Then shoveling out a shallow grave in the snow he stretched his sleeping-bag, and climbed in. Dicky curled up beside him.

From caressing twilight came the cadaverous arms of night, to be followed by a sickly glow as a half-sphere of a moon climbed up from behind the acmes of a far distant serpentine-like range.

IN four hours Ott was awake. He looked at his watch. It was almost ten. He sighed regretfully as he disentangled his limbs from the folds of the sleeping-bag. He collected his gear, and with the alert Dicky started out through the trees.

The pitiful half-moon threw wan lights over the snow. A breeze, chilly and laden with ice, played weird music with the trees. Rays from the ice mingled with the moon and cast the snow-drifts into ghost-like, death-like sepulchres.

Ott was disappointed with the moon. There was light and no more. Everything looked sickly. He plodded on with slow, measured strides, a few feet in rear of Dicky. Not hurrying—for Ott knew that there was no need of hurrying.

Three miles in front flickered a red point. It had caught Ott's eyes when he first awoke. As he drew closer the light gleamed with a ruddy glow, but it was not a large fire. It was a small, pitiful blaze, seemingly dying.

The forest opened and Ott's pace quickened, the dog bounding in front. Like two gray phantoms they pressed closer and closer, until only a few dozen yards separated them from the fire.

At Ott's low-voiced command Dicky came creeping to his side. By a fringe of brush Ott sank to the ground, dragging Dicky with him. Ott was cautious. His gun was ready to his hand, loaded. His nerves were tense. He was keyed up to a high pitch of excitement.

By that fire sat Jim's murderer. Ott felt it, knew it. The man he had trailed was within his grasp. Young Jim's murderer. And Ott vowed that he would die as Jim had died—with a bullet through the heart or head.

The fading glow of the fire cast wavering shadows over Ott's hiding place. Lips compressed he lifted his head and parted the shrubbery with his hands.

His teeth snapped together with a crash. He gave a choking gasp of incredulous amazement and leaned forward, lips hanging, eyes staring.

Dicky growled. Ott clamped his hand over the dog's mouth. But the motionless figure hadn't heard. He was a young man. He was sitting before the fire, swathed to the lips in a heavy fur coat, his mittened hands resting idly on his lap. A canvas shelter was erected over his head. His eyes held a sort of fear, and even as Ott climbed heavily over the obstructing brush the lips quivered, the head sagged low, while a sobbing moan seemed wrenched from the depths of his soul.

Dicky had run forward, and was licking the man's inert hands. Ott clamped a hand on the man's bowed shoulders. He spoke slowly, simply:

"You ain't dead, Jim?—are you now?" Showing no surprise a pair of brown eyes looked into Ott's face. His eyes held recognition.

"What did you do it for, Jim—what did you do it for?" wailed Ott.

"The gold," whispered Jim, "is there." He motioned wearily to his pack which lay by his feet. He smiled mirthlessly. "I didn't mean to do it, Ott—honest,

I didn't. It's there—all there. Take it, Ott, and let me die—in peace."

Ott was amazed. "But I don't see what you're ravin' about. What gold? It ain't mine. I have gold to be sure, but it's back in the cabin, safe."

"No, it's not," said Jim humbly. "It's there in that pack."

"It ain't I tell you. I was lookin' at it in the cabin the other night. I saw it with my own eyes. The gold was there this morning."

"Did you see it? Did your own eyes see it?"

"Well, now, I can't say as how—but,"

"I know you didn't," stated Jim flatly, in the same meaningless tone. "Sit down by my side, Ott. I'll tell you all. Then leave me. I want to die. I'm no good—" His voice broke.

Shaken, confused, perplexed, Ott sat down as bidden, and Jim unfolded his tale. A tale which strengthens the already firm adage—"that only the strongest survive."

"THE other night I went up to your place. I was sick. I was discouraged. You were right about that claim. It was only damned imitation stuff, not worth a cent a ton. I had played my hunch—and lost. And I was fed up.

"Something prompted me—I don't know what—to look in at the window before making my presence known. I saw you fingering the gold. Then you put it underneath the floor. Then—hell played havoc with my head.

"You know yourself, Ott, what hell it is up here. Sweating, fighting, scheming for gold. To find only failure time and again. It's that which steals the manhood of man, breaking the spirit and damning the soul. But, hell, I'm not trying to excuse myself.

"While you were sleeping I sneaked in at the door. I stole the gold and beat it. After the deed was done I was too terrified to think about covering up my tracks. I just ran, ran, ran."

"But Dicky?"

"Dicky knew me, Ott. You let him out. He came to me and I petted him. He didn't make a sound. I beat it to my cabin and gathered up my gear. Then it struck me to compose that notice. I thought if you did have suspicions of me the notice saying that I was dead would blind you. I didn't expect you would follow. I took my stuff and feeling the coward I hurried away.

"That's all, Ott, that's all. Now, call me what you like. I deserve it all."

"You had skates, didn't you?"

"Yes. They're an old pair which fasten onto your boots. I had brought them from home. They were in my pack. I didn't think of them at first. When I did I hit for the river. It was pretty fast going, skating down. I guess you would never have got me, but one of my skates broke. I had to cut into the woods again. Ott, Ott, call me what I am—"

But Ott wasn't listening. His mind had gone back many, many years. In his mind's eye he saw an Indian teepee. There was a lot of gold in that teepee. Ott knew. And only an old, toothless squaw left in charge. When the squaw was away getting wood Ott had slipped in at the back of the tent, seized the gold and was away. But ill-luck pursued. While going down the rapids in a canoe it had upset. Ott barely escaped with his life. The gold, his rifle and food were lost. But the escapade had proved an invaluable lesson. Temptation had never crossed his path again. And this boy, only an inexperienced boy—

He turned his steel gray eyes on Jim. "Let's go."

"Sure. You mean, where? The police? Well, I'm ready—when I'm able. You see," he explained painfully, "my feet. They're stiff and frost-bitten. I can't move them at all. You would never have caught me if it hadn't happened. First the skates—then this. Well, I guess God took swift revenge."

"You dam' fool," growled Ott. "Why didn't you tell me before? Shove out your feet and I'll take those boots off. Be glad, it's a good thing I came up when I did."

Continued on page 46



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Ott's New Year

Continued from page 45

Only once did he look up from his task.

"Say, Jim, I kinda thought you were murdered."

"Murdered? How? Why?"

"There was blood on the floor. Yes. And a bullet I took out of the wood-work above the bunk."

"A while back," answered Jim listlessly, "my gun went off accidentally. I guess the bullet must have driven into the wood." He winced as new blood started to circulate through his feet.

"And the blood," he continued. "I guess that must have been the bottle of red ink I upset. I didn't stop to clean it up."

Ott sighed. "I guess I'd make a pretty bum detective, Jim. Blood—and red ink. Be glad!" He laid a cold hand on the boy's knee.

"After, Jim, you and I, we're goin' back. Lots of gold, Jim. Just us two will work it—partner!"

Ott had forgotten that it was New Year's Day!

When We Prattle of Pillows—Continued from page 16

furniture and health (for the best of floors are draughty, no matter how companionable). I have made such cushions with a dozen kinds of filling, everything from an old, wool-padded comforter, folded into compact shape, to the excelsior in which new dishes have been delivered. Their inside, in short, matched their outside in variety—an outside which boasts everything from the finest of upholsterer's mohair, to cotton bandanna handkerchiefs put together with a strip of turkey red! It is always wise to have some little bit of trimming or other mark to signify which is the upper side of a floor cushion, thus insuring one dependable clean surface. I prefer these utilitarian types rather than the befrilled and bepluffed specimens which one sees now in the more ornate type of room, lying before a chair and seeming by its position to invite one to rest tired or chilly feet upon it, and at the same time almost forbidding such indulgence by reason of its silken covering.

HAVE you ever taken the time and trouble to work out shapes for your cushions? It can be quite an interesting study, as I have so lately proved. Time was when sofa cushions were square or slightly oblong. Now they have added round and oval shapes, bolsters, spheres as light and airy as a puff ball, and any number of fanciful shapes, to fit a whim or a corner. It is amazing what a round cushion will do in a certain spot, that its square predecessor may have quite failed to accomplish; similarly, one is quite as likely to find straight lines pleasing where a curve failed to satisfy.

A particular mission may govern the shape of a cushion. Take, for instance, the chair or chesterfield which has a generous measurement from front to back. Friend Husband settles into it with a sigh of comfort—his back supported, his feet upon the floor. Friend Wife thinks that he looks comfortable and essays the same thing—only to find that the small of her back has to do its own supporting.

Enter the bolster cushion. It will fit snugly in behind her and give her just the support that will make her chair really restful.

The square and oblong cushion is a little more easily covered, perhaps, than are the other shapes. One must cord or shirr the round cushion into shape, and usually one is obliged to use top, bottom and side pieces to make the covering. Two squares, or a length that may be doubled, to give top and bottom squares, are more simply handled.

Fabric and style must be decided upon together. The perfectly plain cushion with a cord or a simple finish made by an inner row of stitching an inch or two from the edge, can be extremely handsome in one material and all that is

commonplace in another. The lightweight fabric usually needs some assistance in the way of shape and trimming, or the addition of a second material, to make it effective.

We can use practically all of the upholsterers' coverings, for our cushions. Sometimes we like to echo the covering of some of the principal pieces of furniture, in cushions for one or two places. Usually, however, we delight in the possibilities for new harmonies and contrasts, and we make our cushions a complement, rather than a continuation. We have one very general rule, that the cushion that is to rest against a plain background be patterned, if you will; but if the coverings of chairs or sofa be of chintz or other figured material, plain cushion fabrics are indicated.

It pays to measure very carefully when we cut out the material for a new cushion. If by chance it is cut too small, there is no hope for the cushion to look neat and well-fitted. Allow enough for work, therefore, and remember that a certain strain is put upon the side seams, when the cushion is in use.

NOW I am going to give a few hints for the making of those types of cushions which I have observed to be the most popular.

The strictly tailored cushion is most in demand—it is so practical and fits into so many backgrounds. Good fit, straight seams, and a pleasing fabric, are the means to success with it.

If it is to be untrimmed or if a cord is to finish it around its edges, lay the material over the cushion form and mark it plainly at the point where it is to be cut. A real amateur will find it a good plan to lay the goods on wrong side out, and pin three of the edges neatly, leaving the fourth side open. Slip off the cover, baste the seams, stitch them firmly, turn right side out, and slip on the form again. Only the fourth side remains to be closed. With a down form, you can go farther, and stitch all but six or eight inches of the last side, as it is easy to crush the soft cushion through a comparatively small opening and draw it into shape afterwards. You must work at the corners to get them well into the corners of the new cover, and fluff and pat the cushion into final shape. The last bit of stitching must be done by hand unless you are using a very heavy cord or other trimming that you can depend upon to cover the little seam you will have to take up if you stitch it on the machine.

Cords for edging cushions come in both silk and cotton, so we are able to choose one to match our fabric. A cover of silk, velvet, velveteen, mohair, or any fancy weave or silk-embroidered goods, will require a silk cord. It must be stitched on firmly by hand, and may be finished off with a twist or knot or perhaps it is tasselled.

Another much-liked finish for the edge of the tailored cushion, is achieved by cutting the covers three to four inches wider than the size of the form. The top and bottom covers are then stitched together, wrong side out, at the extreme edge. The cover is then turned right side out, is pressed, and is again stitched, an inch and a quarter to two inches from the edge. This line of stitching must be carefully marked to the measure of the form, for of course it regulates the size of the cover into which the cushion form must fit. It is a good plan to turn the two corners of the last side, before putting in the form, so they will be uniform with the others and look their neatest. If you only stitch a couple of inches past the corners, that will leave a sufficiently large opening to get even a fairly firm cushion form through. When the form has been slipped into the cover, it is squashed well to the closed end, and the machine used to run the inner seam, then the other one can be carefully slip-stitched.

For a round tailored cushion, we have to proceed a little differently. It is usually better to use a top circle, a bottom circle, and a straight piece as wide as the cushion is thick, around the side. If there are no puffs and shirrings, it is best to cord

the two edges of the straight piece, and put them over the round pieces. This makes a very trim finish.

Round and oval cushions are great favorites for making the fancier types. Sometimes a piece of handsome brocade or embroidery will be chosen for the top. Pieces of metallic lace are put over a silk or satin foundation; a puffing or a whole series of puffings, may be decreed. Sometimes the top and bottom are flat and the sides puffed.

Puffings are made with a long straight piece of material. It is corded at the desired intervals, then gathered tightly along one side and drawn up for the centre. It is usually easier to make a neat centre if you use a small plain medallion and gather the edge of your puff into it. Or you can cover the closely-bunched centre with some made flowers or a metallic or lace medallion, in certain cases. Allow once-and-a-half the length of material for a puff, just for a ruffle.

Very effective cushions are made in the bolster shape. It is usually best to alternate plain and puffed sections, running them around or lengthwise of the cushion. (The former is the easier, for the inexperienced needlewoman). Contrasted materials are good here. A band of broad antique gold lace, for instance, might run around the middle of your cushion, with two or three puffings of black satin on either side of it; then a band of narrow gold galloon, perhaps, at each side, followed by a couple more puffs that would end under a round piece of the satin, corded at the edge, used to form the end of the cushion. A bolster cushion has always seemed to me to be a little easier to make up effectively than a round one. There are so many ways to vary it, when you begin to work with them, and they are comparatively easy to manage.

CORDING, which is such a stand-by to the cushion-maker, may require a word. To put a series of cords in a straight piece of material really requires more patience than skill. Piping cord, which is soft and pliable, is the best thing to buy for the purpose. It comes in a number of weights, from the very slender cord to one the size of your small finger. The easiest way to put it in, is to fold the goods over the cord, at the desired place, then stitch along the side of it, being very careful not to let your needle catch in the cord itself, at any point, because then you could not draw the material up on it. When the cord is in, shirr the goods gently to the required fullness, and proceed with the next one.

A new note is to use a cord, or two or three cords of harmonizing colors, to apply as a trimming, instead of cording the material of the cover. These cords or tubings are made separately, of course. A long strip of material, joined as necessary, to give the required length, is stitched on the machine, making a tube just wide enough to hold the cord. The next trick is to get the tube turned right side out, and the cord into it. We do both at the same time, in the following manner:

Put an end of the soft piping cord through a bodkin, or fasten it to something stiff, like a crochet hook or a hair pin. Perhaps a safety pin, woven well into the cord so that it won't fray half way through the operation, will prove your handiest method. Thrust this bodkin into your tube, sew the end of the tube and the end of the cord together firmly, then begin to work your bodkin through the tube. The latter will begin to turn, as you go, and when you finally pull your bodkin out at the other end, you can finish turning the covering back on your cord, and there you are, the cord is inside a very neat tubing. Several rows of this will make a very effective trimming indeed.

With plain, figured and striped materials to draw from (stripes make very handsome covers, either in tailored style, or used in combination with other materials, for instance, as the middle section of a bolster cushion), there is small limit to the variety of cushions we can evolve, using only the simplest styles until we "get the hang of it."

As I progress with my own cushion making, I shall like to think that I have plenty of company, all of us engaged in the same fascinating business—even though we cannot have a bee to do it. I shall have a tiny white down pillow, covered with a sheer drawn-work slip, to make me think I am floating off to sleep upon a feather cloud; a group of little taffeta pillows to toss upon my bed in the day time, gay bits of lace-trimmed, pastel color, like those illustrated. I shall copy the heart-shaped pillow in rose satin, with silver lace over it and a narrow ruffle of silver lace around the edge. I shall use a little square of Chinese embroidery, to centre a dull blue cushion (an old frock, dipped in the dye-pot before passing to its new role). Another triumph of art and economy, will be a big, inviting floor cushion, to stand beside the hearth—made of an old black plush coat, and trimmed with the most cunning of wool flowers. A gold-and-black brocade will centre a puff-sided black silk cushion, and I shall use some striped cotton curtain material for several others. A quaint, tubby little cushion with a cover of grey velours, will drop into place before my chesterfield—my compromise between the severity of a foot stool, and the "too-fine-to-be-used" aspect of the puffed and frilled specimen.

What will yours be?

Come Let Us Read Awhile

Continued from page 35

Reckless Ladies

SIR PHILLIP GIBBS has called his new novel "The Reckless Lady" (Hutchinson and Co.) but in reality there are two reckless ladies, mother and daughter, each equally important in their relationship to the plot of the story. What Sir Philip Gibbs has really done is to have written two stories one about the mother, Helen Fleming, and one about the daughter, Sylvia and lightly linked them together so as to be in the position of telling us the life history of both. Sticklers for technique, so I've been reading, have criticised this novel adversely on this very ground: that one is not quite sure which is the Reckless Lady—mother or daughter. Personally I found this such a readable, engrossing, human story that I galloped through it without bothering my head about technique and immediately sent my copy away for another's enjoyment. The book is crowded with interesting people and although each of them differs widely in character and embraces many nationalities Sir Philip Gibbs has made them all living realities. A jolly good story "The Reckless Lady." And one of the fairest and most subtle analysis of the American, and life in an American Main Street town, that I have ever read. As a matter of fact, I quite lost interest in the original Reckless Lady by my absorption in the author's description of the effect American life had upon the young Sylvia, English born but Continental bred.

"Too Deep For Tears"

THESE words rang in my ears when I laid aside Hugh Walpole's latest novel "The Old Ladies" (The Macmillan Company). The pain is too deep for tears. A few nights ago, I met May Sinclair at a musicale given by the brilliant short story writer, Stacy Aumonier whose wife is a gifted pianist. We talked of "The Old Ladies" for May Sinclair is an ardent admirer of Hugh Walpole's work. I complained of being cut up into a million pieces. May Sinclair retorted that I existed for the purpose of being cut up into two million pieces if an author had the power so to do.

There is a house and in it dwell three old, unrelated well-nigh penniless ladies. There is May Beringer, the weak, silly old spinster, a mental aberrant. There is Mrs. Payne, the monstrosity who lived on sweets and adored bright colors. She too, is aberrant. There is the sweet gentle, Madonna-like Mrs. Amorest, so poor that starvation is round the corner. Each is over seventy. Cheerful isn't it? Talk about the turn of the screw—Hugh

Continued on page 48

THE BUILDING OF THE DOMINION



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HALF-WAY along the corridor of the St. Lawrence stands Canada's doorway which, for three centuries, has swung wide to welcome the peoples of other lands.

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Come Let Us Read Awhile

Continued from page 47

Walpole tortures unceasingly, reaching the height of man's inhumanity to man when the dear little Mrs. Amorest finds herself in possession of an inkwell instead of the thousand pounds annuity she had been led to expect. That hurt so much that May Beringer's murder by Mrs. Payne, who wanted her piece of jade, hardly moved me at all. Even when Mrs. Amorest's only son returns after having left his mother in want for so many years, I was not comforted. I felt that he just appeared in the book at the request of the publisher and not really in life.

Yet I am grateful to Mr. Walpole despite the pain he has given me. "The Old Ladies" is such a marvellous piece of writing.

Stephen McKenna

At last we have escaped from Stephen McKenna's boring Sonia et al, into the realm of short stories by this clever writer. "Tales of Intrigue and Revenge" (Hutchinson and Co.) consists of sixteen short stories, very sophisticated, very clever, never obvious, often cynical, and frequently humorous, with a subtle dry type of humor.

In the Interests of Childhood

There has recently been published by The Children's Foundation of Valparaiso, Indiana, a book entitled: "The Child: His Nature and His Needs." The Children's Foundation has for its objects the study of the child and the dissemination of knowledge promotive of the well-being of children, and through this volume it seeks to make this knowledge available for practical use everywhere by those who are in immediate contact with children, fashioning their intellect, moulding their character and influencing their physical development. This is the most complete book of its kind that we have yet seen, and should be in the hands of every parent, teacher and others who have the training of children in their care.

"Wherefore Art Thou, Romeo?"

Continued from page 13

lemme get a look by you! Say! Don't tell me you got knock-knees or my heart it's broken!— He's good looking, ain't he?" the manager went on as the young man advanced to close range. He began to prod and pat the newcomer as one who is making sure of the good points of a race horse.

"Mr. Sizzlebauer. I don't need a suit of clothes!" the young man protested. "I came—"

"Sure you came! Tell me something I didn't know. My boy, you'll be a knock-out! When we get you all dressed up like a plush horse you'll steal the show so they won't see even Julietski here. I hope only you can act. Up!— Up on the stage everybody for the poison scene!"

"But Mr. Sizzlebauer, listen—"

"Say! Are you the director or am I?"

"You're making a mistake—"

"I am, eh? You let me be the judge yet! Not another word. Put that paper back in your pocket—I don't want it. I ain't collecting circulars—and meet Miss Meyerhoffer, the lady that plays against you."

Miss Meyerhoffer, who had been sizing up the stranger from beneath demurely drooped lashes now sent him a dazzling smile. It was so potent in its effect that the new Romeo temporarily lost the power of speech.

THERE was good reason for the manager's enthusiasm. The youth was handsome. He had dark eyes and close-cropped dark hair—as they saw when Mr. Sizzlebauer took his hat off for him—a Roman nose and very white flashing teeth—he had smiled once or twice—but even without these obvious beauty points there was about him a subtle suggestion of romance. He was slight of build and moved with easy grace.



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16



"You'll be a wow," Juliet assured him. "You couldn't imagine how sick I am of roughnecks and ham actors."

"C'mon! C'mon!" Moe seized the young man by the arm and pulled him along the aisle and up the steps to the stage. "About here, understand me, you stab yourself. Then you fall down—like this." Moe did the fall, rose and dusted his knees. "I could do better but I got it a little rheumatix in my left leg," he said, regretfully. "Right here the play is very sad," consulting the dog-eared script. "Poist the lady—where was I?—the lady takes it a drink boot-leg or something and lies down on this now davenport. That drink it's got it a kick by it but it don't yet kill her. It puts her asleep, understand me. You come smooching along—pay attention!—like this." Moe gave an imitation of a cat walking on hot bricks. "You see her and right away you think she's dead. It's gonna be too sad here so we're putting in a couple good gags, this way: Romeowitz says 'She's gone to heaven. I'd like to go too.' Then Juliet-ski wakens up and says 'Why don't you?' He says 'What worries me is how will I get my coat on over my wings.' And she says, 'What you need to worry about is how you're gonna get your hat on over your horns?' Ain't that a snappy comeback? It needs there should be a little laugh every now and then like that. We got to rehearse this scene a lot so it's artistic—Hey! Whazzamatter down there?" Moe broke off, as loud voices raised in argument were heard at the door. "Keep that door locked. We don't want the public should come in yet! And what's furthermore, we're busy."

"It's a lady," Louie called back.

"We got ladies enough. The cast is already full up," returned the manager. Then back to the business of the moment: "Making love by this goil needs also practice, let me tell you. The way that rosher last night that busts the balcony holds her you should shed tears! This now," Moe demonstrated, "this is the right way. Keep your eye on me and watch how I do it."

Miss Meyerhoffer had suffered numerous indiscriminate embraces all week in the name of Art. She cheerfully submitted to one more. Moe decided he might as well kiss her while he was about it—she was a good-natured girl—and garlie spake unto garlie for the space of ten ticks of a watch—

It was at this auspicious juncture that the lady at the door succeeded, by main force and with the valuable assistance of a large umbrella, in gaining admittance to the hall.

She was none other than Mrs. Sizzlebauer.

Moe, engrossed in the fine points of one of the world's masterpieces, had failed to hear the secondary scuffle and his first premonition that all was not well came to him in the form of a warning shout from Louie:

"Duck! Duck! She's got it a right swing like Dempsey!"

He turned and saw Mrs. S. bearing down upon him with blood in her eye. She had swept Louie and the rest aside like ninepins.

"Romeowitz—Juliet-ski, hein? A high-classer, hein?" she cried, lifting high her bumshot and landing a wallop on the head of her better-half that smashed all its ribs and sent him spinning backward into a backdrop of the house of Capulet. She then turned on Juliet but that astute maiden had fled the scene. "A nice refined play, oi!" she went on seizing a window-pole and making for Moe again. "Me, I'll show you right away some nice re-fined play!"

And she lived up to her boast. Her middle name might have been Rausnitem. From various safe retreats in the wings or behind benches the rest of the cast watched breathlessly while she vented the full measure of her righteous wrath on the manager of the S.O.I. Amateur Benefit.

Mrs. Sizzlebauer sizzled.

Once Miss Meyerhoffer crept back to snatch up her tam-o-shanter and Mrs. S. turning suddenly grasped a handful of Juliet's bobbed hair, and pulling her backwards across the stage, flung her forcefully against the plaster-of-paris prop. fountain for the garden scene making chop-suey of that *objet d'art* and filling the air so full of chalky dust that everybody commenced to sneeze.

Moe had sought sanctuary under an imitation Italian table where he sat moaning and nursing his bumps and bruises.

"Leah, you should have it a heart," he wailed. "Oh my body it don't give a square inch what don't hurt yet! I never knew you was such a roughhouse, so help me—"

"Come out once—come out from there!" she ordered him, menacingly.

"Sure I'll come out. Only—only stand away."

"I had to pass here to go by Hymie Rothaker's so he mends my umbrella," said Mrs. Sizzlebauer, coldly, "and I look in to find what?"

"Don't ask me. I guess you found it all right." Moe admitted, sadly, as he crawled forth.

The young Romeo now stepped forward and handed Mr. Sizzlebauer a long, official-looking document. He had been cowering in a corner all this while, uncertain whether to vamoose or stand his ground. His courage returned when he observed Mrs. S. throw down her window-pole.

"Instruction of Messrs. Gerlitzer and Elxbaum," he stated. "If I could have got a word in edgewise—"

THERE was a howl of mingled pain and amazement from Moe.

"I thought he was a Romeo!" he moaned, clutching his head in his hands and backing away from the proffered letter. "Wh— where's the fat feller?"

"Oh, he got a chill picketing your house," the young fellow explained, cheerfully.

Moe sighed and gingerly accepted the dread missive.

"Nu, troubles never come single—they're always married, ain't it?" he said, resignedly.

"Hey, Moe!" It was the voice of Louie Metzelsuppe lifted cautiously from the wings. "When comes the next rehoisal?"

Moe was being shunted down the aisle ahead of and by Mrs. S. He turned as far around as he was allowed and raised both hands in an infinitely pathetic gesture.

"Louie, from plays and rehoisals I got it my stummick full," he said, wearily. "But me, I don't welch on the S.O.I. Louie. A contract it's a contract and nobody can call Moses Sizzlebauer a piker," he added, nobly. "You should call a rehoisal for tomorrow night, Louie, and we'll play Hamlet."

"Hamlet?" echoed Louie vaguely.

"Sure, Hamlet. Didn't you never heard of Hamlet? It ain't so refined like Romeowitz and Juliet-ski maybe but it's anyhow the best we could pick. Understand me, Louie. That's a play where the people don't make love—on account they're melancholy and out from their minds."



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The Blue Hat

Continued from page 14

to it and placed the little Virgin beneath. It marked the corner of his land as its erection had marked the beginning of his good fortune in a new country.

The two kneeled before it for a moment, as one does before a wayside cross in that place and Annie, rebellious and angry, petitioned the Virgin to send her a daughter to wear the beautiful hat that she might be revenged on her husband.

They each went home from the cross and Annie put the hat away in its box as her mother told her to do and hid it in the dark little attic under the roof. She did not look at it again for a long time. When Nicoli came in from the field that night she was wearing on her head a much-crumpled kerchief.

In the spring the little daughter that she hoped for came. Nicoli was angry but Annie was very glad, thinking of the hat, for always when she wore the kerchief, tied under her chin at home or aloft on its high foundation, abroad, she resolved that her girl should wear the hat so that she would be no Galician to be looked upon and laughed at and called Doukabour by those who wore hats. But the baby died before she was three weeks old and Annie grieved so that her work in the house, the barn, the field were neglected and poorly done. Nicoli said she made him ashamed, she was so lazy; but the shame was because he couldn't boast a son.

Sometimes, when she was unskilful with the hay buckler or lagged behind in setting up the sheaves that the new binder tossed out, he would beat her and

she grew to hate him more than when he had forbidden her to wear the hat. There was nothing to do but to go on with the never-ending work as best she could. There was no place to go where she could be away from it and her husband whom she couldn't please. Even her father's house was closed to her as a refuge. The only hope was that in the spring, again, things would be better.

Annie's second baby came then, a beautiful boy, and Nicoli was so proud and happy that he bought a great gold ring with a red stone in it for his wife and John Cherni, as delighted with his grandson as Nicoli was with his son, opened an account in the bank in the town in the name of John Nicoli Wenz.

ANNIE is now thirty. She has lost the slim daintiness of sixteen. She is big and fat, as a good Galician wife should be. Her round face under the head kerchief is beaming and rosy. One would not think to see her that she was ever a beautiful young girl with a great longing to be as the Canadian girls are and wear a blue hat. She never thinks of wearing the hat now. The mice have long since taken it for a nest. And Nicoli? He is greater than ever with his five children: the three sons, almost as tall as himself, and the two little daughters.

He smiles at his wife from the crowd of men whom he is talking to at the picnic. He does not beat her any more though she does not work for him in the field or barn. Why should she? There is a man to do that now and his boys are growing big and strong.

Sometimes, at home, he says to her "Annie, you are a good girl," and pats her arm, then the little Nicoli, looking up from her cradle, screams with jealousy that he does not speak to her till she sucks the corner of her head kerchief into her mouth and almost chokes herself. Nicoli says "A kerchief is not good for a little girl who cries." Then the little Annie comes to her and rocks her until she is quiet again.

Little Annie, who reads so well and speaks the language of the Canadians, always, even when addressed in the Russian, is slim, dainty and graceful. She it is who makes Nicoli smile so often. She is with him at the picnic, holding his hand while he talks to the men and as he looks at her he smiles again. No other man has such a daughter, so clever and so beautiful. A child of Canada. Upon her head she proudly wears a new blue hat with a wreath of lovely rosy blossoms about its crown.

Boston Again

A New Yorker, who recently returned from a visit in Boston, vouches for the truth of the following: One afternoon he found the six-year-old son of his host settled in front of the drawing room fire with a sheet of paper before him and a pencil clasped in his chubby fist. Stealing a look over the boy's shoulder, he saw that the little fellow was making pictures.

"Well, Bobby," he asked genially, "are you drawing an engine?"

Slowly the child looked up, and slowly he spoke: "It would take a very strong boy to draw an engine; but I am making a picture of a locomotive."

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FASHION DEPARTMENT
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The Communal Desk

Continued from page 6

By the time he had written, "Dear Anthony," there was a sharp ring at the front door and Gregory had come.

"Come on up," called Mr. Travis genially over the railing; "come on up. I always sit up here on Sunday morning."

Gregory came up—a tall, bland, sleek youth of twenty-two. His voice said, "How do you do?" but his tone, his manner, and his ascending eyebrows said, "Paula?"

"Sit down, Gregory — on the couch, there. Bright room, eh? I always do my writing here. I like a bright room to write in. I— Paula? Oh, she's not ready yet. What do you think of the new desk?"

Gregory made vaguely admiring comments about the desk.

"Brother Anthony sent it for Christmas. He called it a Communal desk. We all use it. His idea was that the best way for young people to learn co-operation, harmony and so on is to share a desk, each having his own space and his own time to use it. Great boy, Anthony. Bachelor. Ideals and all that."

Mr. Travis was here interrupted by the entrance of his daughter Evelyn, who came into the room with what is usually called, for lack of a better description, an air. There was something dramatic, something unusual and exotic, about her hair and her dress—Mr. Travis did not know just what it was. He looked at her in puzzled wonder as she crossed the room and sat on the couch beside Gregory, drawing one silk-clad ankle under her and narrowing her eyes at him like Pauline Frederick.

Gregory grinned at her.

Evelyn winced and abandoned the Frederick look. To be grinned at by anyone is disconcerting enough; but to be grinned at by the president of the hockey league, a magnificent dancer, and a clever bank clerk, is about the most humiliating thing that can happen to one. For the space of half a minute she was what is called floored. But she hadn't studied the moving picture magazines for nothing. Fixing her mouth like Dorothy Gish and arranging her shoulders like Betty Compson, she said to Gregory in a tone of superb composure:

"Are you a connoisseur in antiques? Tell me what you think of the desk."

"What ails the chit?" thought her father irritably.

"It's a Communal desk," she informed him, "I do all my writing here—"

Gale came in.

"Hello, Greg, how's the boy?" Gale always addressed men older than himself with curt, slightly patronizing familiarity. He found that it helped to keep them in their place, flattered them without leaving an opening for undue intimacy.

"It belongs to the Ming dynasty,"

Evelyn went on, ignoring Gale's presence. She knew perfectly well that it belonged to no such thing, but as Gregory and Gale and her father knew no more about the Ming dynasty than she did, she felt perfectly safe in saying anything she liked about it. She was convinced that she had impressed Gregory as being a cultured, experienced woman of the world, and she realized that this impression had to be kept up at all costs. She lifted her chin languidly, raised one shoulder, and moved across the room with slow and sinuous grace.

"She's not swimming," announced Gale harshly, "she's only trying to walk like Nazimova."

Then, turning to Gregory: "Noticed the new desk? I do all my writing here. In fact, we all do," he added, as an afterthought. "It's supposed to be a Communal desk. Co-operation, harmony, and—uh—all that."

All this time Evelyn was wriggling in acute discomfort. She realized that she was done for as far as Gregory was concerned, but she wasn't going down without a struggle.

"Have you seen Gloria Moorehouse in 'Singed Wings'?" she demanded desperately.

"Bunk!" Gale commented tersely. Like all serious-minded males he looked upon feminine intrusion into an important conversation with resentful and disapproving intolerance. Over and above the inconsequential flutter he kept up a heavy bombardment of masculine comment. "Seen Elridge's new loud speaker? See where the featherweight O'Donnell won over McFee by using a left-handed jab? Notice how Klamm's batting average has slumped this season?" Deep calling unto deep, so to speak. He kept that up until Paula came in.

"I'm so sorry, Gregory. I didn't mean to keep you waiting so long, but—" here she stopped short and stared with vindictive intensity at the sweater Evelyn was wearing. She said nothing, but her expression said very plainly: "So that's where it was!" Then, recovering: "What do you think of the new desk. Isn't it a dream?"

Gregory nodded inanely. Evelyn perceived that he would have nodded inanely no matter what she called it. He was always like that when Paula came into the room. Like—nothing at all. Not magnificent, not interesting—just a Thing. It is quite useless to try to make an impression on a Thing. Evelyn suddenly lost interest in Gregory.

"I do all my writing here," Paula was saying, "and, really, you have no idea how convenient it is. Uncle Anthony said it was to be a Communal desk. We all have our own space in it and our own time for writing. Isn't it a sweet idea? You can't imagine how well it teaches co-operation and harmony."

The girl's eyes were actually glowing with moral enthusiasm.

"Wonderful thing!" Mr. Travis was glad of an opportunity of taking control of the conversation which had got out of hand since the younger two had come in. They were always doing that—seizing the conversational bit in their teeth and running off with it. Now that Mr. Travis had got it firmly between his, he was determined not to let it go.

"Some people never get their letters written. And why? Because they haven't a suitable place to write them. Now, when the desk came I called all the children together and I said—"

"See you later, Dad," said Paula blithely; "we were due at the river twenty minutes ago."

Paula and the Thing departed.

"No personality," commented Evelyn in a small bored voice; "no magnetism. No—savoirfroid."

"O lord!" moaned Gale helplessly, "did you get that Dad? Sav—O, my lord!"

"Keep quiet, both of you!" enjoined Mr. Travis: "I'm writing to your Uncle Anthony."

* * * *

MR. TRAVIS drew a fresh sheet of notepaper before him and sat with his pen poised above it, ready to write. Then he cleaned and refilled his fountain pen and adjusted the desk blotter so that its edges were exactly parallel to the edges of the desk. When he had finished these tasks, it occurred to him that the supply drawer might need rearranging. He attended to this, placing the boxes of rubber bands, paper clips, and pen points in neat piles, and sorting the pen handles and blue pencils into different compartments. Then, with a deep sigh, he returned to the business of letter writing. His face had the set, stern look of one who is grimly determined to do his duty without flinching. . . . A sudden hope came to him: had he postage for the letter to Anthony? He felt in his pocket. His face fell. Yes, there was postage. The stamp-book had been replenished only the day before yesterday.

Mr. Travis began to perspire ever so little. It actually looked as if he would have to write the letter after all. With slow and painful effort, as if his wrist dragged a ball and chain with each stroke of the pen, his hand moved across the page. "Starburn, Manitoba, January 14, 1925." He paused and rested his left elbow on the desk, and supported his head with his hand. "Dear Anthony—"

A quick thought came to him, a flash, an inspiration. Throwing down the pen, he walked hurriedly across the hall and leaned over the staircase, his face eager with hope.

"Ena!" he called anxiously, "Ena!"

A door opened below and Mrs. Travis stood looking up at him—a small, fair, intensely serious woman, with a bewildered manner and perpetually wondering grey eyes.

"Ena, have you written to Anthony yet?"

"Why, yes, I wrote him this morning. On the extension table of the sewing-machine. You all seemed to be busy at the desk whenever I looked, and so—"

"Oh, that's all right then," said Mr. Travis with immense and glorious relief; and, sweeping the unfinished letter to Anthony into the waste-basket, he closed the desk and walked downstairs into the living-room.

The Farmyard Filibuster

Continued from page 4

a candidate must be selected to replace the deceased Andy of unhappy memory.

It transpired that the canny one thought little about the By-election, which was pleasing to his visitor who was prepared to supply him with a bright idea. Mr. Bates put the affair very succinctly. It was a busy time. Farmers didn't want to bother fooling with elections when they should be busy with ploughing, seeding, overhauling the machinery and repairing outbuildings; those were things of real importance. His wife opined that Andy had been a pretty good man, and Bates allowed he had been fair; but then they all seemed to go into a kind of a trance as soon as they got into Parliament. If you wrote to them they took a long while to answer, and then they just said they were "lookin' after the interests of the constituency." If you went to see them in town, they introduced you to some "la-de-da city fella" that said you ought to be proud to have such a fine man to "look after the interests of the constituency." If you wanted some real work done, they wrote and said they had investigated and believed it "would not be in the interest of the constituency." So there you were and you might as well put anybody at all in and you could, too, for all the farmers cared just then.

THESE were the days before the United Farmers' Party became a power in the land, when dissatisfaction was general, but an appalling apathy

fell upon the rural districts at call for action. The Whittemores of the world thrive and wax fat upon public apathy; so came the moment for the very excellent cigar and the genial after-dinner chat. Had Mr. Bates ever considered that the farmers' interests suffered most from the fact that their representatives were too ordinary?

Mr. Bates replied he had not, and that further, he thought an ordinary man was more representative than an extraordinary one; which Mrs. Bates said was "one for Pa." Whittemore said that Bates being so blamed clever did not alter the fact that an extraordinary man would attract more attention—he an advertisement—say, for instance, a "character" like this Tennyson Jones.

How the Bates roared over that! Tennyson Jones! The very idea! But Whittemore continued, half-serious, half-jocular. The man had education, means, time; the very person who should go, leaving men with real work in the world like Bates—to attend to their affairs without interruption.

"Get some of the wise ones together tonight and we'll spring it on them," he concluded. The meeting of the wise ones passed from derision to amused tolerance, from that to bravado, always assisted on its way by Whittemore and his inexhaustible supply of most excellent cigars, and by the time it disbanded it was certain that Tennyson Jones would be nominated, and undoubtedly elected by acclamation. The com-

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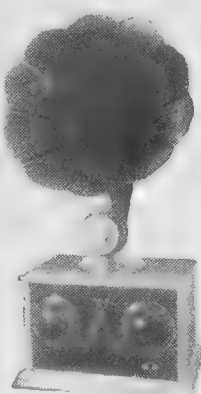
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The Farmyard Filibuster

Continued from page 51

munity had accepted the possibility with good-natured acquiescence before the victim himself was aware of his peril. When the deputation called to acquaint him with the glad tidings, young Bill had to be despatched by his mother to "Catch him—and see that he has a collar on." Bill caught him but did not prevail in the matter of the collar for the waiting group distinctly heard the deep voice of the embryo M.P.P. remonstrating—

"What would I want a collar for, Bill? My neck is clean."

And soon that neck was in a noose. Tennyson's habit of procrastination, his refusal to take the thing seriously, made it possible for the electors to rush him through the affair at the last moment in spite of his pained but ineffectual objections and, when it was over, his sense of humor came to his rescue and he was seen several times to be convulsed with laughter when he imagined himself alone. He made but one speech after his election and all he said was that he had not intended to come forward, but being placed there, he would never go back on Poplar Bough.

When the session opened the new member was moved to Winnipeg. "Was moved" is correct. He did not leave his happy home of his own volition. Agatha packed him up, and Bill and Bob and the neighbors packed him off. He finally got under way, somewhat dazed, much distressed at leaving his dog, but reiterating that he was determined not to go back on Poplar Bough.

When the last feather of smoke had floated into the clouds and Barkiss had been given a particularly succulent bone to silence his uneasy whines, Agatha Jones heaved a sigh of relief, but grudgingly admitted to Bob that it was not only the useful people one missed around a place. "Your pa always reminds me of that gimcrack pink vase over there," she said, "I put it away once but it was real lonesome not being able to feel mad every time I dusted it."

THE Honorable Member for Poplar Bough took his seat quietly, was introduced to other honorable members who were friendly in an offhand fashion but, beyond a few comments as to the marked difference between this long, tired-looking person and the chubby, good-humored Andy McLean he made little impression. He sat faithfully at his desk, day after day, listening with polite seriousness to the dreary speeches and wondering how other members managed to keep so busy, or if not busy, at least amused. Some were forever writing—writing, others continually sending pages for banners of newspapers, which they turned over eagerly and soon discarded. Others again would appear to be carrying on some exciting intrigue necessitating grimaces and signs, hurried notes despatched by messengers, sudden departures and returns. A few men managed to doze comfortably. He alone appeared to sit silent and receptive.

At his next meeting with Mr. Whittemore, six other men were present whom the financier introduced as "Independent Farmers," and Tennyson recognized two as members of the House—Benson, and another whose name he had forgotten. They were almost effusive in their greeting. Whittemore referred to them as the "Invincible Six" who were to make a fortune for the farmers of Poplar Bough, and sketchily related the plan of securing a Government loan for a Farmers' Elevator. "The farmers in three districts are in it," he declared.

"The boys said nothing to me about it," Tennyson spoke mildly.

The shrug and smile with which this was received plainly intimated it was unlikely they would, and Mr. Jones was quite aware of it. Benson curtly announced that, as a farm owner of the district, he had been chosen to bring the matter before the House. From subsequent remarks it was made clear that there was a call to duty being uttered by Poplar Bough and its vicinity, a call which the "Invincible Six" had

already heard and were prepared to answer. It remained for Tennyson Jones to join them in supporting the measure when it came up in the House. It was to be put through hastily owing to the urgency of the case—Tennyson was with them, of course? Tennyson was. Had he not repeatedly heard Bates say the boys were getting ready to build an elevator and here they were, apparently, with the whole thing arranged.

Undoubtedly that Bill would have slipped through quietly with an "Aye" from the member for Poplar Bough but for a trivial event in the Legislature. A particularly prosy member took the floor to give statistics. The constant reiteration of figures affected Tennyson like the counting of sheep so, in order to keep awake he took pen in hand and wrote his first and only letter from his seat in Parliament. It was to Mr. Bates and, after assuring that honest man that being a member was the stuffiest job on earth and damn dull, he went on to say that Whittemore had told him about the elevator Bates and the other farmers were going to build, and although he was surprised it had all been framed up so quickly, he would never go back on Poplar Bough, so had promised to vote for it and help it through, if possible. Whittemore had informed him his vote would give a majority.

THE opening of the next week brought the Farmers' Elevator question before the House. It brought more than that to Tennyson. Before he was out of bed, a Long Distance call took him to the telephone where Bates' voice greeted him excitedly, "What do you know about this business of building an elevator out here?"

"I know all about it, Bates," this with the gentle dignity of one who has been ignored, yet forgives.

"Why in thunder didn't you say so then you—?"

Tennyson hung up the phone and returned to bed, only to be aroused by another ring. This time a farmer-member, much agitated, enquired if Jones knew where Carter, another member, could be found. Jones did not. He hung up and went to bed. Next there was a knock at his door and his landlady delivered a note from Whittemore. "Remember we count on you to get this elevator business settled for your friends today. Everything lined up satisfactorily." This time Tennyson dressed, but had not completed his simple toilet before the telephone had twice claimed his attention—Bates to ask if he imagined he could get away with any such double-dealing, and to warn him that he and Carter would "settle his hash." This time Tennyson was given no chance to reply. The other call came in the form of a mail from someone whose name was unintelligible, "Where in heaven's name was Carter to be found?"

Tennyson's serenity was considerably ruffled by now and his attitude as he took his place in the chamber was more alert than ever before. Upon enquiry he found that Carter was a powerful leader of the farmer faction which was opposing the Whittemore interests. The true state of affairs began slowly to dawn upon him, and he realized he had been duped. In the midst of Benson's speech in support of the Bill to provide for an appropriation of \$100,000 as a loan for the purpose of erecting a grain elevator to be owned by the farmers of Poplar Bough and adjacent districts, to be known as "The Farmers' Elevator," etc., a telegram was handed to him and he read an apology from Bates, followed by these words, "Hold the vote up somehow until I reach city with Carter and Miller. Whittemore crowd behind Bill."

THE Gazer was effectually aroused. Looking about, it became plain that the benches were filled chiefly with known friends of the big interests. Benson's speech promised to be short, and he knew the man beside him intended to say a few words in support of the measure. It would be rushed through. It was Monday and most of the Farmer members had not yet returned from their week-end visits at home.

Good Lord! Benson was finishing. The whole thing would be over in a few

moments if he did not rouse himself. He must "obstruct." The word repeated itself over and over. He tapped a ruler on his desk softly and said "Obstruct, obstruct, obstruct."

Benson was sitting down and the eagle eye of the Speaker was scanning the room. With a sudden effort, Tennyson Jones, placing his hands on his desk, pulled himself awkwardly to his feet, at the same time catching the eye of the enthroned and receiving a nod of visible surprise from that usually impassive official. Slowly the new member rose to his full height of six feet two, and still silent, his left eyelid visibly twitching, an odd lift at the corners of his wide mouth. As the House waited for his maiden speech there were smiles, open and covert, on every hand in anticipation of some painful, flowery rhetoric, laboriously delivered or a halting, stereotyped set of remarks applauding the statements of the previous speaker. They were totalled unprepared for what followed.

"Mr. Speaker," began Tennyson, in his deep, melancholy voice, "I feel somewhat like a mule I had once. He never moved unless we built a fire under him. It has taken the fire of eloquence from our honorable friend to move me to speech." There was a little stir of amusement and relief at this opening and Jones sensed the change of attitude. He knew little about the structure and habits of grain elevators, and he had been a listener at the keyhole of life so long it made him rather dizzy to open the door and step into the light. However, he kept two things doggedly in mind. He must hold the House until a relief party arrived, and he must never go back on Poplar Bough. As he resolutely talked, old phrases, metaphors and jests came more and more rapidly to his tongue. He grew sarcastic at the expense of absentee farmers who never saw grain until it was bottled for exhibition purposes. He was warm in loyal praise for the real tillers of the soil; touched upon the gulf between the "man with the hoe—dull clod and stolid animal," and the "man with the tractor" who used scientific methods. An implement manufacturer near Benson asked pointedly what tractors had to do with the grain elevator.

"I am coming to the elevator," Tennyson said blandly, "but I am on one of the tractors made by our honorable friend, and, as you know, they are lame caterpillars."

This brought a shout of laughter from an audience rapidly increasing in size for many had lounged in on hearing the "queer duck from Poplar Bough" was "up." The farmer was still the subject of eulogy when noon recess arrived and Tennyson hastily repaired to a retired cafe, but he did not succeed in escaping Whittemore and Benson entirely, for they waylaid him in the hall on his return.

"What in — do you think you're doing anyway?" exclaimed Whittemore savagely.

"Talking," was the laconic answer.

"You're the man I was told couldn't be bribed," sneered the financier. "I take it you're not talking for nothing."

"If you really want to know," said Mr. Jones confidentially, "I am talking because I like it."

APPARENTLY he liked it so well that he was ready to continue all night if necessary. The Chamber filled rapidly for word had gone around, as the old doorkeeper said, that there was "something toward." Whittemore was lobbying and had his allies well in hand but did not rely solely upon power from within for he had sent a telegram to Agatha Jones calculated to bring her hurriedly. It was not, as one might suppose, a message to say her husband had met with an accident. It simply and lucidly stated that Tennyson was making a fool of himself and doing grave injury to the interests of the farmers of his district.

It was generally known, of course, that the Poplar Bough man was talking time. Not everyone in the House was clear as to the real reason behind his sudden eloquence but the session was young and Benson unpopular, therefore his tactics were regarded in the light of a joke to be tolerated as long as it

amused. He exhausted tractors, and deftly turned to plows, always linking the object of his remarks with future production of wheat and future storage of that wheat in a future elevator so that the most able word-mongers in the room were obliged to admire his skill in keeping to his subject. Many times he was interrupted by laughter. That stimulated him. He drew upon memory for quaint sayings from the little note book, and expanded unconsciously under the attention he compelled.

A listener in the gallery said to his companion, "Some farmyard filibuster, that fella from Poplar Bough." This was repeated to a man behind, who sent it across the aisle, and it went whispering from seat to seat. The first man, fearing someone else might claim credit as originator of the soubriquet, carried it down to the lower hall and spread it about promiscuously. Legislative Buildings are whispering galleries, thus, within an hour, clerks in the offices were repeating "There's a 'farmyard filibuster' holding up the House"; and young stenographers asked "What is a 'farmyard filibuster'?"

As the afternoon wore on the gallery filled to suffocation, the old doorkeeper found it impossible to keep the entrances to the Chamber clear, and the Press Gallery awoke to feverish energy. An editor arrived to spur his reporters on to renewed efforts, messengers were given sheaves of copy and raced off as if they carried bombs which might explode before they could plant them at the newspaper offices. An Extra was called on the streets, "Aw-ll about the Farm-yard Filly-bluster." Many a public character would have given his winter's supply of anthracite for the columns of free publicity donated to Tennyson Jones.

Through it all Tennyson talked, his voice as even, his face as white and impassive as when, four or five hours earlier, he had pulled himself to his feet. Only a little trickle of sweat oozing down over each temple, betrayed sign of strain. He had almost forgotten to look for the arrival of the farmers' brigade which was to raise the siege. His old facility of speech fascinated him, the almost forgotten lure of playing upon human emotions had him in its grip. He rather resented the necessity of the break at the evening dinner hour and had no desire for food or companionship but, slipping off alone, he hurried to the river where, in spite of a prim border of ice on the banks the setting sun gave a warm glow. Here he removed his hated collar and tie, bathed his face and head with the chill water and laughed long and noiselessly to himself.

"What a day! My God! What a day!" he murmured.

NIGHT. The vast and beautiful Legislative Building ablaze with light, lines of motors parked on either side of the stately stone steps, a searchlight's piercing beams illuminating with intense clearness the waving Union Jack over the doorway, and high, high above the great dome the gilded figure of Youth with the Torch.

"From falling hands to you we fling The torch. Be yours to hold it high."

And within, elderly men, obese men, strong-jawed and loose-lipped men, discussing with flippant cynicism or grave distaste the tale of a financier's latest attempt to glut his coffers, and the gallant stand of an obscure individual, with a ridiculous name.

Tennyson resumed his speech before a crowd hitherto unknown in the short history of the Chamber. After opening with some reference to Queen Boadicea as the first driver of a mowing machine, he turned to Ancient Rome for a diversification on the duty to the State versus the monopoly of private interests. He was as an hypnotic subject to whom comes knowledge long buried in oblivion. He lapsed into Latin. Here a member raised an objection. How was the House to know, he asked, whether the Honorable Member was speaking to the point if he was permitted to use French? Tennyson mildly corrected him, whereupon the objector protested that Latin was not a real language. It was merely a code for druggists and doctors, and if it was a language it was a dead one.

"De mortuis nil nisi bonum," quoth Tennyson reproachfully, a retort which brought roars of laughter from those who understood, and chuckles the day following from others who looked it up in the back of the dictionary.

As this ungainly figure with the deliberate, resonant voice continued to dominate the throng, his play of homely humor, glancing pathos and whimsical phantasy—the more extraordinary in contrast with the practical nature of his subject—there was one listener whose soul hung upon his words. It was his boy Bill.

It so happened that Bill had been sent to the town of Poplar Bough early that afternoon for supplies and, on passing the station, had been hailed by the agent who handed him a sealed telegram.

"That's for your ma," he remarked. "Too bad your pa's makin' a fool of himself in the city."

Bill refrained from reading the message until he had steered the car out of sight, then he deliberately opened it and saw Mr. Whittemore's insulting words. The boy's face flamed with fury. His lonely heart had a passionate, protecting love for his queer father. He and his father and Barkiss were vagabond pals united against a critical and somewhat impatient world.

Without a thought for the anxiety his absence might cause, he forthwith steered the family flivver in the direction of Winnipeg. It took him over five hours and he parted with his cherished watch, as security for a supply of gasoline, on the way.

Now the car was safely parked and he was squeezed breathless in a corner of a back seat, breathless but exultant. He saw rows upon rows of faces all turned one way, hundreds of eyes fastened upon one face; changing expressions, now grave, now amused, responding to one voice—that face, that voice, his father's. He cared little what might be the subject of the speech. He listened through the people about him, laughed with them, grew serious as they did and every now and then applauded silently, his hands hidden between his knees. He did not realize that a portion of his pleased excitement was due to the fact that, at last, his father was like other men. His loyalty had never permitted him to criticize even to himself but, under his love and devotion was always the faint, uneasy knowledge that his father was not as other boys' fathers and he possessed the ordinary male adolescent's instinctive shrinking from eccentricity.

AT half past ten, when the Farmyard Filibuster had held the House for nearly eight hours, he began to have some slight difficulty in enunciating such words as "ordinarily" and "particularly." The vocal cords so long untrained were failing him but he struggled bravely on, compelling attention by sheer force of personality. Bill suffered agonies at each faintest hesitation of speech. Unconsciously he leaned forward, hands clenched, eyes strained, every muscle taut.

Then came the moment when Tennyson's fight was won. There was a slight disturbance at the door of the Chamber, a page ran down the aisle and placed a note in his weary hand. One after another, headed by Carter, came the Farmers' contingent to their seats.

Tennyson paused and read "All O.K.—Bates." This break in his speech at the stage when he had been talking by sheer force of will, all the nerves of his being concentrated on that one effort of endless articulation, was too much for his exhausted body. He groped for a fitting climax—hesitated—made a supreme exertion and uttered thickly, "I have attempt—in these few words—" There was a hum of laughter. With a bewildered gesture he cried loudly, "to—to show the doc-trine of liberty, eternity—fra-fraquality." And with this he collapsed, falling back in his chair, eyes closed and deathly pale.

Bill struggled madly with the old doorkeeper and a tall man who held him back frustrating his frantic attempts to reach his father. A group of men nearby turned to learn the cause of the disturbance and one of them—Whittemore—recognizing the boy exclaimed,

"It's the son of that damned idiot, Tennyson Jones."

A tremendous effort freed Bill from his captors and, with a suddenness and neatness surprising in one who looked such a stripling, he landed a well-aimed blow on the financier's jaw.

Hurried groups issuing from the Chamber came between the combatants and, before anything could be done in the matter the one woman member of the House slipped her hand through the boy's arm and, waving the astonished men imperiously aside, carried him off to her own private sanctum where she led him to a chair and commanded him to "Sit there like a good boy, and cool off."

"You—Do you know what I did?" asked Bill a little anxiously as if fearing she did not understand. "I punched Mr. Whittemore's face for him."

The lone lady member's eyes twinkled as she answered, "I've wanted to do it myself for years."

When the shouting and the tumult died and Tennyson and his boy were alone in the old flivver, Bill said:

"Where we goin' dad?"

"I'm going home to sit on the bridge for a week to get over this, Bill."

There was a long silence then—

"Must be kinda nice havin' crowds of people listenin' like that—eh, dad?"

"It's harder on the constitution than whisky or drugs, Bill."

"I s'pose you don't feel like takin' it up for good—Gettin' to be a regular public speaker? You might get off things that would be" (this with great diffidence) "that might be good for the country, you know."

That is exactly what Tennyson had been thinking an hour before. As he cast a parting look at the golden boy on the dome, "Be yours to hold it high" sang in his ears and he swore a mighty oath to shoulder his share of the world's work. But the habit of lethargic years is not so easily shaken, the old inertia settled down upon him and he replied with rather rueful laugh, "It's this way Bill, I'm a specialist at last. I'm the prize filibuster of the West. Any time there is a job of filibustering to be done I am ready but I can't go out of my line. You see? Let's slow up so we can watch the sun rise, without jiggling. One needs a calm mind to really enjoy a sunrise."

"That's so," said Bill gravely, and if there was a note of disappointment in his boyish voice his father failed to realize it.

Grandad 'Tends the 'Phone (Listening in on the Rural)

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling,
Hear the telephone ring.
Don't you answer, Bill or Joan.
Grandad likes to 'tend the 'phone.
"He! He! twan't our ring at all,
Lucy's askin' Jones to call.
Reckons he can't get away—
Bet he's goin' to call on May."

Ting, ting—and one long ring,
"That's old Jerry's call, By Jing!
Why, the old man's ben took sick
Doctor's comin' out right quick."
Ting-a-ling! "That there Bill Finn
Cusses when you listen in.
Must be mixed in somethin' low,
He's so scared thet folks'll know."

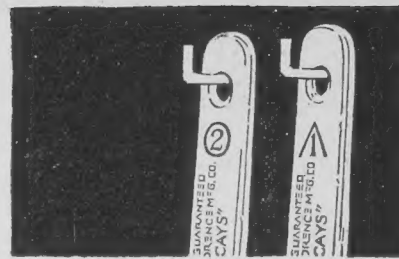
Ting-ling-ling, and one long ring!
"That's us—s'pect it's Daddy King
'Bout them oats—Oh! Hi there, Joan.
Yer town dude is on the 'phone;
Won't tell what he's got to say.
Ain't no call to blush thet way."
Ting-ling-ling! "Thet's Higgins' now—
Shorty's borrowin' his plow."

Ting, one short, one long — "Brown's
ring—
Someone's asking Belle to sing.
Some folks say the country's slow,
Shucks! it shows a lot they know.
Never need fer company pine
When yer on the rural line."
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!
Hear the telephone ring.

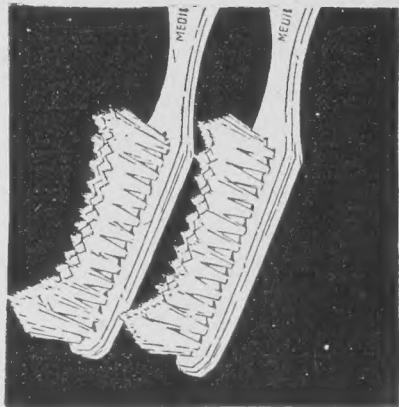
—M. Eugenie Perry.

Serious

"What's the trouble old man?"
"I'm in a bad way. I lie awake nights
thinking about my work. Then, when
I'm at work, I keep going to sleep."



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A Pro-phy-lac-tic at its best keeps teeth at their best—free from decay, white, strong, and beautiful.

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Something to Learn

The Lights

I know the ships that pass by day:
I guess their business, grave or gay,
And spy their flags, and learn their
names.
And whence they come and where they
go—
But in the night I only know
Some little starry flames.

And yet I think these jewelled lights
Have meanings full as noonday sights:
For every emerald sign to me
That ship and soul are harbor near,
And every ruby rich and clear
Proclaims them bound for sea.

And all the yellow diamonds set
On mast and deck and hull in jet
Have meanings real as day can show:
They tell of care, of watchful eyes,
Of labor, slumber, hopes and sighs—
Of human joy and woe.

O ships that come and go by night
God's blessing be on every light!
—J. J. Bell.

Signals

NOW that you have read over the little verses above I want to talk to you a few minutes about them. What does the poet mean by talking of the emeralds, rubies and diamonds on the boats, do you think? Well prairie boys and girls, you have all watched the trains passing, and you know that each train shows red lights or green lights on the last coach, and that green lights on sidings and railway crossings mean "All's clear" and red lights mean "Danger." That is what the ships carry too, colored lights that signal and speak to those on shore and on other ships. By means of lights ships may talk to each other across the darkness when the roar of wind and waves would make it impossible to communicate in any other way. Now that there is a wireless, of course lights are not much used for messages, but the colors tell passing ships whether they are on the port or starboard side of a boat, that is whether they are passing a boat outgoing or incoming. During the war lights were used for signals by means of a code of dots and dashes and waves, and many of the boy scouts know this code and use it in flag signalling too. Well you know that ships and trains are not the only things that use signals, we use them too, silent signals that tell a lot about us. Our eyes are two of them—and they flash signals to everyone we know. They may be brown eyes or blue or grey, but oh what a lot they tell! If we aren't truthful they will give us away for they cannot look straight into other eyes while our tongues are telling untruths; if we are cruel how soon they flash this to the world, for there is no feature that shows cruelty more quickly. If we are kind every dog or child that looks at our eyes knows it, they signal; if we are straight and clean our eyes flash back signals to all other eyes, unafraid. What about hands—aren't they signals too? Kind, gentle hands, strong helping hands, willing hands, how much they tell! Mean, sneaking, covetous hands, dirty hands, hands with bitten nails, they wave a danger signal to everyone who sees them. And mouths—what about mouths? Tight-closed, hard-lipped mouths, twisty sneery mouths, mouths with teeth that need cleaning, mouths that speak ugly words, these are red danger signals to everyone who sees them; smiling mouths, with clean teeth, mouths that sing and laugh and only open to speak kind things, these are the green signals of "All's Clear." What signals are you showing this year of 1925? Look them over and see that your signals speak the right message to the rest of the world.

Sailing—Then and Now

IN fourteen hundred and ninety-two Columbus sailed the ocean blue." Poor Columbus! What a great adventure he started on in his little wooden ships that could only go when the wind blew, sailing away into an unknown sea and facing all the dangers of death from starvation, thirst, fire or mutiny. There were no comfortable cabins, but just dark, tiny rooms with a bed of some one of your cars we handle."



Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

kind and not even that for the common sailors, but bunks built against the walls down in the hold below the water line, and into these they tumbled with their clothes on or else just went to sleep on deck or on the floor. They ate mostly salt pork because that was the only thing that would keep on long voyages, and because they had no vegetables or fruit they often had a horrible disease called scurvy; the water became stale and warm. When winds and storms struck the tiny boats they tossed like shells and often the sails were torn to ribbons. After weeks and months of this, Columbus finally found land. For many years after Columbus made his discovery though, there was very little difference in the style of sailing boats. Even as

post offices and no letters and so those brave people who came in sailing vessels began life all over again and often did not even hear of their own fathers and mothers again. Now people travel on boats that sail swiftly through the water propelled by steam generated from coal or crude oil or electricity. The boats are lighted from one end to the other with electric lights. The beautiful little cabins have beds or bunks with real mattresses. There are basins and baths, and every comfort. There are huge, lovely lounge rooms, sometimes swimming pools, great dining rooms where you can have all the most wonderful foods in the world, fruits and vegetables in abundance; there is a hospital if you are sick, there is a library, an orchestra,

world from all ports. There is only one thing that has not changed in all these years, and that is the great ocean. The waves roll just as high, the storms beat just as fiercely, the tiny boats are still, for all their steel and power, like tiny toys in the hands of a giant. The ocean is one of the great creations of God and more powerful still than any man-made thing, but the clever brains of men have taught them many things, and because God gave them brains, they are learning fresh wonders every day, so that sailing the ocean blue in 1925 is quite a different thing from the days of Columbus, and I think you prairie boys and girls would find it interesting to get pictures of the different kinds of ships and learn about them and how they sailed, then and now.

Revenge Without the Joker

Continued from page 5

"And why not?" Allan's voice was a purr.

"Because you forgot to take into consideration the railway commission's ruling of a five dollar maximum charge for switching over a distance such as is covered here." Makewell's voice was triumphant. And he went on: "But I didn't; so I came over to call the fact to your attention."

"Very kind, I'm sure; but quite unnecessary, for, you see, that twenty switching charge to you is going to stand." J. Montague Allan spoke with a weary patience.

Makewell's mouth opened in a gasp of incredulity at such futile defiance. A long moment he stared at the little man, his look proof positive of his absolute belief that Allan had gone mad. And he voiced it: "Are you crazy?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Makewell." The words shot out from the little man with staccato clearness; with an air of certainty that was baffling. He added more sweetly, his tones indulgent: "Being a Westerner, I naturally suppose, Mr. Makewell, you are familiar with this country's style of playing the great Western game of poker?"

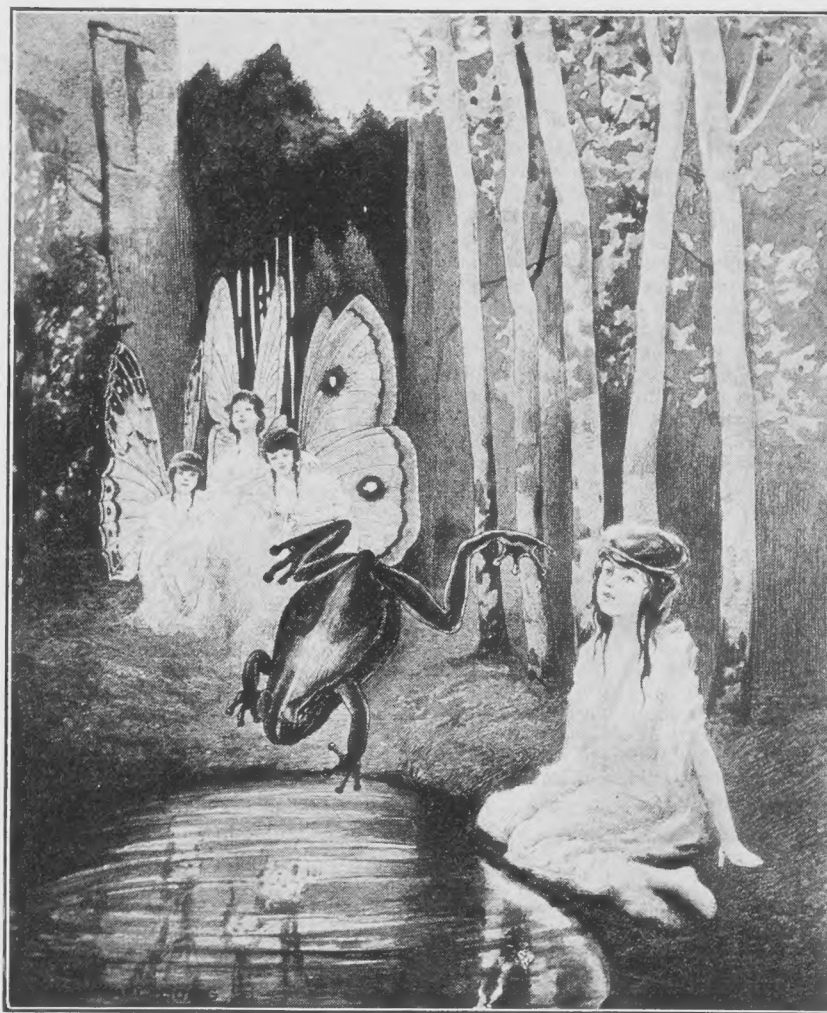
THE blank amazement with which Makewell received this brought the faintest smile to the speaker's lips. As Makewell did not answer, Allan went on: "Well, in case you don't, I'm going to inform you that in the West here they play poker with the joker taken into the pack. It's a very valuable card; it will fill a flush, or make a straight of any kind; not to mention making five aces. So, when you get playing in a game out in this country, and you get what you consider an awfully good hand, yet without holding the joker, just stop a moment and remember about it before you bet your hand to hard."

"I'm quite familiar with the game," Makewell said stiffly. "But I came here to point out your mistake in switching charges and get a rebate and the charges rectified. I might as well have stayed at home, I see. I'll bid you good day. The next people you'll hear from will be the railway commission." Makewell turned to go; but Allan stayed him with a faint little gesture of the hand.

"Just a minute; just a minute. Kindly allow me to finish."

Curious, wondering, Makewell halted; stood waiting.

"I believe you are a good railroad man, Mr. Makewell," Allan proceeded, his voice tinged with gentle irony. "But I'm afraid you're inclined to overplay your hand. When you cut rates in half over your western division, you knew you had us. It was a big thing for you. We couldn't attempt to haul at similar prices. But fortunately you overlooked the fact that nearly every car you ship east or bring in from the east to your Port Hanna has to be switched by us to Westover, for there is the only place where the big boats dock. It is also the merchants in Westover that most of the goods you bring from the east are destined to. Until you complete your own line into Westover every car of yours has to be handled by us. And from now on, as long as your present freight rates stand as they do, it will cost you just twenty dollars for every



The Ambitious Frog

By William Thompson, F.R.G.S.

One day a discontented frog
Was resting in his oozy bog;
And to himself he said, said he:
"I long for high society."
He called his nephew, Polliwog,
In embryo a legless frog,
And with a flourish of his hand,
He asked the way to Fairyland.

The Polliwog had grave suspicion
His uncle had a false ambition;
But fearing that he might offend,
Decided that he'd not contend.
And with his tail (he had no hand)
Directed Frog to Fairyland.
The glories of this wonderplace
The charms of frogland did debase.
And Mr. Frog decided that
"T'would be his future habitat.

He spied a pool of fairy tears,
Made by the weeps of many years—
Each burning with a lustre bright,
Stole from the rainbow and the night.
Into the pool the Frog did spring.
And there did end his wandering;
For in the pool a giant Gwog
Did feast upon the alien Frog.
The moral is, . . . perhaps it's not,
Contentment find whate'er your lot—

Or you may share the same sad fate,
An end too awful to contemplate.

late as 1825, one hundred years ago, it took sailing vessels eight weeks to cross the Atlantic and by that time there were many charts to guide them and they at least knew where they were going. The mail service was so poor then that when people came to this land from the old lands they seldom heard from their relatives and so many of them lost their families altogether. People came out to these great prairies, there were no trains here then, or they made farms in the Ontario forests where there were no

and flowers bloom in the cabins and birds sing. You can get on a boat in Halifax, even in winter, and be in England in seven or eight days, and from New York you can make it in six days or even five. In Columbus' day if a vessel caught fire or was wrecked they must take their chance of being seen and helped by some other slow sailing boat, and if there was a storm they had no chance at all. Now if there is trouble the swift wireless brings vessels from all directions, and at night the radio tells the news of the

"But you can't do it. The railway commission will..."

"Will nothing," Allan cut him short. "Why, you can't even appeal to them." Something in the calm assumption of the little man, the absolute sureness of his manner, started vague doubts to stirring in Makewell's brain. He shuffled his feet; stood there suddenly strangely awkward, his certainty beginning to waver. But finally he said truculently: "You know better than that... I can appeal this matter to the commission."

"Makewell," Allan said, after a moment of amusedly eyeing him, "just a moment ago I mentioned that pleasant little game of Western poker, and the wisdom of holding the joker before you bet your hand too hard; or at least taking him into consideration. Now at this minute I happen to hold the joker, so to speak. Of course, it isn't poker for me to show my hand; but I'm going to." At this he rose, as he did so taking from his desk a fairly bulky blue book. Tapping it significantly he went on: "In the present case, this represents the joker."

"Why, what do you mean?" In spite of himself Makewell's sureness began still further to ooze. He took a step forward; then as if ashamed of this evidence of concern, he stopped.

Opening the book at a dog-eared page, Allan held it out: "Here," he said, "on page fourteen hundred and four is the report of an agreement regarding rates in the Province of British Columbia made by your company with the Government in 1914. Would you like to read it?" He held out the book, indicating the paragraph with his finger.

With a sickening conviction that somehow the little man was champion after all, Makewell took the book, and, dropping into the till now scorned chair, began to read. Upon the last clause on the page he dwelt a long time.

"And the Pacific & Northwestern Railway company agree fully and without proviso to the Provincial Government of British Columbia having full and complete control of all railway rates throughout the Province; and the Pacific & Northwestern Railway hereby specifically agree and covenant with the said Government of British Columbia, that no appeal will be made by the said railway to the railway commission on any question of rates in the Province; but that in case of any dispute over rates put in force by any railroad other than the Pacific & Northwestern, and which is, in the judgment of the officials of the said Pacific & Northwestern, in the nature of unfair charges, the said Pacific & Northwestern Railway, instead of laying it before the Dominion railway commission, will present the matter for arbitration before the Provincial House of Legislature at such time as that body shall be in session."

Makewell closed the book with a snap, rose, crossed over and laid it on Allan's table, remarking as he did so to the once more seated man: "Well, I can still take the matter to the legislature."

Allan nodded, a bright little movement, oddly birdlike. "Yes," he admitted, "yes, you can do that. You see the recent session closed yesterday. The house does not meet again till November; you have only eight months to wait. During that time the Atlantic & Pacific will continue to collect twenty dollars switching charges on every car of yours we handle between Westover and your main line at Port Hanna... unless, by any chance your freight rates should be changed back to the old schedule which are similar to those existing upon the Atlantic & Pacific Trunk Line."

Makewell threw up his hands, an odd gesture of anger and acknowledgment of defeat. Then, a little wryly, he said: "I'm quite convinced you hold the joker. Beginning tomorrow our western division freight rates return to former basis." Bruskiy he whirled about. As he swung the door open, Allan called cheerfully: "I don't need to, but, seeing it's you, I'll not insist on more than the old switching rate of three per car."

The door slammed. Smiling faintly, J. Montague Allan turned once more to take up the toils of the day.

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I CATCH from 45 to 60 Foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Just drop me a line for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. 7-25

KILL COYOTES with Mickelson's Coyote Capsules. Quick death to wolves, coyotes and like. 25 capsules, \$1.25; 100 capsules, \$4. Postpaid. Anton Mickelson Co., Ltd., 139 Smith Street, Winnipeg. Makers of Mickelson's gopher poisons. 2-25

POISON WOLVES and foxes without killing dogs. Trapping experience unnecessary. No lost carcasses. Success guaranteed. Complete instructions \$1. F. Whiting, Traynor, Sask. 2-25

WRITERS

MANUSCRIPTS REVISED, EDITED, typed. Constructive criticisms. G. Arthur Hallam, The Manuscript Man, 212 7th Avenue West, Calgary, Alberta. 3-25

AUTHORS' BUREAU, 30 St. Mary's St., Toronto, Ont. Constructive criticism of stories, articles, and poems by experienced writer. Rates—short stories, \$1.00; poems, 25c; books by arrangement. Highest references. 3-25

RADIO

PARTS AND REPAIRS for automobile or radio set. Winnipeg Top & Trimming Co., Ltd., 780 Portage Ave., Winnipeg. 5-25

HOROSCOPE READINGS

DR. SMALLWOOD, SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGER, Writes and Interprets Horoscopes, on Vocation, Business, Health, Events in Life. 637 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 3-25

BOOKS

CURRIER AND IVES and other lithographers showing locomotives, railroad scenes, sporting and historical subjects, views of cities, etc. Old books, pamphlets, letters, newspapers, broadsides wanted by Harry Stone, 137 Fourth Ave., New York City. Offer anything of interest. 5-25

FREE BOOK—Elijah coming before Jesus. Convincing Bible evidence. W. Megiddo, Mission, Rochester, N.Y. 3-25

BOOKS, MYSTERY, HIDDEN SECRETS. Humorous, Astrology, Fate, Business Opportunities, Fortune Telling, Dream, Trick, Magic, Trapping, etc. Write. Singer, Hancock, Wisconsin. 4-25

3 DELIGHTFUL MAGAZINES for \$1.10. "Today's Housewife" and "American Needlewoman," both one year, "People's Home Journal" six months. Regular price \$2.00. We also offer "Ladies' Home Journal," famous for fashions and fashion service, only \$1.00. America's greatest weekly magazines. "Saturday Evening Post," \$2.00. "Country Gentleman," \$1.00. Order now. McDowell Magazine Agency, Uxbridge, Ontario. 2-25

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS AND MAGAZINES sought for and reported free of charge. R. J. Blackley, Bookseller (business by post only), 29 Christ Church Buildings, Lisson Street, London, N.W. 1. 12-25

AUTOS

RECOVERS FOR AUTO TOPS—Recovers installed on old frame without extra charge. Winnipeg Top & Trimming Co., Ltd., 780 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. 5-25

FARM LANDS

FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMS and Chicken Ranches write to Pemberton & Son, 418 Howe St., Vancouver. Established 1887. tf

WANT to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 3-25

CANADIAN FARM BARGAIN WANTED. Describe fully improvements, crops, markets, etc. Emory Gross, North Topeka, Kansas. 2-25

CROPS NEVER FAIL IN MINNESOTA—Get free map and literature from State Immigration Dept., State Capital, St. Paul, Minn. 2-25

REMEDIES

EPILEPTICS—At last a treatment which stops seizures from first day. No bromides, Narcotics. Guaranteed. Information free. Hunter Laboratories, 207-FF Main, Little Rock, Ark. 2-25

PATENT MEDICINES, drug sundries, prescriptions unobtainable elsewhere, procured from all parts of the world. Rutan Drug Store, 2579 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. 4-25

CONSTIPATION, TOOTHACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS AND EARACHE CURE. My preparation gives instant relief. Mailed free 25c. W. Johnson (Dept. W.M.), 18 Cowgate, Dundee, Scotland. 2-25

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

When He Is at a Disadvantage

Even a he-man must strain to look the part while matching a piece of silk.—Regina Post.

Of Course

This will go down in automobile history, we suppose, as the Elizabethan age.—Buffalo Express.

The Headquarters for Information

"Are women qualified for places of authority?" queries an editor. Ask dad; he knows.—Selkirk Record.

Words in the Home

A cross-word puzzle is one of those things in the home that lead from one word to another.—Calgary Albertan.

But Beauty is More Than Make-up

Nazimova's opinion that real beauty is of the mind is encouraging. It costs nothing to make up the mind.—New York World.

Unselfishness

It is pointed out that there is now one rat to every member of the population of the United Kingdom. Anybody can have ours.—London Punch.

No Difference

A Winnipeg youth wants to know how long girls should be courted. The Brandon Sun says that Brandon young men court 'em the same as short ones.—Pilot Mound Journal.

Tonsorial

Western Canada's wool clip, of which there has been mention in the papers, has nothing to do with the bobbing of the modern head, but with real sheep.—Edmonton Journal.

Ontario's Finances

Ontario has a deficit of eight and a half million dollars, but Ontario is a large and wealthy province and no doubt is pleased to have such a fine outstanding deficit.—Vancouver Sun.

A Problem Solved

With the report that a new coast-defense gun hurls a ton of metal twenty-eight miles to sea, the problem of what to do with discarded safety razor blades appears to be nearing a solution.—Los Angeles Herald.

Unequal Distribution

American women are buying 17,000,000 boxes of rouge annually, but to judge from the thickness with which some of 'em are laying it on there must be millions of women who are not getting theirs.—Louisville Times.

The Wonders of Radio

A man in Winnipeg, listening-in on a crystal set, heard a sudden smash like breaking crockery, and when he looked at his paper in the morning he saw that the war in China had started up again.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Question

A Winnipeg judge suggests that a certain clause of the Manitoba Municipal Act should be made so plain that an ordinary man could interpret it. In which case, what will become of the lawyers and judges?—Fort William Times-Journal.

Cross-firing in Public Life

Men are heard to remark at times that the reason they do not stand for public office is on account of the abuse that public men have to put up with. But a good deal of this abuse is back and forth among the public men themselves.—Ottawa Journal.

The Public and the Law

The reason why the Ontario Temperance Act is being broken is because too many of us, though we love to criticize and find fault with what we call the non-enforcement of the law, will not stir a little finger to help in having it enforced.—Kincardine Reporter.

A Brandon Man's Complaint

John D. Rockefeller received a great deal of publicity the other day when his barber revealed that he has worn a wig for 15 years. Which makes a Brandon man complain that although he has worn a wig for 25 years, this fact wouldn't even get his name into the papers.—Brandon Sun.

Three Signs of Good Times

J. A. Machado, president of the Canadian Bank Note Company, told an Ottawa audience the other day that business is on the upgrade in Canada. He bases this opinion on the increased demand for bank notes, postage stamps, and cigar bands. Such a demand, he has found by experience, always indicates an era of development and expansion.—Montreal Gazette.

Logic

Those who regard logic as a barren pursuit are often those who are not aware of its influence upon them; but it is at work all the same, like a powerhouse transmitting its power through intermediate phases to the places of its daily application. Since all human developments are ultimately the consequences of thought, it may well be allowed that there is thought behind thought, and logic, or the art of thinking, behind all.—London Times.

One Measure of Civilization

The civilized peoples are those that pay the highest prices for beads.—Brantford Expositor.

Free Speech

No man is entitled to free speech who can't listen patiently while the opposition talks.—Saskatoon Star.

When a Man's a Man, For All That

Nothing restores the self-esteem of the gentleman who isn't boss in his own home like the ballot.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Suspenders and Giggles

Among the differences between the sexes which persist in spite of everything are suspenders and giggles.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

This Would Be Super-efficient, Indeed

An ideal anesthetic has been discovered by the Germans. It is said to make other people forget the war.—Philadelphia North American.

The Marvels of Wireless

The roars of Niagara Falls are to be broadcasted. We hear something that sounds like it on our radio nearly every night.—Kansas City Star.

A Curious Excuse

A man in Toronto who forged a check, said he had been drinking and did not know what he was doing. Apparently that's exactly what he did know.—Niagara Falls Review.

But Isn't There Prohibition in the States?

Statistics published in Canada recently showed, or seemed to show, that 293,476 gallons of whisky were shipped from Canada to the United States last year.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

Stingeth Like an Adder

"Our opponents in America are getting it in the neck every time," said Pussyfoot Johnson, the celebrated advocate of prohibition, to a London reporter. And it burns all the way down.—Kitchener Record.

It Is The Only Way

Russia, Italy and Spain are all contributing evidence by example that however crude as an instrument of government democracy may be, there is no substitute for it in the world today.—Toronto Globe.

The Glasgow Accent Heard Afar

There has been some discussion as to how the radio fan at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, was able to know that he had the Glasgow station. But wouldn't he recognize the accent?—Fargo Tribune.

No Way of Beating Him

Turkey, although it changed its rulers and presented a new front to the world, is reported to be hard up. There appears to be no magic way of beating the old laws of economics.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

Some of Manitoba's Ways Need Mending

The Britons learned the art of road-building from the Romans and the Romans learned it from the Carthaginians. The Manitobans learned it from the muskrat, who rather relishes a little mud and water along life's way.—The Pas Herald.

The Right Spirit in Education

Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "Whatever enlarges hope will likewise exalt courage." The hope-bringing element of a good education is one of the important factors in the lives of the children of Canada who attend the public and high schools.—Regina Leader.

When Ye Editor Threw Up His Hands

Society functions have been holding sway during the past week. As our lady society editor is taking a vacation, no mortal man could do the events justice. The writer made a start, but the dazzle was too much for the pupils of his eyes and thus—enough said.—Ponoka (Alta.) Herald.

A View of the National Finances

The net debt of the Dominion is \$2,387,517,638, not much more than the total of a single year's trade by this country. And the greater part of it is owing within Canada. Our money ranks at par with the highest in the world. Financially we are in a position to do things.—Hamilton Herald.

He Knows Them Only Too Well

It is announced from Jerusalem that the Wahabi tribesmen are about to make war on King Ali of the Hedjaz. It is understood that the Wahabis have been reorganized under new management and have adopted for their slogan the old familiar cry of the desert: "You know me, Al."—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Stern Magisterial Virtue

A police magistrate at Hamilton fined himself \$5 because in driving his automobile he cut a corner, contrary to a bylaw of that city. There is something of the noble Roman of antiquity about that magistrate. Another modern instance of the same sort of stern magisterial virtue was furnished by Winnipeg's first mayor, Frank Cornish, who sitting one morning as Winnipeg's first police magistrate (for he filled both offices) fined himself for breaking a city bylaw the night before.—Toronto Telegram.

As Year After Year Streams By

In the meantime, in old Egypt, King Tut sleeps on.—Neepawa Press.

Public Life is Perilous Down There

No one can deny the world is progressing: An ex-president of Nicaragua is still alive.—Detroit News.

Wind and the Ship of State

A ship is carried on its way by wind, but this has no reference to the ship of state.—Winnipeg Tribune.

No Lack Of It in Chicago

"The wild life of the open places is disappearing," says Thompson Seton. Some of it must have moved into the cities.—Chicago Tribune.

In Regard to Fiction

"Single women enjoy fiction more than married women do," writes a literary critic. Perhaps the married ones are too well supplied with it.—Victoria Colonist.

Motoring Item

A car on the road near Fort William chased and ran over a wolf on the road, showing that the supply of pedestrians is getting scarce.—London Advertiser.

The Acme of Self-possession

It doubtless required years to find the man who is pictured in the advertisements looking so perfectly at ease in a union-suit of underwear.—Moose Jaw Times.

The Right Spirit

The best is yet to come. Having passed through the period of stagnation following the war, Manitoba will develop and prosper much more rapidly than at any previous time.—Crystal City Courier.

A Fizziological Semi-centennial

Among the historic events of 1924 was the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the soda fountain. The soda fountain did not come into its own, however, until the saloon bar crashed.—Duluth Herald.

But Would He Have Done It?

It appears from the book of a famous German editor that the Kaiser once threatened to commit suicide if he were not allowed to have his way. That was a fine chance passed up.—Minneapolis Journal.

Confusion in the Land of Confucius

There is so much confusion over the names of Chinese generals, Wu, Feng, Chang, Chi, etc., etc., that one wishes the Chinese would go in for a numbering system for their generals.—Ottawa Citizen.

A Statesman's Chief Difficulty

The new president of Mexico, Mr. Calles, was greeted by cheering thousands at Mexico City. It is not difficult for a newly elected statesman to start the crowds cheering. The difficulty is to keep them at it.—Border Cities Star.

Golf

Golf, we are informed by a historical writer, is a game of Dutch origin. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica it was "brought from the Netherlands by two Scotsmen." They're the boys that never leave anything behind when they're coming away.—Toronto Star.

A Frivolous Question

A manager of a hotel at Montreal says that 10,000 towels are taken away each year by guests and if the number were placed end to end, they would reach five miles. But why would anyone wish to place 10,000 towels end to end?—Vancouver Province.

It is Anything But a Joke

Mr. King says: "A passing strange thing about the Senate is that when a man gets there his natural life is usually almost twice as long as it would otherwise be." This may be a very funny thing, just as Mr. King says, but the fact still remains that the Senate is no joke.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Elderly Brides and Grooms

An Ottawa grandsire aged 74 has wedded a widow aged 72. Such marriages are unusual, but there are quite a few every year in the neighboring province. The latest Ontario statistics show 21 marriages in twelve months, in which both bride and groom were over 70. Romance seems to be a hardy perennial in Ontario.—Quebec Soleil.

The Trade Outlook for Canada

With a volume of trade vastly greater for the year than during the previous year, and with a large part of that trade coming from markets in which the volume of our business has not previously been extensive, the future of Canadian trade looks brighter than at any time since the war.—Halifax Herald.

Copying Nature

A prowler in origins announces that the crowbar gets its name from the beak of the crow which it resembles and from which the invention of this prying steel bar originated. Nearly all inventions are just copies of things that exist in nature, either singly or by combinations of copied parts. The airplane's shape is the bird's. There is nothing new under the sun—but there are new applications in infinite number.—Edmonton Bulletin.